PHOTOPLAY

combined with Mo[illegible]rror

February

15¢

JOAN FONTAINE
BY PAUL HESSE



[illegible]Y LIFE

by

[illegible]n Johnson

FIGHT
INFANTILE
PARALYSIS

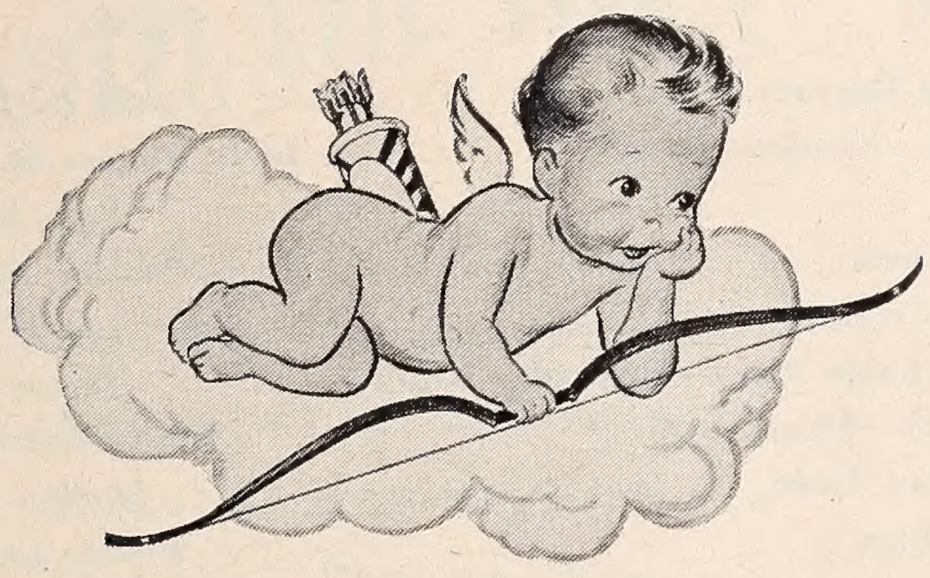
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BROOKLINE MASS 46

PHOTO BY PAUL HESSE—HOLLYWOOD

SEE HOW Your Eyes WILL REFLECT
LOVELINESS WITH Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

SEE HOW Your Eyes WILL REFLECT
LOVELINESS WITH Maybelline
EYE BEAUTY AIDS

"Of course, if you *like* dancing with your brother—"



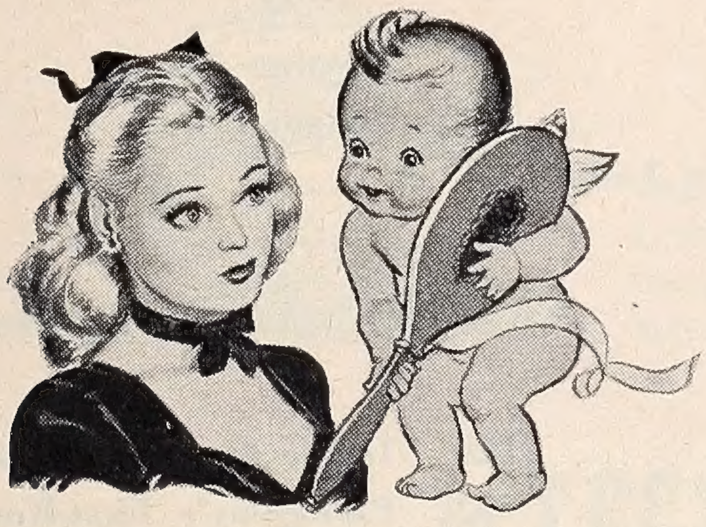
GIRL: Don't be stupid, Cupid. I *adore* dancing with Junior! I only wish he were a little taller . . . older . . . *and not my brother!*

CUPID: Well, then, how about helping me help you? With a *smile*, for instance!

GIRL: Smile? Me? Plain old me? Look, Cupid: I'm no beauty. And my smiling wouldn't help.

CUPID: Help? Heavens, Girl, look around you! Beautiful girls aren't *always* the most popular. It's the girl with the radiant smile who wins attention—and hearts! Get busy, Girl! Smile! Sparkle!

GIRL: Sparkle? Pardon, Cupid. But with my teeth, I couldn't even glow. I brush my teeth, but—



CUPID:—but you never do a thing about the "pink" on your tooth brush! By gosh, Girl, there ought to be a special sign for *every girl in the country:*

"Never Ignore 'Pink Tooth Brush'!"

Plain girl . . . that "pink" is a sign that you'd better *see your dentist right away*. He may say that your gums have become tender, robbed of exercise by today's soft foods. And he may suggest, "the helpful stimulation of Ipana Tooth Paste and massage."



Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA AND MASSAGE



GIRL: Yes. But we were talking about my smile, Cupid. Not my gums.

CUPID: And that's just it! Ipana and massage are designed to help your smile. Ipana not only cleans teeth. It is specially designed, with massage, to help stimulate gums to healthier firmness. Massage a little extra Ipana on your gums every time you brush your teeth. You'll help yourself to healthier gums, sounder, brighter teeth . . . and a lovelier smile. And someone else to dance with! Get started on Ipana and massage today, Child!

For the Smile of Beauty

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S

LION'S ROAR



Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

This is our 72nd column! Our 40 million readers now know that we never rave without reason.

★ ★ ★ ★

And, brethren and sistren, we're raving about two new films coming around the mountain of the New Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

First, there is "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", the deeply moving dramatization of Captain Ted Lawson's true account of the surprise thrill of the war—the first bombing of Tokyo by those gallant men who took off from Shangri-La!



Spencer Tracy turns in his most commanding performance as Lieutenant Colonel "Jimmy" Doolittle; handsome Van Johnson (did you read *Life?*) adds to his laurels as Lawson; and Robert ("Hargrove") Walker is the dead-eye gunner of their B-25 bomber, "The Ruptured Duck."

★ ★ ★ ★

Lovely Phyllis Thaxter (a new dream) plays Ellen, Lawson's bride, warming the picture with a tender romantic note that makes "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" a truly magnificent story of deep-abiding love and inspiring courage.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then, M-G-M has forthcoming a gay, gorgeous, grand and Techniglorious film delight, "Meet Me In St. Louis." It takes you back to the St. Louis Fair as a guest of the Smiths, a family that might be your own—if you have one.

★ ★ ★ ★



Judy Garland is the star—young, vivacious, golden-voiced Judy—as the girl just awakening to love for the boy next door. And with her, as an impish, devilish, utterly lovable kid sister, is that great artist, little Margaret O'Brien.

★ ★ ★ ★

Happy-hearted, brimming with music and the joy of living, "Meet Me In St. Louis" includes seven smash songs, among them that bell-ringing success, "Clang, Clang, Clang, Went the Trolley" that you're hearing on the hit parade.

★ ★ ★ ★

When you "Meet Me In St. Louis" and spend "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo", you'll get a good idea of the great entertainment to expect from M-G-M all through this Happy New Year.

★ ★ ★ ★

Which, by the way, we've wished you.



—*Leo*

PHOTOPLAY

FAVORITE OF AMERICA'S "FIRST MILLION" MOVIE-GOERS

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M-G-M's sweetheart of a hit with the hit parade tunes!

Golden-voiced Judy and little sweetheart Margaret in the happy-hearted joy-film of the nation! The St. Louis Fair enchants you... young hearts are in love ...and songs fill the air! And it's all in rainbow Technicolor!



Clang! Clang! Clang! Went the Trolley!



That Hit Parade tune "The Trolley Song" is just one of the seven great melodies—merry ones, romantic ones!



in TECHNICOLOR

STARRING

Judy Garland

WITH

Margaret O'Brien

In M-G-M's Glorious Love Story

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS

MARY ASTOR · LUCILLE BREMER · TOM DRAKE · MARJORIE MAIN

Screen Play by Irving Brecher and Fred F. Finklehoffe • Based on the Book by Sally Benson • Directed by VINCENTE MINNELLI • Produced by ARTHUR FREED • A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture

INSIDE STUFF

Cal York's Gossip of Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HYMIE FINK



Navy blues to swoon and dance time: Frank Sinatra and Gene Kelly caught during filming of "Anchors Aweigh"



Marriage with music: Husky-voiced Alice Faye and band leader husband Phil Harris have dinner at Charley Foy's



Major dinner date: Ella Raines and Army husband Major Kenneth Trout watch the night life from a Mocambo table

Comments of the Month: If you wonder what's happened to "Mildred Pierce" after all this time, wonder no more. Joan Crawford has the title role and it's finally in production . . . Don't be surprised if Marjorie Reynolds and her husband, Captain Jack Reynolds, come to a parting of the ways with all Hollywood on Marjorie's side.

Freddie Bartholomew telephoned Cal about that auto accident involving his car and one containing Joe E. Brown's daughters, Mary, aged fourteen (critically injured) and Kathryn, eleven. It seems the car ran into Freddie's, which eliminates him from blame . . . That cute brunette taking driving lessons all over the Toluca Lake district was Mrs. Frank Sinatra. It was to surprise Frankie when he got back from New York . . . Hollywood is beginning to think Paramount Studios needs its head examined letting Fred MacMurray sign with 20th, losing Claudette Colbert and suspending Bob Hope, of all people.

Don't be too sure of a reconciliation between Helmut Dantine and Gwen Anderson, who was so ill with pneumonia, even though he rented her a house in Palm Springs and visited her often during her recuperation . . . That leather gadget Turhan Bey wears on his belt to hold his pipe is really something.

Harry James's return wiped that perpetual frown from Betty Grable's face. And such a purty face . . . What we're waiting for is the screen debut of Olivia de Havilland and Joan Fontaine's mother, Lillian Fontaine, as Jane Wyman's mother in "Lost Weekend."

Love from Judy: You boys over there, here and everywhere, while Judy Garland was recording for you, "Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas," she broke down and wept, (*Continued on page* 6)

IT'S A MUSICAL HONEY!

BING CROSBY

TWO BETTY HUTTONS

SONNY TUFTS

SONGS
by JOHNNY MERCER and HAROLD ARLEN
"Ac-cent-tchu-ate The Positive"
"Let's Take The Long Way Home"
"I Promise You"
"There's A Fellow Waiting In Poughkeepsie"

In Paramount's

HERE COME THE WAVES

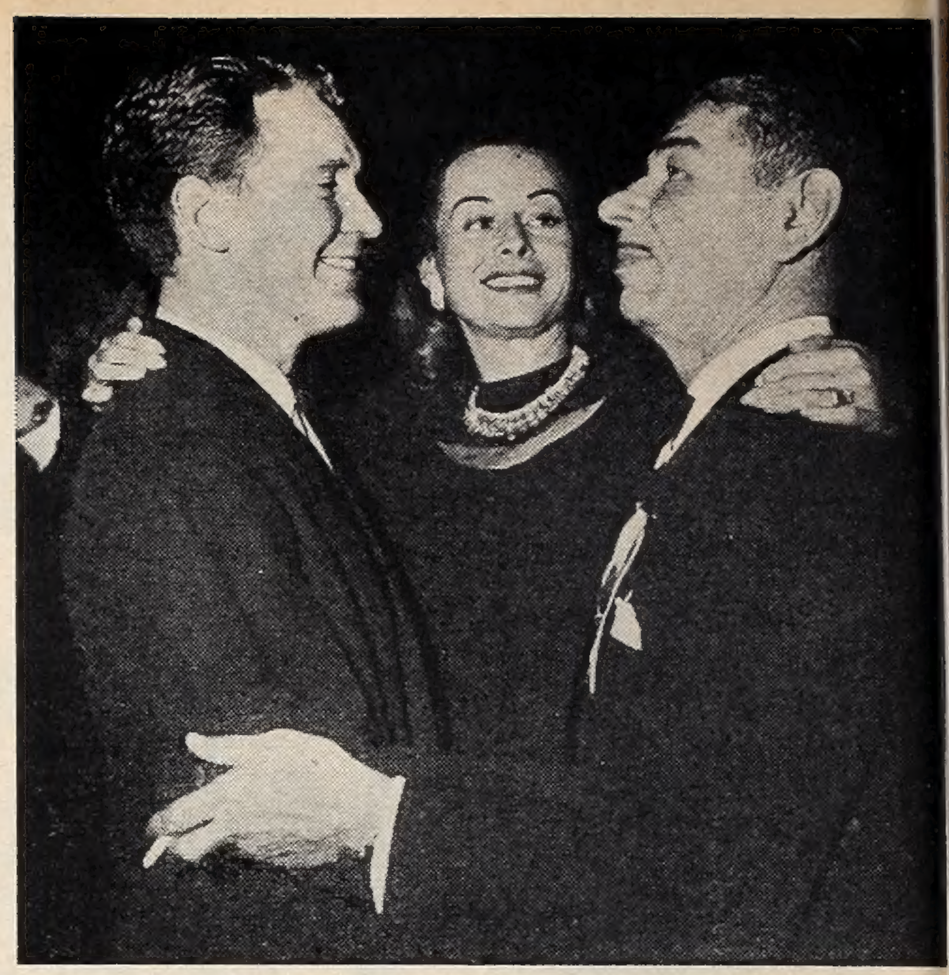
with Ann Doran · Gwen Crawford · Noel Neill
Catherine Craig · Marjorie Henshaw

A MARK SANDRICH PRODUCTION

Directed by MARK SANDRICH



Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Strictly exclusive: Burgess Meredith, Paulette Goddard and host Romanoff—with thanks to him for these Fink close-ups —as they fete Charlie Berns of New York's Club "21"



Bob Montgomery, after distinguished service abroad, with Claudette Colbert



Pair of famous profiles: Gene Tierney and Bob Hope compare notes and dance

(*Continued from page* 4)

and when the musicians heard the playback, they wept too. And all of us wept with love for you this Christmas.

Fashion Fling: Wait till you see Ida Lupino in "Pillar To Post." She will be the first movie star to wear or even be seen in one of those new short nightgowns—Ida says they're very cute. And she says that the scene in the picture in which she wears one contains some of the funniest dialogue she's ever heard or spoken!

Saw Merle Oberon at Mocambo, looking very smart in what at first seemed to be a plaid dinner suit. But when you got closer you saw that the skirt was short and the beautiful plaid material was of lamé—the shimmer of the metallic threads doubly chic in the almost severely tailored but very dressy suit. Her famous individual diamond flowers (which can be worn together or in different spots) were stuck onto a lapel.

And speaking of diamonds—Paulette Goddard wore that fabulous necklace of hers to the big party tossed by

(*Continued on page* 8)

All of Hollywood's heart is in it—
and 62 of Hollywood's Stars!!

ANDREWS SISTERS
JACK BENNY
JOE E. BROWN
EDDIE CANTOR
KITTY CARLISLE
JACK CARSON
DANE CLARK
JOAN CRAWFORD
HELMUT DANTINE
BETTE DAVIS
FAYE EMERSON
VICTOR FRANCEN
JOHN GARFIELD
SYDNEY GREENSTREET
ALAN HALE
PAUL HENREID
ROBERT HUTTON
JOAN LESLIE
PETER LORRE
IDA LUPINO
IRENE MANNING
JOAN McCRACKEN
DOLORES MORAN
DENNIS MORGAN
ELEANOR PARKER
JOYCE REYNOLDS
ROY ROGERS & TRIGGER
S.Z. ("CUDDLES") SAKALL
ZACHARY SCOTT
ALEXIS SMITH
BARBARA STANWYCK
JOSEPH SZIGETI
DONALD WOODS
JANE WYMAN



SONGS!

"DON'T FENCE ME IN"
"HOLLYWOOD CANTEEN"
"SWEET DREAMS, SWEETHEART"
"GETTIN' CORNS FOR MY COUNTRY"
"WHAT ARE YOU DOIN' THE REST OF YOUR LIFE"
"YOU CAN ALWAYS TELL A YANK"
and many more!

Also
JIMMY DORSEY & HIS BAND
CARMEN CAVALLARO & ORCHESTRA
GOLDEN GATE QUARTET ☆ ROSARIO & ANTONIO ☆ SONS OF THE PIONEERS

Original Screen Play by Delmer Daves • Musical Numbers Created & Directed by LEROY PRINZ • Directed by DELMER DAVES
JACK L. WARNER, Executive Producer
Produced by ALEX GOTTLIEB

You can have *Glamorous Hair* OVERNIGHT!



FAY McKENZIE
young star of Pictures and Radio who last appeared in "The Singing Sheriff"

Try Glover's Famous
3-WAY MEDICINAL TREATMENT

Overnight—you'll *see* and *feel* the difference! One application will convince you! Glover's leaves your hair softer, radiant, sparklingly high-lighted, with *added* loveliness, no matter what style hair-do you like best. Try *all three* Glover's preparations—Glover's Mange Medicine, famous since 1876—GLO-VER Beauty Shampoo—Glover's Imperial Hair Dress! Try them separately, or in one complete treatment. Ask at any Drug Store, today!



1—Apply Glover's Mange Medicine, with massage, for Dandruff, Annoying Scalp, excessive Falling Hair.



2—For soft, lustrous hair, use Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo in hard or soft water.



3—Use Glover's Imperial Non-alcoholic and Antiseptic Hair Dress. The delicate scent lingers.

TRIAL SIZE—send Coupon for all three products in hermetically-sealed bottles, packed in special carton, with complete instructions for the 3-Way overnight *treatment, and useful FREE booklet, "The Scientific Care of Scalp and Hair."*

Apply with massage for DANDRUFF, ANNOYING SCALP and excessive FALLING HAIR.



Glover's, 101 W. 31st St., Dept. 552, New York 1, N. Y.
Send "Complete Trial Application" package in plain wrapper by return mail, containing Glover's Mange Medicine, Glo-Ver Beauty Shampoo and Glover's Imperial Hair Dress, in hermetically-sealed bottles, with informative FREE booklet. I enclose 25c.

Name.....

Address.....

☐ Sent FREE to members of the Armed Forces on receipt of 10c to cover postage and packing.

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Are-they-marrieds: Ann Sheridan breaks her tête-à-tête with Steve Hannagan to hail a Navy lad

Hollywood Park-ers: George Raft listens carefully while Virginia Maples makes a point



(*Continued from page* 6)

Cobina Wright Sr. for the stars who had entertained overseas—and it just about blinded everyone. Joan Fontaine, seated near Paulette at dinner, was drooling in admiration and in a mood to throw away the very good-looking chunk of costume jewelry she was wearing around her own neck! Paulette was in a long black dinner gown, trimmed with black lace—the bodice cut very low. Joan wore a long black velvet evening gown. Décolleté—but around her shoulders and trailing almost to the floor was a narrow black velvet scarf (like Grandma wore) edged heavily all around with masses of ermine tails. Very picturesque—and very flattering. Ilona Massey had eyes popping with the evening gown she was almost *not* wearing! Cut very low back and front—no straps, tight bodice of cerise taffeta and very full simple skirt.

Adrian's latest fashion show is responsible for a lot of the Hollywood babes going in for bustles in a big way. Saw Gene Tierney one night in a brown satin-brocaded dinner suit, short skirt, with a cute little puffy bustle resting where a good bustle should be—and Lana Turner (who has positively been wearing the gaspiest gowns in town) has a black satin dinner suit that features one—so have Mrs. Gary Cooper, Claudette Colbert and some of the smarter dressers in movieland.

Saw Lucille Ball one night at La Rue and she looked stunning in a short turquoise wool jacket over a tight short black wool skirt. The jacket, with enormously wide shoulders, was severely simple, cut close up to the neck but collarless—and very snug around the hips. She had the biggest bag we've ever seen slung over her shoulders by a black leather strap—the bag was in three sections. Black gloves and pumps finished her off. Very snazzy outfit—and one that can work about six different ways—if you have a good-looking plain black or brown skirt. Just change jackets and accessories.

Here and There: Alan Ladd will be out your way—that is if your way is around the Middle West—and soon. He's going on his first hospital tour as soon as "Salty O'Rourke" is in the bag. He won't make any attempt at doing an act or making speeches. He'll just sit around and talk to the boys.

Linda Darnell, who has to fight that old devil fat from time to time, has

(*Continued on page* 10)

Wet Feet?

They, like cold feet, can lower body resistance so that certain germs on mouth and throat surfaces may invade the tissue and complicate the infection which may be started by a virus.



In a Draft?

Some people seem to dare drafts with impunity, but many medical men say that for others they definitely can lower body resistance and help make it easier for you to catch cold.



Direct Exposure?

One of the easiest ways of contracting colds is to kiss someone already infected. Another is to get in the path of a sneeze or cough.



BEFORE



AFTER

Note How Listerine Gargle Reduced Germs

Actual tests showed reductions of bacteria on mouth and throat surfaces ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, and up to 80% one hour after the Listerine gargle.

AT THE FIRST SIGN OF A COLD

Better Gargle LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

Prompt antiseptic action may help 'nip trouble in the bud' . . . attack threatening Secondary Invaders before they attack you

Many doctors believe that some kind of a virus often starts a cold, and that a threatening group of germs called the "Secondary Invaders," frequently complicates it and is responsible for much of its misery. Anything that lowers body resistance makes their work easier.

Obviously, the time to fight a cold is in the early stages, and effort should be directed against these "Secondary Invaders" before they penetrate the tissue.

So, at the first sign of a sneeze, chill, cough, or sniffle —when you feel a cold coming on—by all means, get started early with a Listerine Antiseptic gargle.

Listerine Antiseptic Kills Bacteria

This wonderful germicide reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of bacteria . . . helps guard against a "mass invasion" of the throat tissues.

In repeated tests, bacterial reductions on mouth and throat surfaces, ranging up to 96.7% fifteen minutes after the Listerine Antiseptic gargle, have been noted. And even an hour after the gargle, reductions up to 80% have been noted.

Fewer Colds—Tests Showed

Moreover, Listerine Antiseptic has backed up its laboratory performance with an impressive record on human "guinea pigs" observed in tests conducted over a period of twelve years. Please note the result:

Those test subjects who gargled Listerine Antiseptic twice a day had fewer colds and usually had milder ones than those who did not gargle, and fewer sore throats.

Take the word of outstanding medical men—a cold is nothing to fool with. At the very first symptom take this sensible precaution—the Listerine Antiseptic gargle —in the early stages. Prompt precautions may head off an unpleasant and miserable siege of illness.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL COMPANY, *St. Louis, Mo.*

P M M

9



A BRILLIANT MUSICAL PANORAMA

IN A SETTING OF SPECTACLE AND ROMANCE!

It's all New and Different! There's Majestic Pageantry! Hundreds of Skating Lovelies! Uproarious Comedy! Super Songs! And a Tender Love Story That Will Capture Your Heart! It's the Screen's Topnotch Entertainment!

VERA HRUBA RALSTON

LAKE PLACID SERENADE

Featuring EUGENE PALLETTE • VERA VAGUE • ROBERT LIVINGSTON • STEPHANIE BACHELOR
with WALTER CATLETT • LLOYD CORRIGAN • RUTH TERRY • WILLIAM FRAWLEY • JOHN LITEL • LUDWIG STOSSEL • ANDREW TOMBES
and RAY NOBLE and Orchestra • HARRY OWENS and his Royal Hawaiians
ICE SPECIALTIES: McGOWAN AND MACK • TWINKLE WATTS • THE MERRY MEISTERS
with Guest Star ROY ROGERS KING OF THE COWBOYS

A REPUBLIC PICTURE

Cal York's



Dance-data: Red Cramer and Ida Lupino caught exchanging smiles and steps

(*Continued from page* 8)

been dieting and has lost ten pounds. Hubby Pev Marley is afraid she's getting too thin and he keeps stuffing vitamin pills down her pretty throat.

Bing Crosby has lost pounds and pounds—from that 19,000 mile overseas tour in Europe during which it seems he really never stopped singing, talking or entertaining except for the very few hours sleep he got in mostly uncomfortable places each night. But he looks wonderful—and for the first time is really bronzed from the sun. That rest on a Nevada rancho did it.

A Word about the Boys: Lt. Jackie Coogan has already announced his post-war plans and they sound swell. With the Heasley Twins (those lads that shine on skates with Sonja Henie) Lt. Jackie will open a flying school and sell medium and low-priced planes on the side. Hear tell *The Kid* has other plans too, matrimonial ones that have to do with Ramsay Ames. Well, we'll see.

Mrs. Henry Fonda raced from one nursery to another (the flower kind) all this month in an effort to fulfill the request of her husband Lt. (j.g.) Hank Fonda now assigned to shore duty on a Pacific island. "Send me seeds, every kind and lots of them," he wrote, "I want to start a Victory garden." There always was a lot of farmer in Fonda.

They call him rootin' shootin' Skelton in Hollywood after Red rated ninety-five in marksmanship at Camp Roberts. Red stopped in Hollywood long enough to say "hello" and "good-by" between Camp Roberts and Camp

INSIDE STUFF

Sibert in Alabama, his new destination. Wouldn't surprise Cal to hear Red had gone overseas any day now. And wait till the "mean widdle kid" hits Paris. Incidentally, Red has scribbled out a book on his experiences which should be a honey.

Capt. Bob Preston is now an intelligence officer with a medium bomber group in France. What's more his outfit received a presidential unit citation.

Jeanette MacDonald flashed that beautiful smile when she learned husband Gene Raymond had been promoted from captain to major. Major Raymond served eleven months in England before assignment to Yuma, Arizona, as an instructor.

Purely Accidental: Katharine Hepburn went down to the M-G-M studio to inspect her newly decorated dressing room. Just as she stepped to the door a fire hose broke open, drenching the star and ruining the beautiful new room. For a moment Katie stood speechless, and then turning, she said to the publicists: "Is Ginger Rogers on this lot?"

Hepburn, of course, was remembering the time at RKO when Ginger dumped a bucket of water on Katie who was just entering her dressing room. The pay-off was that Ginger *was* on the M-G-M lot working on "Weekend At The Waldorf," but naturally had nothing to do with the accident.

Yes, This Is Hollywood, Friends: After the preview of "A Song To Remember," Merle Oberon, the star, hurried over to Paul Muni to tell him how much she enjoyed his performance.

Look! New rave Lauren Bacall chats with Herbert Marshall at Romanoff's



Are you in the know?

Can this WAC Lieutenant marry—

- ☐ A Private
- ☐ A Captain
- ☐ A Sergeant

A WAC officer can wed her One and Only, whether he's a brass hat, a non-com, or plain G.I. Joe. Perhaps you'll be asked to be one of the bridesmaids at a furlough wedding. You can be on the scene—serene—whatever the time of the month. Kotex will keep you confident, because unlike thick, stubby napkins, Kotex has patented *flat tapered ends* that don't show revealing lines. And you'll find the dependable *comfort* of Kotex so different from pads that just "feel" soft at first touch—for Kotex *stays soft while wearing!*





If your writing runs uphill, are you—

- ☐ Moody
- ☐ Indifferent to people
- ☐ An optimist

It's fun to read character through handwriting! If you study up on the subject, beforehand, it tells all! Do you write uphill? You're an *optimist*, says Dorothy Sara, noted handwriting analyst. Why not *keep* that cheery outlook—even on trying days? You'll never be a "worry-bird" with Kotex sanitary napkins, because that *4-ply safety center* keeps moisture away from the sides. That's why you can count on getting protection *plus*—when you use Kotex.



Will lip rouge linger longer if you—

- ☐ Moisten the lips first
- ☐ Apply it over powder
- ☐ Repaint a previous job

To make your lipstick *stick*—first, powder lips lightly. Apply lip rouge *over powder*, blot with Kleenex and you're set—for longer than you think. And your *confidence* can linger longer—on problem days. Just be sure your sanitary napkin is suited to your special needs. Only Kotex comes in 3 sizes, for different women, different days. Choose Regular, Junior or Super Kotex by the color of its box.

More women choose KOTEX* than all other sanitary napkins put together

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.





Earn Sparetime Money and Get

Your Own DRESSES

FREE AS A SALES BONUS

Here is a delightful, easy, spare time occupation for married women (and a few ambitious single women) who will welcome the opportunity to turn their idle hours into cash—and at the same time get their own personal dresses and other wearing apparel FREE as a bonus, without paying one single penny! Imagine showing your friends and neighbors a vast, complete selection of newest, gorgeous frocks for spring and summer—more than 100 styles, all sizes, and scores of fabrics in the season's latest colors and patterns! You know they'll be fascinated, especially when you mention the AMAZINGLY LOW PRICES and the PROMPT DELIVERY.

Use Your Own Home as Headquarters

Many thousands of women, young and old, living in every part of the United States, in big cities and in small towns, are adding many welcome dollars to their incomes—and earning their personal wardrobes—by the remarkable Harford Frocks Plan. When your friends and neighbors see the beauty of the styles, learn the LOW MONEY-SAVING PRICES, see the COMPLETENESS of the selection and the many dozens of styles they can pick from—they'll be mighty happy to give you their orders. Not only do you make a handsome cash commission on every order you take, but you also earn generous credit towards your own personal dresses and other wearing apparel, and that's how you can be "the best dressed woman in town" without laying out one single cent.

You Offer a COMPLETE Line of Wearing Apparel

Yes, more than 100 different dresses, all the very latest styles—but in addition, the Harford Frocks line contains hosiery, lingerie, sportswear, suits, coats, children's clothing, etc. Imagine giving your customers the opportunity to select all their wearing apparel needs at money-saving prices, in the comfort and privacy of their own homes without tedious shopping, without using gasoline, without expending precious time! No wonder Harford Frocks salespeople everywhere are reporting phenomenal success!

Gorgeous Style Presentation FREE

Just mail the coupon below and attach a letter about yourself, for the glorious presentation of Harford Frocks styles ABSOLUTELY FREE. No money to pay now or any time. Get the fashion figures illustrated in full colors and the scores of actual samples of the fabrics—all FREE. Mail the coupon NOW.

MAIL COUPON FOR FREE OFFER

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Dept. G-7, Cincinnati 25, Ohio

Send me the new Harford Frocks Spring and Summer Style Presentation ABSOLUTELY FREE. I want to start to earn money in spare time and get my personal wardrobe too.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

My Age is.....

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Time out for tricks: Rita Hayworth smiles approval while her husband Orson Welles supplies the magic

Muni thanked her. "I hear you're very good, too," he said.

"Oh, didn't you see the picture?" asked Miss Oberon, taken aback.

"Oh yes, I saw it," Muni replied, "but I only looked at myself." . . .

Mickey Rooney's bride, head and shoulders taller than her husband, arrived in Hollywood to make her home with the star's mother, Mrs. Nell Panky.

"And what do you call Mickey's bride?" a studio friend asked one of Mickey's pals, "Mrs. Rooney or just Betty Jane?"

"Neither," said the pal. "I just call her The Lanky Panky."

Party Note: Jeanne Crain was at the Cobina Wright Sr. party, looking so ingenue in a semi-evening gown of pale blue marquisette. She must have been a bit confused for she was flanked most of the evening by Errol Flynn who was being very attentive, and Paul Brooke who looks so much like Flynn that he left Warners where he was under contract, feeling he didn't have a chance there because of the resemblance!

Cal-culations: Girls, focus your eyes on Hank Daniels at M-G-M. He plays Judy Garland's brother in "Meet Me In St. Louis" and he's good. Was a tennis champ in New York before he broke his leg and foot in an auto accident. His next film is "Alter Ego" with Phyllis Thaxter. The lad's going places.

Boys, have you seen Lauren Bacall, or The Look as they call her out here? That's because of those looks she threw Humphrey Bogart's way in "To Have And Have Not." She's tall, thin, wide-mouthed and nineteen. Most unusual actress to appear since Garbo.

We've told you before, fellows, about the blonde baby doll, June Haver, who really out-Grabled Betty in "Irish Eyes Are Smiling." A half-pint of charm, with a peach-bloom complexion, June is an expert musician, writes music, dances, sings, makes eyes ooo la la, and is just eighteen. Her next is "Where Do We Go From Here?"

And here's one for the subdebs (see, we think of everyone) and high-school cuties. His name is Jerome Courtland, he was nineteen two days after Christmas and actually proposed to Irene Dunne in "Together Again." Six foot three, he has black hair, brown eyes, pink cheeks and a huge appetite. His mother is a Los Angeles socialite and Courtland got shoved into movies.

Ride 'Em Cowboys: Westerns are such an integral part of motion pictures and their stars so popular among moviegoers, Cal felt you'd like to know how Southern California voted in a recent poll, with Bronco awards handed out to the winners in the Hollywood Bowl.

If you agree or disagree with their choice, why not write your favorite Western star (not Cal, please), and congratulate or boo the choice as the case may be. Here are the winners:

Top western leading man: Bill Boyd; with Bill Elliott in second place.

Top western juvenile player: Donnie Stewart.

Top western film: "Buffalo Bill," produced by Harry Sherman and released by 20th Century-Fox.

Top western director: Robert Tansey.

Top western horse: Thunder, owned by Bill Elliott.

Top western song: "Pistol-Packin' Mama," by Al Dexter.

Top western band: Spade Cooley's band; followed by Jimmie Wakely's band and The Painted Post Rangers.

Top western leading woman: Dale Evans.

Top all-around cowboy: Roy Rogers; Johnny Mack Brown in second place.

(*Continued on page* 14)



"Hello, dream girl", he whispers. And you're glad you're looking lovely... glad you've kept your hands petal-soft.

Ever since you discovered Trushay, hand care has seemed so much simpler.

Trushay's the "beforehand" idea in lotions. All you do is smooth it on *before* household tasks.

Rich, sweet-scented Trushay helps *prevent* roughness and dryness ... *guards soft hands*, *even in hot, soapy water*.

TRUSHAY

The "Beforehand" Lotion



PRODUCT OF BRISTOL-MYERS

PMM

Care THAT SEEMS A Caress...



To keep your skin constantly fresher, lovelier . . . wooed from distressing "wayward" periods of dryness or shine... give it daily care with these two unique creams . . .

Phillips' MILK OF MAGNESIA Creams

SKIN CREAM ... CLEANSING CREAM

HERE is care so kind... so soothing and smoothing... it seems a caress to your skin! The care offered by Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams... a care that does so much to guard your skin's fresh beauty against wayward tendencies which lead to imperfection. In both these creams—Phillips' Skin Cream and Phillips' Cleansing Cream—true Phillips' Milk of Magnesia lends its helpful, gentle hand to keeping your beauty bright. In addition, both contain smoothing, softening oils... cholesterol, too, provided to guard your skin's moisture. Call it *care*—call it *caress*—but daily, call on Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Creams for help.



PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA SKIN CREAM—*Softens, neutralizes any excess acid accumulations often found in external pore openings; helps your skin stay smoothly supple. Doubles in duty as a night cream and satin-smooth base for powder. 60¢, plus tax.*

PHILLIPS' MILK OF MAGNESIA CLEANSING CREAM—Feel *its richness*—see *how cleanly it tissues off, removing make-up, surface dirt and accumulations from outer pore openings. That's why it leaves your skin feeling sparklingly fresh! 60¢, plus tax.*



Cal York's



Just marrieds: John Conte and Marilyn Maxwell at the Hollywood Palladium

(*Continued from page* 12)

Romance Rounds: It's still love between Turhan Bey and Lana Turner and Cal believes Lana has never been so deeply in love with anyone, not even Steve Crane. And it's still friendship between Turhan and Susanna Foster. The other day at Universal Turhan took Susie's picture off the dining-room wall and put it on the chair next to his to reserve her place beside him. Then in comes Susie, spies some friends and forgets all about Turhan. Back goes the picture on the wall—upside down.

Phyllis Thaxter who played Van Johnson's wife in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" is now the bride of Capt. Jimmy Aubrey of Chicago. The Captain is a flyer Phyllis met in Hollywood on a blind date and it was love at first sight.

Jeanne Crain always says, "Lon and I," as if it were definite between her and Private Lon McCallister. The other beaux, Jeanne tells us, don't mean a thing.

June Horne and Jackie Cooper may be one by the time this reaches you. All Hollywood was sorry that Jackie had to give so much time to that case in which he was completely exonerated that he flunked the exams for his commission in the Navy. But June, who has stuck to him through thick and thin, is still stickin'.

Judy Garland's heavy dating is with Vincent Minelli, a young designer and director. This is worth watching.

Bill Eythe obviously has a big crush on Tallulah Bankhead and raptly tells one and all how wonderful she has been to him all through the filming of "A Royal Scandal." And Tallulah has been loud in her praise of Bill's acting and is rooting for him to get the starring role in a big new picture coming up. But Cal doubts if this is anything to get excited about from a truly romantic standpoint.

INSIDE STUFF



Also present: Full-of-pep and ready to go, Virginia Weidler and Johnny Miles

Cal would herewith like to predict a switch in that Deanna Durbin situation —or rather a switch back to Felix Jackson. Felix, who was strictly top man until Bob Landry got back to Hollywood from overseas and "took over" Deanna for a couple of weeks, suddenly began bombarding the Durbin with champagne, flowers and other knick-knacks—but every day! He's a jealous type too—and his hectic tactics are beginning to work. Because at this writing he's hardly letting Deanna out of his sight! And she doesn't seem to mind. What's more, Bob Landry has been long-distance telephoning New York to talk to a gal on the staff of Life magazine that he's known and cared for for a long time. A pal of his tells me he's getting ready to propose to her. So don't be surprised if Deanna shows up at Bob Landry's wedding as a bridesmaid! They've been such good friends for so long—Cal wouldn't doubt that she'd do it!

As for Ida Lupino and Louis Hayward—they're seen around a lot together since their separation—and may even co-star in a Broadway play together as lovers. She wants to star with him in the picture "Ten Little Indians." But I'll bet they don't take up their marriage again.

Gold-Trimmed Umbrellas: Lynn Bari quipped one day that "Hollywood is a place where the only thing an actor saves for a rainy day is somebody else's umbrella." But she must have been kidding. Because actors (and actresses) these days are as shrewd about the money they make, invest or save as the most astute business people. And if they're not, they hire smart business managers who are! Can't think of any featured players or stars who don't have someone to advise them what to do with their earnings or who have not

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Luxuriously Soft – Dependably Strong



Only Kleenex* has the Serv-a-Tissue Box that serves up just one double-tissue at a time!



YOUR NOSE KNOWS — THERE'S ONLY ONE KLEENEX

In these days of shortages we can't promise you all the Kleenex you want, at all times. But we do promise you this: consistent with government regulations, we'll keep your Kleenex the finest quality tissue that can be made!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

There is only one KLEENEX



BONITA GRANVILLE, *Starring in Univeral's IT'S NEVER TOO LATE, finds her pet canary another one of her "admirers."*

Give a Canary

. . . THE ONLY PET THAT SINGS!

Here's a singing gift . . . a delightful pet . . . that will be long remembered as a living token of your affection.

Give a perky, cheerful Canary—a bit of singing sunshine to brighten drab hours and chase away the blues.

FREE! *Every lover of pets will want French's superb book about the Canary, the pet you'll love. Specially posed photographs—some in full color—of famous Hollywood stars with their Canaries. Pages of human-interest stories about the only pet that sings. Send for FREE copy—TODAY! Simply mail your request—with name and address—on a penny postal card to The R. T. French Company, 2584 Mustard Street, Rochester, N. Y.*



KEEP YOUR CANARY HAPPY WITH FRENCH'S



FRENCH'S Bird Seed (with Bird Biscuit) supplies 11 aids to song and health. Feed *your* Canary FRENCH'S—today and *every* day!

LARGEST SELLING BIRD SEED IN THE U. S. A.

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF



Party patter: The Bob Huttons on a between-separations night out

wisely put them into investments (mostly War Bonds) that assure them they'll have comfortable old ages. These stories you read about the many players who own apartment houses, gas stations, general real estate, etc., are mostly on the level! Brian Donlevy, Alan Ladd, Ty Power, Johnny Weissmuller, Claudette Colbert, Bill Bendix have well paying businesses aside from their movie-making.

Divorce Data: Now that the John Waynes have really parted for keeps, Cal can spill a little information that he's been keeping under his typewriter for some time. For one thing, negotiations between John and his lovely wife, the former Josephine Saentz, have been going on for over a year! Mrs. Wayne, who is getting a civil divorce through permission of the Catholic Church, got a terrific settlement for herself and their children. Much money—even for Hollywood. And now comes some big news. You can look for John to marry Esperanza Bauer as soon as he's free. They've been going together for ages—in fact ever since John and Josephine separated—and that's a long time. It was Wayne who helped Miss Bauer get a contract at Republic Studios—though nothing much in the way of a movie career has materialized for her.

Wolves and Wildcats: Johnny Weissmuller promised Frank Sinatra that he wouldn't take off for that hunting trip to Wyoming until The Voice got back to Hollywood. Whether Frankie wanted to see whether even mountain wildcats would swoon at the sight or sound of him, we don't know, but he sure did want to go on that hunting trip! But his New York stay kept lengthening and lengthening. And Johnny W. got more and more impatient. And finally he just gave up and gathered up a couple of other guys and off to the wilds he went with nary a crooner to help him.

Reminds us that Errol Flynn thinks the wolves should sing it this way, "I'll Be Seizing You"—and John Calvert, who is about to get a star build-up at Columbia, thinks the magicians ought to sing it, "I'll Be Sawing You—in all the old familiar places—."

Deglamorizing: Wait till you see what the studio's doing to poor Buzz Meredith who is playing Ernie Pyle in "G. I. Joe." Paulette is thrilled aplenty at having him around Hollywood for the next couple of months (he was put on the inactive list by the Army to make this picture), but what a ribbing she's been getting. All because Buzz doesn't look like Buzz at all these days. They've shaved his head clear across the top and right down the middle, as Ernie Pyle is very Guy Kibby-ish in the hair department!

It's Those Little Things: Lana Turner's face is small and pale without screen make-up and Judy Garland looks older than her screen age. Sydney Greenstreet coaches Phyllis Thaxter in all her stage and screen roles and John Hodiak was the original *Lil Abner* of the radio. Claudette Colbert wears her hair off the screen exactly as she does on, but Hedy Lamarr pins hers back any old way. Louise Allbritton carries her own cigarettes on dates, and believes snitching the boy friend's during the shortage a snide thing. Jeanne Crain has teeth like a very little girl in the third grade without those caps she wears on the screen and Sonja Henie won't even give away a discarded pair of ice skates. Bonita Granville wants to sing on the screen, Van Johnson wants to dance and Cal wants to go home and read a book. So 'scuse us all, please!

Cal York's INSIDE STUFF

This Is Station C A L Talking: We've said it for years, well, two anyway, that you give an actor the air and you'll discover many things about him. In other words, put him on the radio and you'll know right off how good an actor he is, something about his character and his personality.

It's our personal opinion that Loretta Young is the best of all women stars on the air, including Bette Davis who is given to affectation of voice and accent once a radio mike stares her in the face. Miss Young somehow takes on a dramatic depth on the radio she fails to achieve on the screen.

We are of the opinion that Gary Cooper either never studies a script beforehand, or his eyesight is faulty. For uninspired performances we nominate Walter Pidgeon who joins the seen-to-be-appreciated group.

Hope, on the air, is a past master. Hope on the screen *without* Crosby is only as good as his material. With Crosby, he's inspired beyond his own talent. Crosby is voted better on screen than air for the reason he's a fine actor as well as singer, and is limited by the type of program he offers. Frankie is even-steven on the air and on the screen. His eager, wanting-to-please air on the screen overbalances his lack of polish noticeable in most newcomers.

Van Johnson brings that same boyish appeal (stop squealing, everybody) to his radio roles because, and we discovered this long ago, half his charm lies in his voice. Spencer Tracy used to be Van's ideal, and maybe he still is, but certainly that breathless quality in Van's voice is far from Tracy's quiet one.

Judy Garland's fine radio presence is hindered by her inability to stop giggling in the funny places. Bob Hope used to be afraid to be funny with Judy on the program, so great was her audible enjoyment. But in those deep places, Judy is an actress worth listening to.

Voted the best all-around radio male star in the business is Don Ameche. In drama, comedy, farce, played straight or with dialect, Don reached a peak he never quite hit on the screen. No wonder his fans scream for Ameche to return to radio.

As a comic, Orson Welles spreads himself in every direction, and the sum total is nil. As a dramatic actor, especially in the horror department, he has no equal. The fact that he could unintentionally frighten half a nation to death proves this. On the screen Welles is less impressive due to the confinement of roles. There are so few parts cut to his physical measure.

To the men overseas we know what the voice of any Hollywood star means, but since this is a home problem and an important one, we'd welcome your opinion. Only, remember it's a game that must be played regardless of favorites. Maybe, when the results are in, we'll announce your radio favorites who visit from the screen.

new Film-Finish Powder

gives Shirley Temple's skin that smooth and flawless look . . .

Sweet-sixteen Shirley Temple, just beginning to wear make-up, chooses Woodbury Film-Finish Powder, made for the stars and *you!* For that screen-glamour-look you cherish! New five-way blending creates *stay-fresh shades*, smoother *new texture* that *clings*, hides lines and blemishes, never clogs, cakes, nor turns pasty. Choose from *eight* film-star shades!



SHIRLEY TEMPLE David O. Selznick player, co-starring with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten in "I'LL BE SEEING YOU". Shirley uses Windsor Rose to dramatize her medium pink-toned skin!

YOUR MATCHED MAKE-UP $1 . . . Now with your big $1 box of Woodbury Powder, you get *your* glamour shades of matching lipstick and rouge . . . *at no extra cost.* No change in the box—all Woodbury Powder now on sale is the new "Film-Finish."

Also boxes of Woodbury Powder, 50¢, 25¢, 10¢, plus tax



Woodbury Film Finish Powder

P M M

No other charm can quite compare



With the allure of lustrous hair!

No other Shampoo leaves your hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Only Drene with Hair Conditioner reveals up to 33% more lustre than soap . . . yet leaves hair so easy to arrange, so alluringly smooth!

Does your hair look dull, slightly mousy?

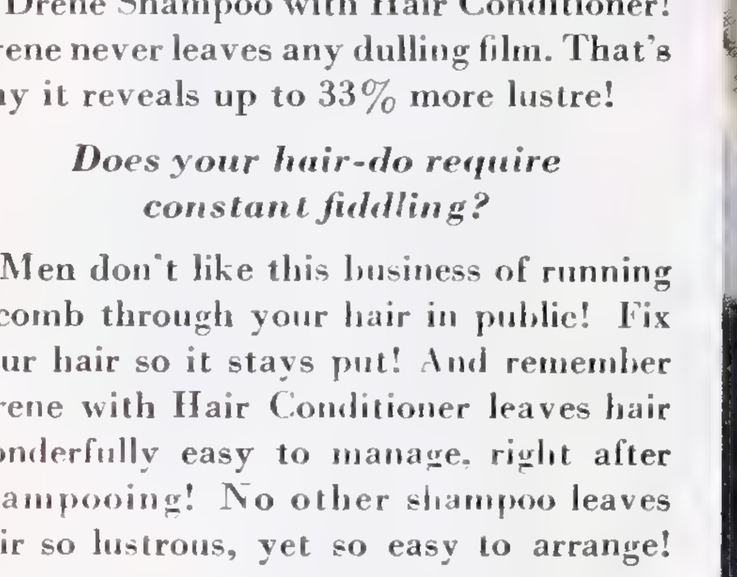
No wonder—if you're washing it with cake soap or liquid soap shampoo! Because soap of any sort leaves a *soap film* which dulls lustre, robs your hair of glamour! Change to Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Drene never leaves any dulling film. That's why it reveals up to 33% more lustre!

Does your hair-do require constant fiddling?

Men don't like this business of running a comb through your hair in public! Fix your hair so it stays put! And remember Drene with Hair Conditioner leaves hair wonderfully easy to manage, right after shampooing! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to arrange!

Sssssshhhhh! But have you dandruff?

Too many girls have! And what a pity. For unsightly dandruff can be easily controlled if you shampoo regularly with Drene. Drene with Hair Conditioner removes every trace of embarrassing dandruff the very first time you use it!





BACK-VIEW glamour—in this lovely, new evening hair-do! The back hair is set as for a page boy, then pulled together with the stunning beaded hair ornament. The shining smoothness of her hair is due to Drene with Hair Conditioner! No other shampoo leaves hair so lustrous, yet so easy to manage!

Drene Shampoo with *Hair Conditioner*

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REPLACEMENT OR A REFUND OF MONEY
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MAKE A DATE WITH *Glamour*

Tonight . . . don't put it off . . . shampoo your hair the new glamour way! Use Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner! Get the combination of beauty benefits only this wonderful improved shampoo can give! ✓*Extra lustre*. . . up to 33% more than with soap or soap shampoos! ✓*Manageable hair* . . . easy to comb into smooth shining neatness! ✓*Complete removal* of dandruff! Insist on Drene Shampoo with Hair Conditioner, or ask your beauty shop to use it.

The *Shadow* Stage

A reliable guide to recent pictures. One check means good; two checks, very good; three checks, outstanding

✓✓✓ Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo (M-G-M)

SINCERITY. It flows like a stream from the depth of this picture's heart. Integrity. It is mirrored in every detail. Simplicity. Hollywood forgets itself in the story of a man who has told his story so well that there is nothing to add or subtract. Life, at least this man's life, that of Ted W. Lawson, then a lieutenant and now a major, is greater in appeal than anything cinema town could have dreamed up.

Everyone from General Doolittle down read the script and approved without one correction. Hence the authoritative reality of the story as told with Spencer Tracy in the role of Doolittle (then a lieutenant colonel) and his first bombing of Tokyo.

In the role of Lawson, Van Johnson deserves every rave heaped upon him. His eagerness, tinged with apprehension because of the wife he leaves behind, is expertly projected. And Phyllis Thaxter as his wife becomes an established factor in motion pictures, a charming, gracious actress.

The strength of Tracy, who requested this role subordinate to Johnson's, is felt even when the actor is off the screen. For it was Doolittle's mission to train these volunteer flyers secretly and mercilessly, and through Tracy we catch the strength and purpose of the man.

The self-effacing, never by a fraction overemphasized role of David Thatcher as played by Robert Walker is magnificent.

To the other lads, we pay tribute for performances that we will all long remember. The direction by Mervyn LeRoy is superb. The suspense created when Lawson's bomber flies over Japanese territory makes the heart pound and the pulses throb.

Your Reviewer Says: Best of its kind.



Tender love: Van Johnson and Phyllis Thaxter in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"

✓✓ Meet Me In St. Louis (M-G-M)

A STORY replete with charm, color, coziness of home and family, to say nothing of romance, is this so-different musical all wrapped up around a gay ninety tune hit "Meet Me In St. Louis."

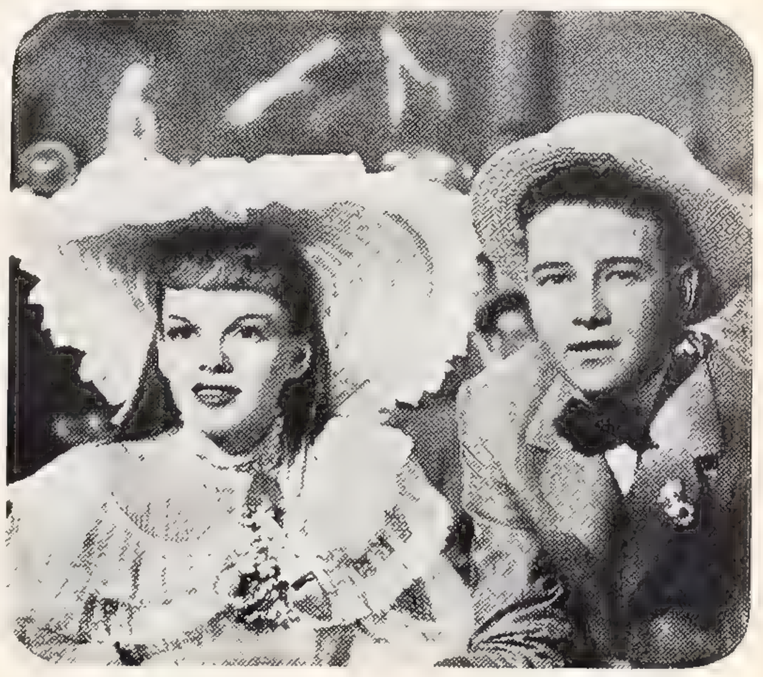
The *Smiths* of St. Louis are quite the nicest people you'll meet anywhere, living back in the horse-and-buggy days in the Missouri city, and loving every stick and stone of it. There's Judy Garland *Smith,* for instance, in love with Tom Drake, the boy next door. And there's Mary Astor *Smith,* mother of the brood, and Leon Ames *Smith,* the father, who loves his family above business advantages. The other children, Margaret O'Brien as *"Tootie" Smith,* Lucille Bremer as *Rose Smith,* Henry Daniels Jr. as *Lon Jr.* and Joan Carroll as *Agnes,* fill the house and story to overflowing. In fact, there are moments, such as the Hallowe'en instance, when we feel the story tree more or less grows superfluous branches, but on the other hand, the plot is so very simple—that of a family who doesn't want to move from St. Louis to New York—that it can afford a few detours.

The romance between Judy and Tom Drake is one of the most naturally developed ones ever to fancify a screen. Both are charming, and Judy's singing of "The Trolley Song," "The Boy Next Door," and "Have Yourself A Merry Little Christmas," is delightful.

Margaret O'Brien as the youngest of the family, is a "character," no less. She'll either amuse or puzzle you, or perhaps she'll do both.

Harry Davenport as *Grandpa* and Marjorie Main as the maid are simply necessary to the charm that dominates even the story itself.

Your Reviewer Says: A lovable, likable lulu.



Technicolor triumph: Judy Garland and Tom Drake in "Meet Me In St. Louis"

✓✓ Together Again (Columbia)

THE nice people all around us literally howled themselves blue in the face. So let us be the first to declare our need of a psychiatrist. A smile or two at what we considered a very feeble premise for laughter was about the best we could manage. But nevertheless and notwithstanding, it is bound to create hilarity all over the place, on that we can assure you.

Irene Dunne is beautiful as the mayor of a hidebound New England town who travels to New York in search of a sculptor to create a statue of her late husband. The old one (statue, not husband) got decapitated in a thunderstorm. So who is the sculptor? *Monsieur* Charles Boyer. And what does he do? He lands Miss Dunne in jail, follows her protesting footsteps home, captures the fancy of her young stepdaughter Mona Freeman and upsets Mayor Dunne in all directions at once.

Charles Coburn is her papa-in-law who wants love going on around him and gets it. He's cute, too. But the lad that tickled us most (not literally, of course) is young Jerome Courtland, a tall gangling adolescent who can say, "Well, goodnight," and make it not only good but a riotous evening.

Elizabeth Patterson is the housekeeper and poor Charles Dingle is still playing his "Little Foxes" role, and always will, it seems.

Your Reviewer Says: A spring cleaning of the heart.



Humor and politics: Irene Dunne and Charles Boyer in "Together Again"

(*Continued on page* 113)

For Best Pictures of the Month and Best Performances See Page 114
For Complete Casts of Current Pictures See Page 122
For Brief Reviews of Current Pictures See Page 22

By Sara Hamilton

"Of course you know about MIDOL-but HAVE YOU TRIED IT?"



BEFORE you break another date or lose another day because of menstrual suffering, try Midol!

These effective tablets contain no opiates, yet act quickly—and in *three different ways*—to relieve the functional pain and distress of your month's worst days. One ingredient of Midol relaxes muscles and nerves to relieve cramps. Another soothes menstrual headache. Still another stimulates mildly, brightening you when you're "blue".

Take Midol next time—at the first twinge of "regular" pain—and see how comfortably you go through your trying days. Get it now, at any drugstore.

DISPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY
Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping
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MIDOL

Used more than all other products offered exclusively to relieve menstrual suffering

CRAMPS - HEADACHE - BLUES

P M M

A Product of General Drug Company



Turhan Bey wins a vote for the role of Rudolph Valentino from A. M. Sullivan of the Bronx

SPEAK FOR YOURSELF

$10.00 PRIZE
"America in Action"

WHAT is it about a simple American family that arouses so much pride in ourselves? After seeing "Since You Went Away," I know. It is because a family like the Hiltons is *America in action*—the America woven into a gigantic pattern from small family events that reflect the times, the state and the conduct of the nation.

The small, intimate, personal stakes we have in a war are often lost in the ogre-like spectre of battle panorama. In moments of homesickness and despair when the self-same question is asked over and over, "Why are we fighting?" how good to remember the plain, simple, everyday democracy enjoyed by the *Hiltons*. And the *Hiltons*, after all, are only symbols of you and me.

Such films as these earn and maintain respect for the film industry. Presenting their full measure of entertainment, they go beyond the mere form of pleasureful presentation and bring to mind and heart the rich legacy of our land. In a world where the Family has been so threatened and disrupted, it is comforting and assuring to know that the threads that bind us are as strong as the thoughts behind the conduct of the American Family.

As a soldier, I salute "Since You Went Away." As a citizen, I admire it. As a person, I enjoy it. As an American, I take pride in it.

Sgt. Charles L. Mersich,
Camp Crowder, Mo.

$5.00 PRIZE
New Role for Turhan

HOLLYWOOD is once again going on a hunt for an "unknown," this time to play the role of Rudolph Valentino in a picture based on his career. After a good deal of fuss and feathers and, let's whisper it softly, a lot of publicity on the subject, someone already in pictures will probably be announced as the unanimous choice of all concerned.

In this particular search the makers of the picture have the ideal actor right under their noses. Facially he does not resemble Valentino, but he has that same mysterious foreign appeal which made Valentino the success he was.

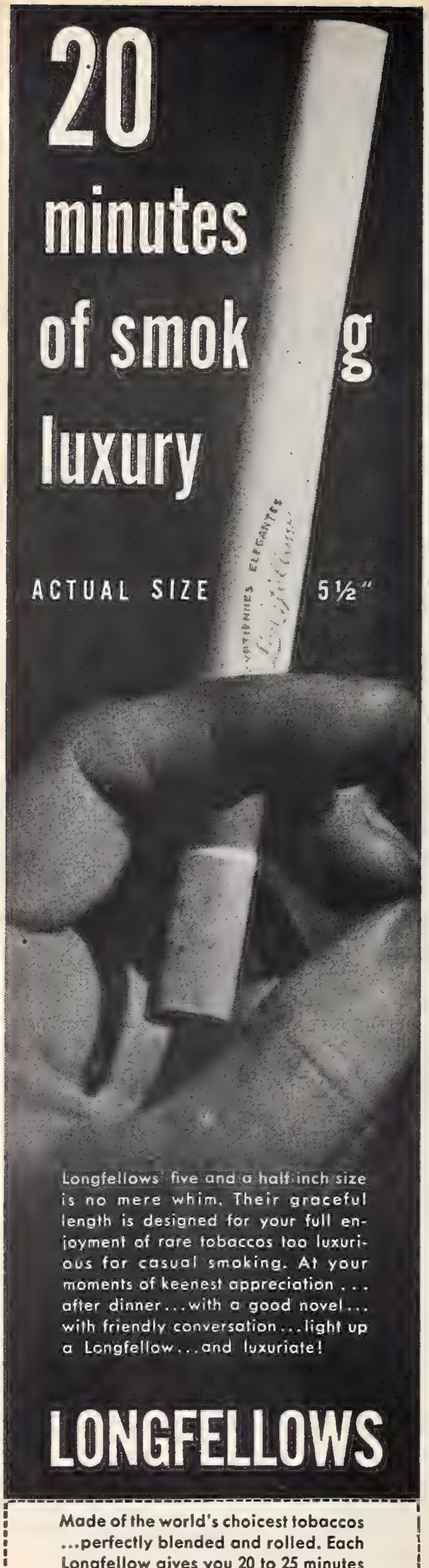
The actor I speak of is that rapidly rising young man, Turhan Bey. He has made a tremendous personal triumph in the picture, "Dragon Seed." Though the fans of Valentino's day have never heard his voice from the screen, everyone had his or her idea of what it was like. The smooth, pleasant, well-articulated voice of Mr. Bey with its very faint trace of accent seems to me to fit the character of the well-remembered favorite, Rudolph Valentino.

A. M. Sullivan,
Bronx, N. Y.

(*Continued on page* 106)

PHOTOPLAY awards $10 first prize, $5 second prize and $1 each to every other letter published in full. Your letters about stars or movies in less than 200 words are judged on the basis of clarity and originality. Do not submit previously published material or material that you are sending to other publications. Plagiarism will be punished to the full extent of the law. Retain a copy of material submitted, as we regret we are not able to return unaccepted material. Address your letter to "Speak For Yourself," PHOTOPLAY, 205 East 42nd St., New York 17, N. Y.


Her Beauty WEARS A MASK OF Terror!
Desired by all men, envied by all women. What is the spell that hangs over this beautiful woman, making her a terrified slave . . . fearful, even, of the man who so desperately fights to free her?
ANOTHER OF THE GREAT
R K O RADIO PICTURES
HEDY LAMARR
GEORGE BRENT • PAUL LUKAS
in
"Experiment Perilous"
with
ALBERT DEKKER • CARL ESMOND • OLIVE BLAKENEY
GEORGE N. NEISE • MARGARET WYCHERLY
Produced by Robert Fellows. Directed by Jacques Tourneur
Screen play by Warren Duff
To Families and Friends of Servicemen: This is one of the films chosen by the War Department and provided by the motion picture industry for showing overseas in combat areas, Red Cross hospitals and at isolated outposts.





Canteen hostess Bette Davis smiles reassurance to Bob Hutton, Corporal at the mike, in "Hollywood Canteen"

BRIEF REVIEWS

✓✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "OUTSTANDING" WHEN REVIEWED
✓✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "VERY GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED
✓ INDICATES PICTURE RATED "GOOD" WHEN REVIEWED

ALASKA—Monogram: Kent Taylor plays the heroic lead in a Jack London story of the gold mine era in Alaska and he has quite a time of it, getting arrested for the murder of two claim jumpers, falling in love with Margaret Lindsay who's married to John Carradine, and mixing it up with saloon proprietor Nils Asther. Dean Jagger is the U. S. marshal. (Jan.)

✓✓*AND NOW TOMORROW*—Paramount: Alan Ladd returns to the screen in this dramatic story as a young doctor from the wrong side of the tracks who attempts to cure wealthy Loretta Young of the deafness she suffered as the result of meningitis just before her marriage to Barry Sullivan. (Dec.)

✓✓*ARSENIC AND OLD LACE*—Warners: A hilarious screenplay that will catapult you from laughter to fright. Cary Grant is the nephew who makes an awful discovery about his beloved old aunts on the eve of his honeymoon with Priscilla Lane. Raymond Massey is the criminal; Peter Lorre his doctor friend and Jack Carson is the cop. You must see it. (Nov.)

✓*ATLANTIC CITY*—Republic: Belle Baker, Al Shean, Gus Van and Joe Frisco all bring back fond memories of old days at vaudeville's peak, and it's packed with wonderful old tunes provided by Paul Whiteman and Louis Armstrong. Constance Moore does a swell job as the girl whom Brad Taylor loves. It's a pretty satisfying movie. (Nov.)

✓*BABES ON SWING STREET*—Universal: Peggy Ryan is very peppy and active as the leader of a settlement house who tries to raise money so the most talented members can take advantage of a scholarship. Ann Blyth suggests a night club, so the kids take over a building and set to work on it. Leon Errol helps out, Sydney Miller impersonates, and it's all silly but cute. (Dec.)

BARBARY COAST GENT—M-G-M: Wally Beery's an old buckaroo of the '80's who promises to go straight for Binnie Barnes, the dance-hall gal. When a scrape precipitates him out of town and into Nevada he poses as Donald Meek, a railroad president, with all the resultant complications. John Carradine does a nice job. Frances Rafferty and Bruce Kellogg are the romantics. (Nov.)

BLUEBEARD—PRC: John Carradine gives one swell performance as the mad painter and operator of a puppet show who strangles his models one by one so as not to be disillusioned by them. Jean Parker as the girl he loves, Nils Asther as prefect of police and Teala Loring as one of the victims, contribute to an enjoyably good horror yarn. (Jan.)

✓*BOWERY TO BROADWAY*—Universal: Two quarreling theatrical producers, Jack Oakie and Donald Cook, finally separate over Maria Montez in an arty production. The cast is an important one, including Susanna Foster, Turhan Bey, Ann Blyth, Louise Allbritton and practically everyone on the Universal lot, but it's the same old show-business theme. (Jan.)

Shadow Stage

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✓*BRAZIL*—Republic: Virginia Bruce is an authores, who takes a few pokes at romantic Latins and travels to South America to get material for another book. There she falls for composer Tito Guizar, is befuddled by Edward Everett Horton, and one thing leads to another. It's a lot of fun and the proceedings are all nice and tuneful. (Jan.)

CLIMAX, THE—Universal: Most of this rather tired film takes place in an old opera house with a mad doctor, Boris Karloff, of course, hypnotizing people and hoarding corpses in spare rooms. Susanna Foster sings beautifully, Turhan Bey doesn't have his usual sex appeal but Gale Sondergaard is swell. (Nov.)

CONSPIRATORS, THE—Warners: A weak, dull and repetitious story despite Hedy Lamarr's beauty, Paul Henreid's good acting, Sydney Greenstreet's and Peter Lorre's superb performances and Victor Francen's smoothness. It's all about Nazi spies, the underground, traitors and all the things you've seen before. (Jan.)

✓*DARK MOUNTAIN*—Paramount: When Ellen Drew discovers her husband Regis Toomey is a racketeer crook, she turns to Robert Lowery, her former suitor, for help, and he gives her refuge in a lonely mountain-top cabin. A lot of thought, good acting and a measure of suspense have gone into this B effort. The result is quite worth while. Eddie Quillan is in it too. (Dec.)

DEAD MAN'S EYES—Universal: A gruesome little number, with Acquanetta deliberately blinding Lon Chaney, the painter she loves, in order to prevent his marriage to Jean Parker. When it's discovered his eyesight can be saved by grafted cornea, Edward Fielding wills his eyes at death to Chaney and almost immediately finds himself dead. And let that be a lesson to everybody. (Dec.)

✓*DOUGHGIRLS, THE*—Warners: This doesn't quite hit the jackpot, but it's got attractive names, comical situations and snappy dialogue. Jane Wyman, Ann Sheridan and Alexis Smith are the three almost-wives who crowd into Jane's Washington hotel room along with the almost-grooms, Jack Carson, Craig Stevens and John Ridgely. Eve Arden is a wow as the Russian sergeant. (Dec.)

ENEMY OF WOMEN—Frank-Monogram: Goebbels' life from the time he was a private tutor to the time he became propaganda head for Hitler, but it doesn't paint him black enough. Paul Andor turns in a weak-kneed version of Goebbels, Claudia Drake is the girl and Donald Woods her husband. (Nov.)

FACES IN THE FOG—Republic: Jane Withers is in love with Eric Sinclair, but their parents don't like each other; so when Jane's father, Paul Kelly, sees her in a bungalow court with Sinclair he ups and shoots the lad, not knowing they're married. So then we have the trial and the bitterness, but who wants to sit through this kind of thing? (Jan.)

✓*FAREWELL MY LOVELY*—RKO: Dick Powell's a hard-fisted detective in this tough murder mystery that starts when stir-crazy Mike Mazurki persuades Powell to locate the girl Mike lost when sent to prison. Claire Trevor is Miles Mander's nasty wife, Anne Shirley his daughter and Otto Kruger a psychiatrist. It's a fast-moving, hard-boiled picture. (Jan.)

✓*FRENCHMAN'S CREEK*—Paramount: A lusty tale of adventure told in Technicolor and starring Joan Fontaine as the wife who leaves her family to join pirate Arturo de Cordova on his expeditions. Ralph Forbes is Joan's weak and blustering husband, Basil Rathbone is his friend and Cecil Kellaway is Arturo's servant who helps Joan. Despite its adventurous theme, the picture lacks punch in spots. (Dec.)

✓*GIRL RUSH, THE*—RKO: Laid out in the Old West during the gold rush, the thin story has to do with a stranded show-girl troupe and the efforts of Wally Brown and Alan Carney to get them back to civilization. Frances Langford sings several numbers beautifully, Vera Vague's clowning keeps you laughing and Wally and Alan try very hard. (Jan.)

GOIN' TO TOWN—Votion-RKO: This fails to catch the homey spirit of *Lum and Abner* and it's packed to the ears with corn. The story has to do with a city slicker who pretends to locate oil beneath the old fellow's store in Pine Ridge, Arkansas. Chester Lauck and Norris Goff play *Lum and Abner* as usual, and Florence Lake, Dick Elliott and Grady Sutton are in it too. (Dec.)

✓*GREENWICH VILLAGE*—20th Century-Fox: Bill Bendix operates a Greenwich Village cafe in which Vivian Blaine sings and into which wanders composer Don Ameche. Talented people including Carmen Miranda, Felix Bressart, Tony and Sally De Marco entertain you and it's all very gay. (Nov.)

GYPSY WILDCAT—Universal: Maria Montez and Jon Hall romp around again in Technicolor, this time in a story of a gypsy girl who turns out to be a missing heiress. Nigel Bruce, Leo Carrillo and Gale Sondergaard go around in it too. (Nov.)

I ACCUSE MY PARENTS—PRC: John Miljan and Vivienne Osborne are rich, doting and heavy drinking parents who neglect their son Robert Lowell. So Lowell meets Mary Beth Hughes, ends up driving a hold-up car and finally gets mixed up with murder and stands trial for it. But why waste your time? (Jan.)

Five little, false little words:



Don't let the thermometer trick you into offending. Avoid underarm odor with MUM.

IT'S A MISTAKE so many girls make—thinking they don't perspire in winter. But how wrong. How foolish!

For even in zero weather, there's a heat wave under your arms. And odor can form without any noticeable moisture at all. Yes, form and cling to your warm winter woolens, stealing away your charm.

But why risk this winter danger? Why take chances of offending when it's so easy to be *sure?* Just remember, your bath only washes away *past* perspiration. Mum prevents risk of underarm odor *to come.*

So play safe. After every bath, before every date, a half minute with Mum means long hours of carefree daintiness.

MUM'S QUICK—Half a minute with Mum prevents risk of underarm odor all day or evening.

MUM'S SAFE—Gentle Mum won't irritate skin. Dependable Mum won't injure the fabric of your clothes, says American Institute of Laundering.

MUM'S SURE—Mum works instantly. Keeps you bath-fresh all day or evening. Get Mum today.



For Sanitary Napkins—*Avoid embarrassment. You can always depend on Mum for this important purpose. It's gentle, safe—sure.*

Product of Bristol-Myers

Mum takes the Odor out of Perspiration

P
M
M

"Touching with dazzled lips her

Starlight Hand" ❊

—"Endymion," John Keats



❊ A lovely line—
but remember, no one's
lips are "dazzled" by

Scullery Skin



Don't let kitchen chores make your hands look OLD

IT TAKES a soft, young-looking hand to bring a man's lips closer . . . and closer . . . But in spite of kitchen drudgery, your hands can be as smoothly enchanting as your face. Use Pacquins Hand Cream daily to help counteract the harsh, drying effects of housework and weather . . . to lend your hands a look of milky-white softness and smoothness!

It was originally formulated for doctors and nurses. They have their hands in water 30 to 40 times a day, so they *need* an effective cream.

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Pacquins Hand Cream

Originally formulated for doctors and nurses, whose hands take the abuse of 30 to 40 washings and scrubbings a day.

AT ANY DRUG, DEPARTMENT, OR TEN-CENT STORE

✓✓*IMPATIENT YEARS, THE*—Columbia: This comedy, built around a vital problem, emerges vitalizing entertainment. Sgt. Lee Bowman returns home on furlough to find his wife Jean Arthur, whom he has known only four days, embroiled in household duties and child care. When they fly to the divorce courts, Jean's father, Charles Coburn, and the judge order them to relive their courtship. (Nov.)

✓*IN SOCIETY*—Universal: Abbott and Costello are a pair of plumbers summoned to a wealthy matron's home to fix a faucet. After practically destroying the home, the matron sends them a note of complaint, but by mistake they receive an invitation to a week-end party and the riot goes on from there. (Nov.)

IN THE MEANTIME, DARLING—20th Century-Fox: Jeanne Crain, used to luxury, undergoes a hasty and unpleasant wedding ceremony to young officer Frank Latimore and then tries to adjust herself to their single shabby room. Gale Robbins, Eugene Pallette and Mary Nash are a few of the many people in this timely little story. (Dec.)

✓✓*IRISH EYES ARE SMILING*—20th Century-Fox: A tuneful and happy musical, with Dick Haymes playing Ernest Ball, a ballad writer of the nineties, and June Haver the girl he's in love with. Monty Woolley is priceless as a Broadway promoter, and the songs are nostalgically lovely and haunting. Anthony Quinn, Veda Ann Borg, Beverly Whitney and Clarence Kolb lend welcome support. (Jan.)

✓✓*KISMET*—M-G-M: A fanciful fairy tale, beautifully mounted, with Ronald Colman as the king of the beggars who's determined that only a prince may wed his lovely daughter, Joy Ann Page. Edward Arnold is the grand Vizier who wants to overthrow the Caliph, James Craig, who has fallen in love with Joy Ann, and Marlene Dietrich is the tempestuous beauty in Arnold's harem whom Colman loves. (Nov.)

✓✓✓*LAURA*—20th Century-Fox: Sophisticated, adult entertainment so smoothly executed and so cleverly performed that it's a joy to behold. It's a murder mystery involving interesting and alarming people, and you'll marvel at the finished performance of Clifton Webb, enjoy the magnetic appeal of Dana Andrews and appreciate the quiet underplaying of Gene Tierney. (Jan.)

LOST IN A HAREM: Abbott and Costello and Marilyn Maxwell are a vaudeville troupe stranded in the Orient, and John Conte is a deposed prince who promises to get them back to America if they'll help him regain his kingdom. Jimmy Dorsey's music helps out, but it's a none too funny picture. (Nov.)

✓*MAISIE GOES TO RENO*—M-G-M: *Maisie's* ordered to take a rest, so she joins a band which opens in Reno for a fortnight, but before she leaves she undertakes a mission for soldier Tom Drake. Once in Reno, trouble develops, so *Maisie,* played as usual by Ann Sothern, enlists the aid of card-dealer John Hodiak to get to the bottom of the affair. (Nov.)

MAN IN HALF MOON STREET, THE—Paramount: Nils Asther is ninety years old but looks thirty-five because he keeps transplanting into his body the glands of young men whom he murders for the purpose. Scientist Reinhold Schunzel aids in this defiance of nature. But finally Nils' loyal fiancee Helen Walker discovers his little secret. With Paul Cavanaugh and Edmond Breon. (Jan.)

✓*MARK OF THE WHISTLER, THE*—Darmour-Columbia: Richard Dix turns in a bang-up performance as a derelict who poses as another man in order to collect a large sum of money from a bank. He actually gets the money but collides with crippled peddler Paul Guilfoyle, and from then on he gets deeper and deeper into trouble. Janis Carter, John Calvert and Porter Hall are all very good. (Jan.)

✓✓*MARRIAGE IS A PRIVATE AFFAIR*—M-G-M: Lana Turner lifts this treatment of marriage among our young moderns into entrancing entertainment by the sincerity of her performance. John Hodiak is miscast as her Boston blue-blood husband and James Craig is solid as Lana's suitor who almost wrecks her marriage. (Nov.)

✓✓*MASTER RACE, THE*—RKO: A gripping and grimly realistic picture showing, through the rebirth of a village freed from German occupation, how the Nazis plan to sow the seeds for World War III. George Coulouris is the Nazi colonel who pretends to be an Allied sympathizer. Carl Esmond, Nancy Gates, Osa Massen and Stanley Ridges do excellent work. (Dec.)

✓*MINISTRY OF FEAR*—Paramount: This is filled with confusion and intricacy of plot, but the actors perform so well that it has its points. Ray Milland gets released from a British asylum on charges of a mercy killing, only to get embroiled with Nazi spies hiding behind a charity organization. Marjorie Reynolds is the Austrian girl, Carl Esmond her brother and Dan Duryea a villain. (Jan.)

MOONLIGHT AND CACTUS—Universal: Chief Officer Leo Carrillo takes the crew of a merchant marine ship out to his ranch and finds that it's been taken over by women. Elyse Knox is the foreman, the Andrews Sisters sing like mad. (Nov.)

✓✓*MRS. PARKINGTON*—M-G-M: Those who have read Louis Bromfield's novel will find no fault with its translation to the screen, for it's superbly done. Greer Garson is the young Western girl who marries the wealthy *Major Parkington* and matures graciously into a magnificent old woman. Pidgeon

as the dynamic major does his best work to date. With Edward Arnold, Frances Rafferty, Agnes Moorehead and Gladys Cooper. (Dec.)

MY PAL WOLF—RKO: Sharyn Moffett is a little girl whose parents leave her in the care of peculiar servants, and her only interest is the police dog she finds and tries to shield from her governess, Jill Esmond. The story's weakly constructed, but in spite of this, it isn't at all a bad picture. (Dec.)

✓*NATIONAL BARN DANCE*—Paramount: If you like the corny but lively radio show of the National Barn Dancers you'll like their movie even better. Bob Benchley plays the radio agent to whom Charles Quigley attempts to sell his idea of a National Barn Dance show. Pat Buttrom is funny and Jean Heather is the girl Quigley romances. (Dec.)

✓*NONE BUT THE LONELY HEART*—RKO: The attempts of a cockney to reach out to a better life, laid against the dreadful atmosphere of London's slums, make up this tale of Richard Llewellyn's. Cary Grant gives a truly understanding performance as the cockney and Ethel Barrymore does beautiful work as his mother. June Duprez and Jane Wyatt are the girls in his life. (Dec.)

OH, WHAT A NIGHT—Monogram: Edmund Lowe is a jewel thief out to snatch the jewels of burlesque-queen Marjorie Rambeau, but Ivan Lebedeff, George Lewis and Claire DeBrey are after the same thing. Jean Parker is very cute as the girl. (Nov.)

ONE BODY TOO MANY—Paramount: A life insurance salesman, Jack Haley, finds himself an appointed watcher over a corpse in a house full of ghoulish relations, and the things that go on are out of this world. Jean Parker is the niece of the deceased, and the cast includes Bela Lugosi, Blanche Yurka, and Douglas Fowley. Haley is a scream. (Jan.)

✓✓*PRINCESS AND THE PIRATE, THE*—Goldwyn: It could have been funnier, but Bob Hope as a friendly coward back in pirate days will give you laughs. Vic McLaglen is the leader of the pirates, Walter Brennan the nitwit pirate and Virginia Mayo is the beautiful princess. (Nov.)

✓*RAINBOW ISLAND*—Paramount: A lush Technicolor dream with Dottie Lamour roaming around in her well-filled sarong. Merchant Marine Eddie Bracken tells the fantastic tale of his adventures to his pals, of Dottie and her romance with Barry Sullivan, of Gil Lamb's capering, of Lamour's full-blown loveliness, and of the comical situations in which Bracken finds himself. (Jan.)

✓✓*SAN DIEGO, I LOVE YOU*—Universal: A refreshing, zany story packed with chuckles and laughter, this has professor Edward Everett Horton and his mad family traveling to San Diego to be near the testing plant of Horton's invention, a collapsible life raft. Louise Allbritton as the daughter turns in a fine performance, and Jon Hall is so good as the wealthy railroad owner. (Dec.)

SAN FERNANDO VALLEY—Republic: Roy Rogers and Ed Gargan try to get jobs on Dale Evans' ranch in order to find some thugs. The cow hands are girls because Dale is trying to thwart her sister Jean Porter's romantic tendencies. The story is too frail for Rogers, but the music is first-rate. (Nov.)

SEVEN DOORS TO DEATH—PRC: A mystery chiller, with cute June Clyde inheriting a shopping center with a stray corpse or two thrown in. With Chic Chandler, George Meeker and Casey MacGregor. (Nov.)

SHADOW OF SUSPICION—Monogram: Those jewel thieves are back again, as busy as usual. This time they slip priceless gems into a pair of bronzed baby shoes and you get all the resulting nonsense you've seen before. Anyway, Tim Ryan is cute and Marjorie Weaver pretty, and Peter Cookson a brave newcomer to tackle this one. (Jan.)

✓✓*SONG TO REMEMBER, A*—Columbia: The influence of a shrewd woman on the life and works of a genius is here splendidly portrayed by Cornel Wilde playing Frederic Chopin, and Merle Oberon as George Sand, the woman who brings him into the limelight of fame. Paul Muni plays Chopin's old teacher, whom Merle tries to keep away from him. The music is exquisite and exciting, making the picture the musical treat of the year. (Jan.)

STORM OVER LISBON—Republic: Vera Hruba Ralston is a beautiful spy who poses as a dancer in Eric von Stroheim's cafe, and Richard Arlen is the American secret agent. Otto Kruger, Eduardo Ciannelli and Mona Barrie add intrigue. (Nov.)

✓*SWEET AND LOW-DOWN*—20th Century-Fox: Benny Goodman promotes young trombonist James Cardwell whom Linda Darnell loves until he gets a swelled head, and with some persuasion by singer Lynn Bari and agent Allyn Joslyn, steals Benny's boys and starts his own band. Jack Oakie is funny, but it's the music that makes the picture. (Nov.)

✓✓*TALL IN THE SADDLE*—RKO: A Western mystery drama with action and romance, and John Wayne as the new ranch foreman who arrives in town to find the man who hired him has been murdered. Ella Raines becomes his boss instead, and Wayne is romantically caught between Ella and the Eastern Audrey Long. The fight sequence between Wayne and Ward Bond is one of the best screen fights you've seen. (Dec.)

(*Continued on page* 119)

See THE DIFFERENCE! *Feel* THE DIFFERENCE!



My one cream instantly beautifies your skin — and the *"Patch Test"* proves it!

See and feel your skin become fresher, clearer, younger-textured!

I don't just SAY that Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream does wonderful things for your skin. I PROVE it—prove it by means of the "Patch Test"!

Just choose a part of your face that is too oily, or too dry—or where you have a few blackheads or big pores. Rub Lady Esther Face Cream on that one part of your face, and wipe it off. Wipe it off *completely*. Then see how that patch of skin takes on new freshness and clarity! Touch it—feel it! Feel how the dry rough flakes are gone!

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See *with your own eyes* the difference Lady Esther Face Cream makes in your skin! Make the "Patch Test"—and compare the results with the results you get from any cream you've ever used, regardless of price! The proof's in your own mirror. Make the "Patch Test" and *compare!*







Lady Esther 4-Purpose Face Cream

A LOVE STORY THAT WILL WARM
EVERY LONELY HEART IN THE LAND...
and thrill every happy one!

A lonely soldier . . . a heart-hungry girl . . . It's all about love... and just about perfect!



ANNE BAXTER · JOHN HODIAK

Sunday Dinner for a Soldier



with **CHARLES WINNINGER**

ANNE REVERE · CONNIE MARSHALL · CHILL WILLS
ROBERT BAILEY · BOBBY DRISCOLL · JANE DARWELL

Directed by LLOYD BACON · Produced by WALTER MOROSCO
Screen Play by Wanda Tuchock and Melvin Levy

A 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



Announcing with Pride...

The New Photoplay Gold Medal Awards

WHO were the year's favorite film actor and actress? Which was 1944's most popular picture?

At the close of each year many attempts are made to answer these questions.

There are the Academy Awards, the Oscars given by the motion picture industry to its workers judged the most outstanding.

There are the film critics' awards given in New York and other metropolitan cities. There are the film trade-publication awards based on box-office earnings. There are in some cities the selections made by newspaper ballots cast by local readers and in a few instances magazines also have run ballots restricted to their own readers.

But there has never been a nationwide poll taken of the actual movie audience itself, the general public of the United States; never any awards given to the picture, the actor and the actress selected by those of us who go to the movies not as critics or professional movie-makers but as Johnny Q. Public.

Now Photoplay has made it possible for the entire movie-going public to name its own selections of the outstanding pictures and stars of the year.

In the interests of its readers, of the Hollywood film industry and of the general public, Photoplay has arranged with Dr. George Gallup, best known of all audience research directors, to determine the nation's most popular pictures and stars each year.

Dr. Gallup will employ the same research technique which has enabled him in the past three presidential elections in the United States to predict within one and one-half per cent the popular vote majority of the presidential winner.

So that there may be complete impartiality, Photoplay, while underwriting all costs of this yearly undertaking, has agreed to leave the entire research to Dr. Gallup and his highly skilled organization.

Photoplay, unwilling to risk any ballot-box stuffing, is publishing no voting coupon on the pages of any issue of its magazine. Its readers are polled by Dr. Gallup only as they are a part of the general movie public of the United States.

The editors of Photoplay will not know until Dr. Gallup brings them his finished survey which picture and which stars have won these high awards. Nor will Hollywood or the general public know in advance of Photoplay readers. The announcements to the newspapers of the country will not be made until the day that you pick up your copy of the March issue, on sale February 16th throughout America.

So that some tangible recognition will remain throughout the year to the studio producing America's favorite picture and to the individual stars whom the nation selects as the stars of the year, Photoplay will present its famed Gold Medals on the day of the announcements. These medals remain the permanent possession of the winning studio and stars.

The last of the polling throughout the country was taken in December, the results have now been rushed to Princeton, New Jersey, where Dr. Gallup's Audience Research Institute carries out its analyses and the winners will be determined while the presses for Photoplay's next issue are held. The day the selections are finally made by Dr. Gallup, the presses will begin to run speeding the news to Photoplay's readers. Secrecy will be maintained by Photoplay's staff of writers, editors and printers until the day of sale when the announcement will be made in the daily papers and on the radio throughout the nation naming the winners of Photoplay's first annual Gold Medal Awards given on the basis of the new Photoplay-Gallup poll.

Fred R. Sammis



During a harmony lull: Mayo and Bogie with their Newfoundland, Cappy, at home

The Bewildering Bogarts

The woman who acted as go-between for Bogie and Mayo tells the exclusive story of their breakups

THE bets were a hundred to one in Hollywood that tempestuous, quick-tempered Mayo Methot would live up to her name, "Sluggy," and take a few quick passes at anybody who tried to take Humphrey Bogart away from her.

"Mayo," said a close friend, "will never in the world let any girl walk off with Bogie. She'd rather hang for murder than see someone else his wife."

I, personally, have always liked Mayo. I find that she loves her man enough to battle for him—to claw and kick, if necessary—and in our Hollywood there are not many wives who would go to that extreme to hold their mates.

But Mayo has surprised everybody. When Bogie announced after a month of reconciliation he was leaving her, instead of being the fighting, slugging gal she's always been she began to weep over the telephone, at the time she talked to me, begging me to see if I could find out whether Bogie was coming home.

I would rather have taken a beating than have been the one to put the question to him, for I've been fond of both of them in spite of the many battles they've had. But here was a plea I couldn't ignore.

I telephoned Bogie and said to him, "What about it, Boy—you've never lied to me in your life. What about you and Mayo?"

"It's all over," he said. "Will you tell her for me, please? I've tried to tell her through her mother, but Mayo won't listen. I'm not going home. I can't go on with the battles we've had for six years and I want a new life."

Before the second break between



A toast to reconciliation—with milk: But this one didn't take



Team that clicked: Howard Hawks with Lauren Bacall and Bogart

BY LOUELLA O. PARSONS

them came I couldn't truthfully have said what tomorrow would have brought forth, but in the past when Bogie has parted from a woman he loved it's been final. This was true in the case of Helen Menken, his first wife. It was true with Mary Philips, his second marriage. But life was never as strenuous with either of these as was his life with Mayo.

These two have had fun. Such fun! They've battled in New York's "21," they've broken furniture in their own home, they had to pay for damages done to the Algonquin furnishings, they put on such a scene in Italy that the fighting there at the front seemed tame. And yet when it comes to loyalty, there has never been anyone in the world who has given Bogie such adoration, admiration and devotion as Mayo.

True, Mayo is jealous. She used to telephone the set when he was making "To Have And Have Not" and ask about the love scenes with Lauren Bacall. She was jealous from the beginning of the former model who made her first important appearance opposite the bad man of the screen.

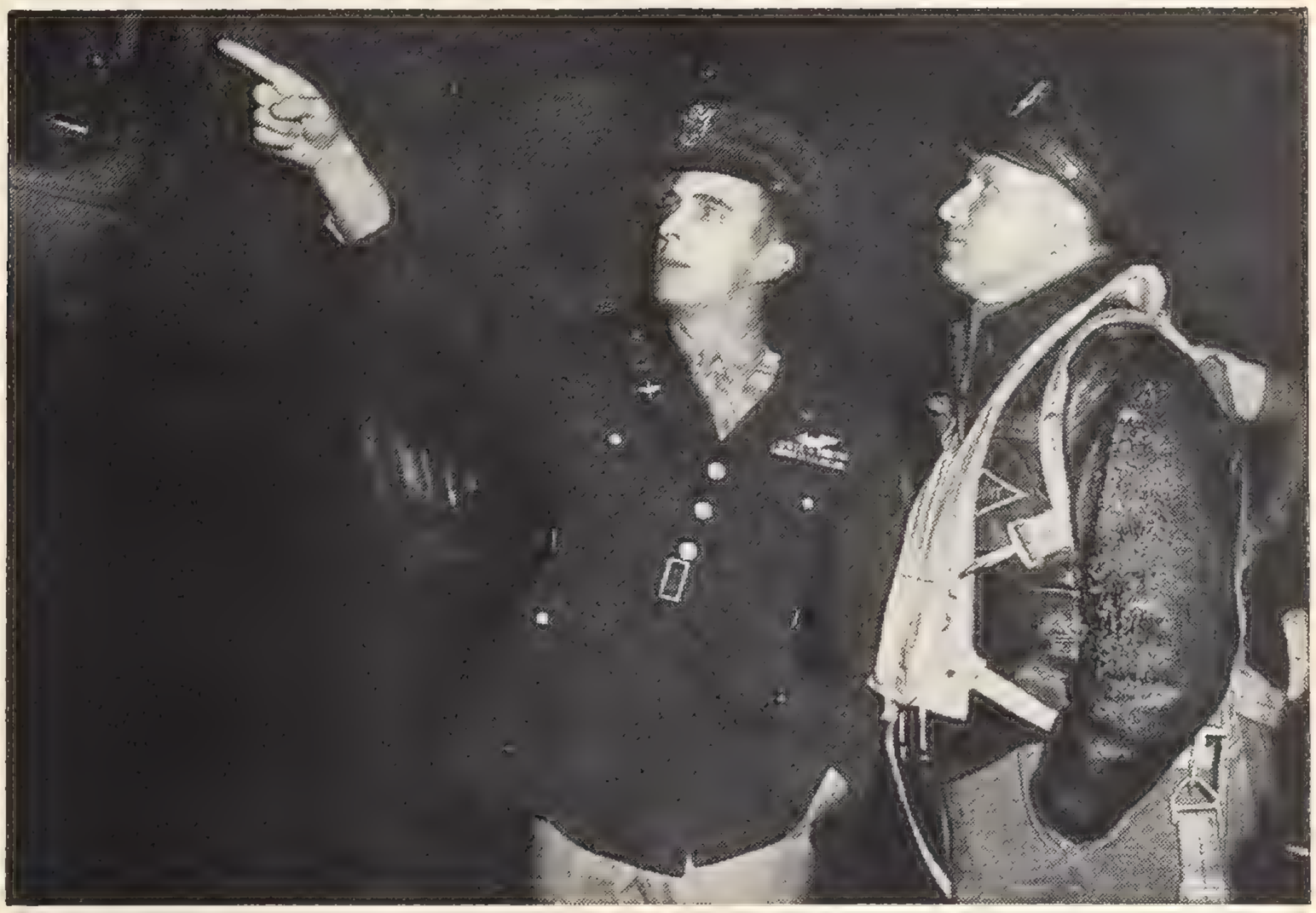
There is little doubt that Bogie has lost his heart to lovely Lauren Bacall, the girl whose face in Harper's Bazaar so attracted Mrs. Howard Hawks that she persuaded her husband to see if the face was as photogenic before a moving-picture camera as it was in a still photograph. Those who have seen "To Have And Have Not" will recall that the sultry blonde Bacall girl hasn't the conventional motion-picture beauty but something extremely arresting and away from the (*Continued on page* 91)

Man of Conflict



Of Spencer Tracy who, when he came to the crossroads, took the uphill road. Here a distinguished writer gives you the story of the man and his struggles

by
Adela Rogers St. Johns



On the set of "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"—Major Davenport, Lawson's real-life co-pilot, points out some B-25 angles to Tracy who plays General Doolittle

ONE day not long ago I took a young lieutenant of the United States Army Air Corps out to the M-G-M studio for lunch. He was just back from his completed missions over Germany and he wanted to see a movie set in operation.

All of a sudden I noticed that he was staring over my shoulder with wide eyes and then in a low, awed voice, he said, "Look, there's General Doolittle!"

I turned hastily and there, as you have doubtless guessed, sat Spencer Tracy minding his own business over a bowl of chicken noodle soup.

In all motion-picture history, I do not think there has ever been a man so identified with the parts he plays as Spencer Tracy—and I believe it has had an amazing effect upon his own life and his own character.

There is, for instance, a good deal of confusion in the public mind about Father Flanagan of Boys Town. I've often wondered if the good Father ever went anywhere and said he was Father Flanagan and had somebody answer, "Oh no, you're not! I've seen Father Flanagan and you're not him at all." Because Spencer Tracy's performance of him lives forever in the minds of those who saw it as the man himself.

All this is perhaps because, when you come right down to it, Tracy is the finest actor in motion pictures today. I told him that not long ago and he looked so terribly unhappy that I instantly took it back. But, as the kids say, the crack still goes.

Incidentally, Spence and I had a hard time getting together for a visit. Wednesday and Thursday evenings were out because the pilot who flew him on his recent tour of the camps in Hawaii was in town on leave and he and the whole crew were staying with Spence. Nothing, I soon discovered, was going to be any fun for them unless Spence was along and they summed up their verdict in one brief phrase, the service man's accolade, "What a guy!" Politely, they all invited me to come along to dinner with them, but somehow I couldn't go. Just by the way they spoke you knew that a great comradeship had grown up between these air men and Tracy, that they had all sorts of private reminiscences to share and it didn't seem fair to interfere with their good time.

Then Friday night is Spence's night with Johnny and Susie, his son and daughter. Nothing is ever allowed to happen to that. It's their own special night, they always have plans made way ahead of time so that they get the double joy of anticipation and I can't imagine anything that would persuade Spence to disappoint those two kids. He has so much imagination himself that he'd suffer more than they would.

Like the time Spence was waiting for Johnny to fly home from school. Johnny was about thirteen or fourteen then, I think, and he had always traveled by air. But the plane was several hours late and Spence waited and walked the floor, although he kept getting reports from operations that everything was okay—they'd been held up by weather—they were reporting in okay. Finally, they landed and Johnny was there all right and his father said, "You feel all right—get upset or anything?" And the boy looked at him and grinned and said, "I'm okay, Dad, but you certainly look funny, like you'd been wrung through a wringer."

That's Tracy, all right. In his imagination, he'd probably gone through a thousand dramatic things that could have happened to the son who has always been so close to him.

We had our visit finally.

You can't always tell what people are going to look like to you after a period of years when you haven't seen them often. If you see a friend every week or even once a year, you hardly notice the change at all; you do your growing or backsliding together. But it was four or five years since I'd talked to Spencer Tracy—and after the first sentence, I was aware of the spiritual and mental growth of the man.

AND he does it the hard way! For all his humor and his easy comradeship and personal charm, Spencer does everything the hard way. He's had more ups and downs inside himself than most people, he suffers more over his mistakes and gets more fun out of his victories than anybody I know.

That is one reason that the *Damon* and *Pythias* friendship between him and Clark Gable always fascinates me. Maybe that friendship, which is and should be one of Hollywood's glories, stemmed from the friendships they played on the screen, in "Test Pilot" and "San Francisco," among others, but their own friendship is closer than that. Yet no two men were ever more different in their thinking and their ways. Gable is—just Gable. Uncomplicated as a seeing-eye dog. Tracy is as complex and difficult (*Continued on page* 70)

There is only one good reason, so far as I can see, for telling the story of one's life—the hope that there may be something in it to give others a belief in themselves and their own good luck. I wish to express my thanks to Ruth Waterbury for putting this story down on paper.

Van Johnson



MY LIFE

BY VAN JOHNSON

PERHAPS all of us are the sum of the people who have been kind to us, but I'm sure no one owes his whole personality and the chances he has had more completely than I owe this person now known as Van Johnson to the big heartedness of the friends I've made during my life.

I owe it to my parents, to my grandmother, to a girl named Lois and to another whom we shall call Clarice, which isn't her name, but which has the same kind of elegant sound her real name has. I owe it, to some extent, to Sweden, and in a very big way to New England and the qualities for which those backgrounds stand. And I owe it in a terrific way, eventually, to a stage manager named Jerry White, to a casting director called Billy Grady, to Lucille Ball and June Havoc, and to Keenan and Evie Wynn, to Spencer Tracy and a beauty named Irene Dunne.

Not that I wasn't always called Van Johnson. Charles and Loretta Johnson shied the handle of Van at me—for no reason I've ever been able to discover—at right after midnight of that dismal, howling rainy pre-dawn of August 25, 1916, when I came similarly howling into this world, my port of entry being Newport, Rhode Island. I was the Johnson family's dream boy, their only child, their son. Thank heaven, they liked me for myself alone, for I can imagine the hot appearance I made with red skin to match my red hair.

Three years later, Dad and Mother separated. I was too young to comprehend it then and today I deliberately don't try. For, like other children of divorce, I love them both. But back in Newport I grew up with Dad and Grandma, Dad's mother, and the tidiest, tiniest, best-cooking, kindest Grandma any boy ever had. What a cook she was! What a housekeeper! To this day, the first thing I notice about any girl is not how beautiful she is, but how neat. If she can also cook, but good, my heart starts bumpety, bump.

Grandma and Dad were pretty sharp disciplinarians. Both of them had been born in Sweden. Grandma never got so she could speak English without an accent, even though she came over here while Dad was still a babe in arms, literally. In Sweden kids grow up very healthy, very happy and most distinctly toeing the mark. In New England kids grow up that way, too. Add Sweden to New England and you can see that young Master Johnson, while having all the good yellow cheese, Swedish meatballs and fine frosted cookies he could stuff into him—and he could always stuff plenty—still got away with nothing in the juvenile-delinquency department. Dad and I were always definitely father and son. By that I mean I knew exactly who was boss at all times. Yet we were also friends and the earliest memory I have is going for a trolley ride with him one Sunday afternoon and ending up on that glistening Newport beach, there to have a picnic from the shoebox of delicious food Grandma had put up for us that morning.

Perhaps here is where I had better straighten out that Newport reference. Think not that the Johnsons mingled with the Vanderbilt-Baker-Whitney-Oelrichs set that went down to the sea in diamonds along the exclusive sands of Bailey's Beach. I would, indeed, have liked that, even that Sunday afternoon when I was five and right up until nineteen, when I left Newport. But a clam had a far better chance of getting into the Bailey's Beach crowd than a Johnson. In fact, many clams did, but me, never.

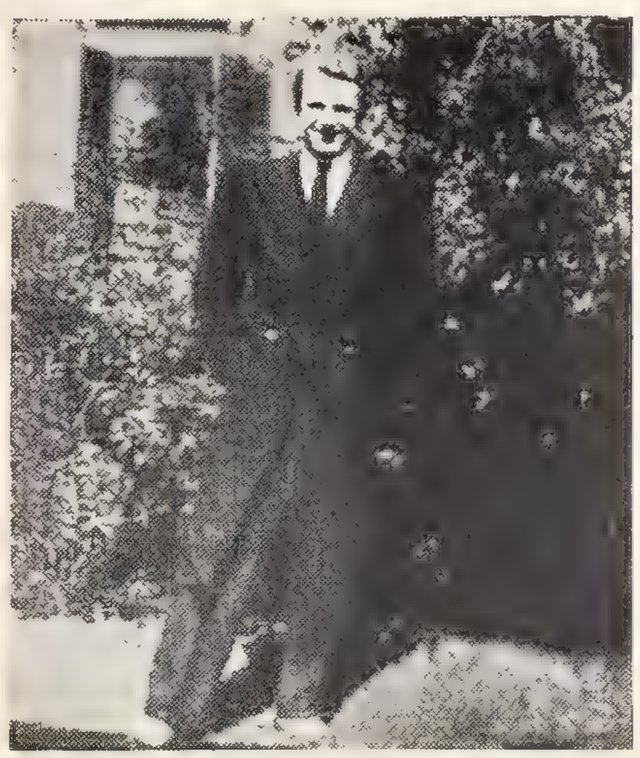
They were what Newport—and all New England—knows as "the summer people." They came in, floating chiffon and white flannels, with the good weather and departed, all-tweeded up, with the bad. But we were "the natives." We stayed all year round, spring, summer, wonderful fall, icy winter. Nothing sticks to anything more tightly than a native New Englander sticking to his particular bailiwick, except a Swede, and when you mix Swede



Little boy on a pony—Van at three



Already "acting"—Van at eleven



Graduation suit—Van at nineteen

with New Englander, you get human glue.

Dad, for example, still lives in the same big, rambling brown house where I was born. It's too big for him. It's old-fashioned and in today's meaning of the word, uncomfortable. Yet I know nothing would uproot him. He lives alone, completely self-sufficient. I talk to him long distance a couple of times a month, this because I'm as bad a correspondent as he is. He never approved of my going on the stage, but it tickles me that movies have won him over. He keeps scrapbooks on me, which is a laugh, too, but he likes it and naturally I like his liking it. He walks down the same streets. It's contentment. It's also Swedish. We Swedes have to watch a tendency against settling into pleasant ruts. I recognize this trait in me every once in a while, that and an equally typical Swedish moodiness.

AND right there come in my friends and my debt to them. Except for them and their urging, except for the bright and lovely Lois, in particular, I might still be in Newport, too, walking down those same leafy streets, breathing its sharp salt air, knowing its quiet, charming life, maybe even making Dad's dream come true that I go to Brown University and become a lawyer.

But I wanted to act, right from the beginning. Or maybe I'd be more honest to say I wanted to show off. And did. I was the one who developed our barn and all the other kids' barns into being our theaters. I was the one who wrote the plays. And very, very oddly, I was the one who cast me to play the leads. Other small fry might be permitted to say "ouch" or "here come the girls" or other such punch lines in my dramas, but it was Master Johnson who played the extremely dashing heroes. It was even this wonder child who became a human bullet and learned about the lamentable lack of appreciation an audience can have—if the actor doesn't know how to put his act across!

That happened thus: One of the barns—and whose barn it was I can't for the life of me remember—was equipped outside, up under the eaves, with one of those big block and tackles for lifting the hay into the loft. From this block and tackle dangled a rope and into this rope, fastened like a noose, daring Van Johnson, aged then approximately ten, stuck his stupid neck and announced to the assembled audience, safely though uncomfortably seated on the ground, that he would shoot himself, faster than the fastest bullet, down toward them.

Which he did. Out he stepped. Down he plummeted, and why the noose didn't tighten more than it did and snuff him out, fate only knows. But if fate was saving me for "Two Girls And A Sailor," or "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo," or whatever, I'm still very grateful to it. However, my only real suffering on that occasion was hearing the audience say, as one boy, "Aw, is that all?" In other words, I was alive but the act was a flop. The ham in me almost wished it had been the other way around.

Still, that taught me nothing. I tried other ways to intrigue my audiences. I worked after school at any odd jobs, some very odd, that I could get. I carried out ashes. I mowed lawns in summer and shoveled snow in winter. I delivered groceries. I took magazine subscriptions. It wasn't that I loved work so much, but that I loved possessions more. Dad had one rule: I could have what I wanted if I earned the price of it myself. I got a trapeze and rings and I performed on those. I enrolled myself in Dorothy Gladding's dancing school and took up tap and adagio. I joined the Order of De Molay. I became a Boy Scout and I suspect I even dramatized tying those knots. Every day in every way I acted. I tried to get into the dramatic club at Calvert Grammar School and then at Rogers High. I chewed up plenty of their scenery at the try-outs but I could never make the grade. However, there was often the Lions Club or the Kiwanis who wanted talented, though amateur, entertainment. When they did, the first to volunteer was guess who?

I grew inevitably older and fortunately taller. By the time I entered Rogers High, I stood six feet and was nicknamed "Red." I was also a less good student than I had been.

There were two causes for this: My dramatic ambitions and a girl. I put them in the order of their importance to me then, but both were troubling my concentration. There's a Casino Theatre in Newport, and thither at that time came such top-flight stars as Ruth Chatterton and Alice Brady and thither went yours truly, right up into the peanut gallery, to gape downward in ecstasy. There was a little Dutch showboat that used to tie up periodically at Newport and where it docked, I docked, too. There were circuses that came in the spring and there was eternally the Bijou, our movie theater, and whenever I could manage the time and the twenty cents simultaneously, I was distinctly among those present. Between all this and my girl, lessons ran a bad third. I'd had good grades at Calvert, but at Rogers High I took the snap course, the commercial, and I had a tough time getting through even that.

We'll call the girl Mary. She was tiny and blonde and she had been my girl all through Calvert. Each Valentine's Day, while we both tried yearly to beat our time and receive and send more valentines than the year before, we still reserved the biggest and laciest ones for each other. On the May Day Mary was queen, she chose me for her partner. When we went to dances, come who would, we saved the first and last dances for us, together. When we went to Rogers High, we became known as "the best-known couple in school." I don't believe we ever said so in so many words but we both believed that "someday" we would be married.

Then I finished high. It was midsummer and Dad was talking Brown for the fall. I didn't want that. I didn't know (*Continued on page* 111)

WERE *You*

. . . One of those who said the war would be over last September—or October—or November?

. . . Who thought food rationing should be relaxed, gasoline should be plentiful and Bonds didn't have to be bought any more?

. . . Most important, were you one of those who decided to abandon your war job for a "job that has a future?"

But

. . . Is your guy home from Germany?

. . . Is the kid down the street back from the Philippines?

. . . Are the boys from your town marching down Main Street with the torn flag of Tokyo in their hands?

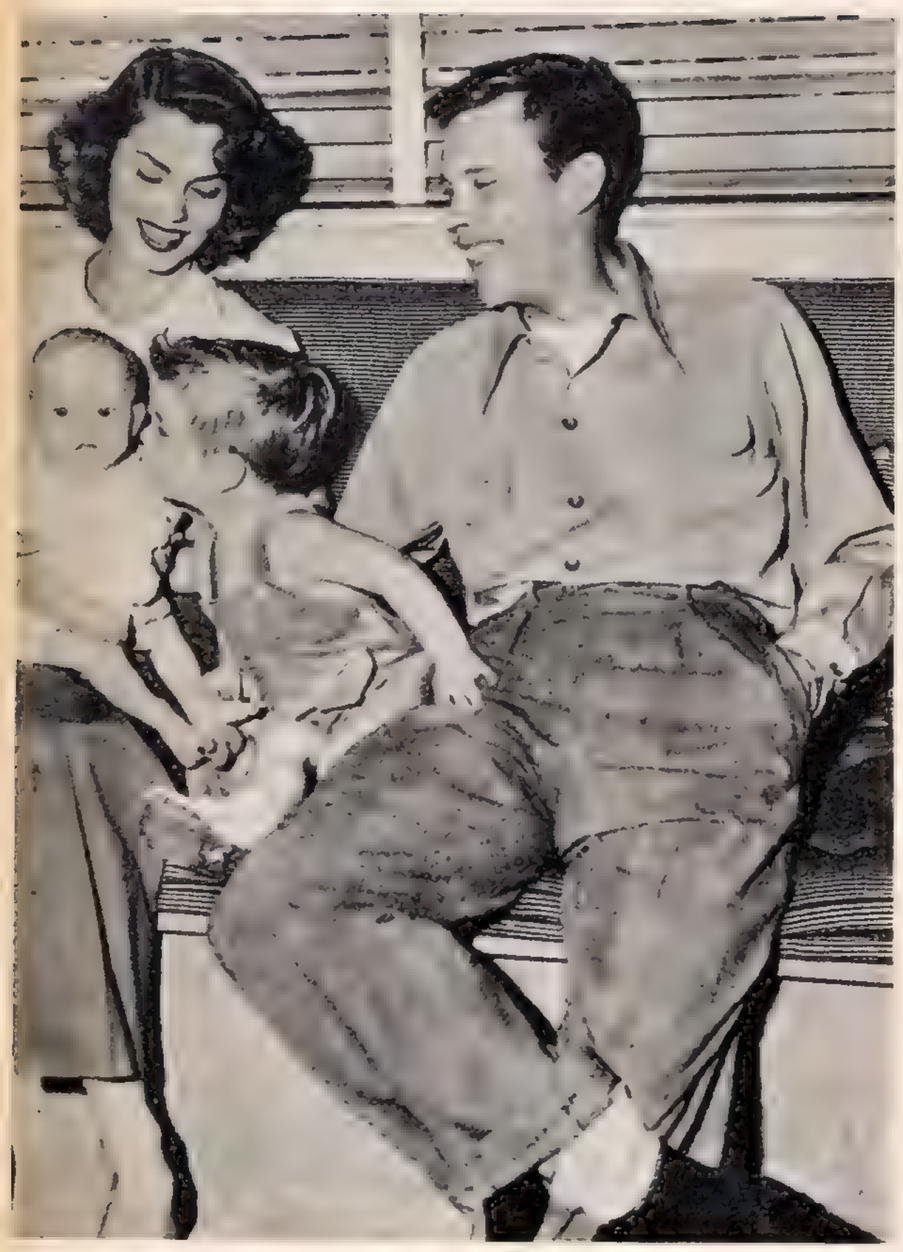
Then let's get busy!



Midwinter night's dream: Gene Tierney, star of Twentieth Century-Fox's "A Bell For Adano"



The happy Haymeses, Joanne and Dick, at home in their all-paid-for house



Pidge, new sister for Skipper—and one reason Daddy Dick took a big chance

Hey there,

Time to get a line on this Irish Latin American who landed on easy street the hard way



Watch out below: Dick gets set to take off into the first pool he ever owned

WHAT is a guy going to do when he is $9,000 in debt? When he is behind in the rent and can't pay the grocery bill? When his beautiful wife has just announced that he's about to be the father of a second child?

To Dick Haymes, who found himself in that spot just a little over a year ago, there was only one answer.

He quit his job.

Quickly—before Mr. Anthony and the Retail Merchants Credit Association have apoplexy—let it be said that the young man was absolutely right. For the Dick Haymes of the hard-luck story is the same Dick Haymes who today is appearing opposite Betty Grable in "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe," who has a seven-year contract at Fox studios, who is starring on his own radio show, "Everything For The Boys," whose record sales are totaled in six figures, who has a house with a swimming pool in the San Fernando Valley, and no debts at all. The grocery man loves him.

"I had known for a long time that I had to make a break," Dick says now, "but when Joanne told me we were going to have another baby—that did it!"

Dick had been singing with bands for four years—ever since Harry James told him that he was a rotten song writer.

"I won't buy your songs," James told the embryo composer, "but I'll buy your voice."

After that, for three years, Dick appeared in theaters and ballrooms all over the country as soloist with such top bands as James, Benny Goodman and Tommy Dorsey. With all of them he made records. With Dorsey he even made a picture—but you didn't see him. He was effectively disguised in powdered wig and knee breeches in "Du Barry Was A Lady," and it was just as well.

"That band routine is murder," Dick says. "In the first place, a guy in a band has absolutely no right to be married."

When he asked Joanne to marry him, Dick says, it was because he was terribly in love with her and wanted to be with her. But how much time can a man spend with his wife when he is recording with the band in the mornings, broad-

Two devoteds: Dick and his Joanne



Haymes!

by
Pauline Swanson

casting with the band in the afternoons and appearing with the band until the middle of the night?

"I was married to the band, not Joanne," he recalls with a shudder. "When Skipper was born, it was worse. I had to choose between sleeping—the measly four or five hours which was all I had been able to squeeze in before—and seeing my son once in a while.

"Well," Dick sighs, remembering, "they say some people can get along without sleep. All I got was a bad cold that hung on for months and months and an incipient nervous breakdown."

He kept promising himself that he'd quit—that he'd have a try on his own, in radio or the movies. But that $150 a week he was getting, and the $20 a side for recording jobs, was pretty important. He dragged along from week to week.

"Joanne was wonderful," he says. "She put up with the murderous hours—remember, when she stayed up to say hello to me when I got home at three in the morning it was a real sacrifice, for she had to be up at six to (*Continued on page* 80)



Powolny

Dick Haymes in "Billy Rose's Diamond Horseshoe"

THESE *Exciting*



Never-to-be-forgotten moment: Judy Garland, who has never seen Paris, singing "The Last Time I Saw Paris"



The intriguing Turk, Turhan Bey, may find that post-war pictures will offer far greater scope for his popularity



What's in a name? Exotic Maria Montez finds a variation of hers diverting when it has that Continental flavor

I FIND Hollywood one of the most interesting places in which I have ever lived . . . and I have lived all over the world. First in New York, where as Elsie de Wolfe, I carried on my career as an actress, and subsequently as an interior decorator. Then in various parts of Europe with my husband, Sir Charles Mendl, who was in the diplomatic service.

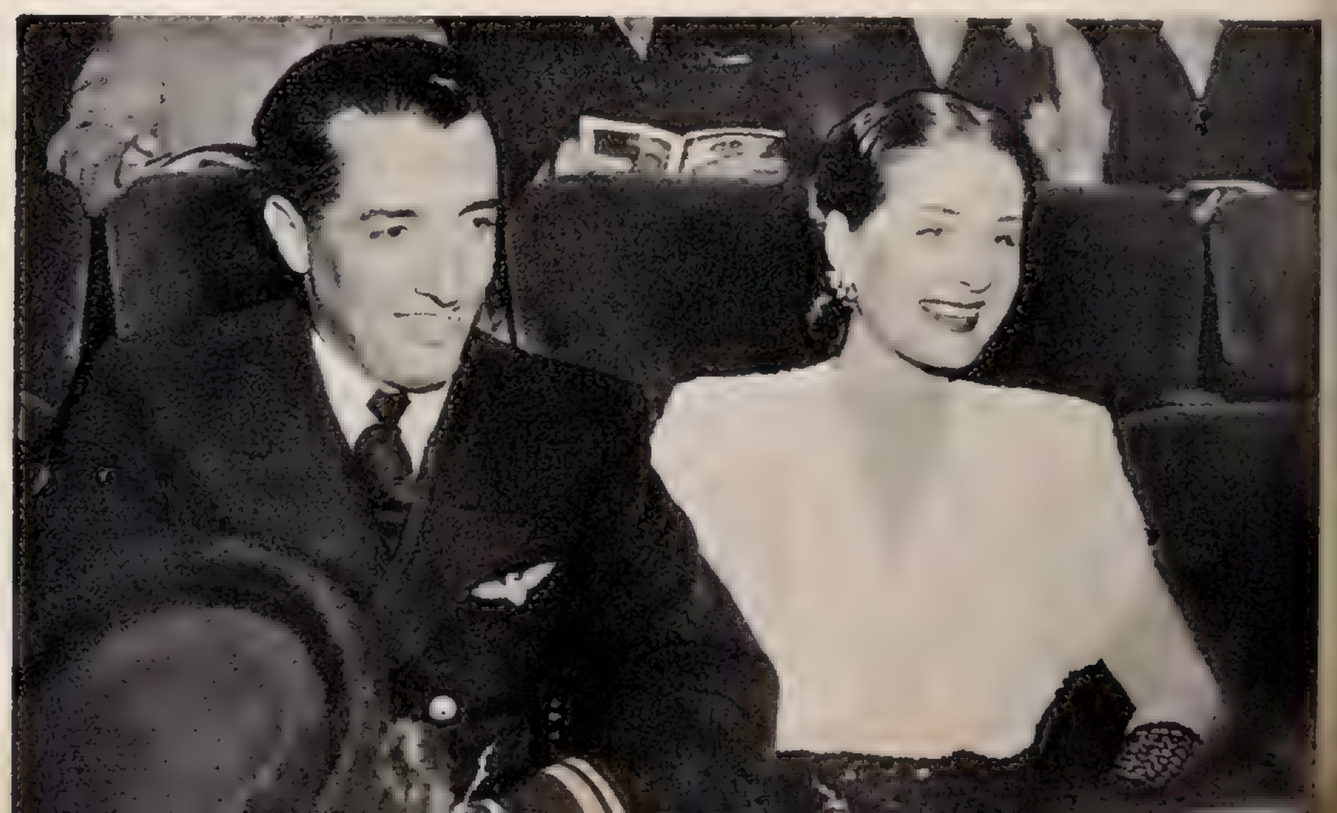
We resided chiefly at the Villa Trianon in beautiful Versailles until the Germans swept over France and our Embassy gave us orders to leave at once. And then we came to Hollywood, a pair of lonely, disillusioned people, feeling we had little to offer but anxious to make friends in this new strange world where we had found sanctuary.

In Hollywood everything is youthful, brimming with activity, the very air filled with the excitement that attends the birth of new ideas, new plans.

Life, as I was privileged to know it in the aristocratic circles in foreign countries, might have seemed glamorous. But I find far more stimulating the refreshing, unconventional viewpoint of Hollywood where young people are bent on achieving success quickly and through their own accomplishments. As my husband has often observed: "Hollywood is amusing. Not a stuffed shirt in the place!"

What Hollywood possesses uniquely is a great variety and brilliancy in its personnel. This is constantly manifested at its social functions. If we had a party in Cannes or Versailles or London, we were always overjoyed to have just *one* celebrity whose name was news throughout the world. But here in this endlessly amazing town you may gather together in a single evening twenty, thirty, forty, even fifty personalities who make headlines in the international press.

First and foremost: Norma Shearer puts her career in second place to husband Navy Air Lieutenant Marty Arrouge



PEOPLE

Here a woman, who has lived in the whirl of world society, tells how Hollywood stacks up in the international who's-who sweepstakes

BY LADY MENDL

As told to Elza Schallert

Photo by Paul Hesse



The author, world-traveler, sophisticate

I remember the night at Mary Pickford's when Buddy Rogers led an impromptu musical entertainment playing the trombone, and Jules Stein, of the Music Corporation of America, picked up a child's violin and started to draw the bow across the strings. The tiny instrument belonged to Mary's young son. Mr. Stein hadn't touched a violin for years and everyone was surprised at his skill.

Alex Steinert, who composes for pictures, wandered over to the piano, because by that time music was in the air, and next Fefe Ferry, one of the colony's *bon vivants,* found another violin. Within a few moments a first-rate quartette was organized and they entertained the guests until dawn. Every one danced and sang and had a wonderful time. No one wanted to go home.

It was a grand party that had magically grown out of an impulse and developed into a rare and unforgettable evening. How could anyone forget Errol Flynn, Kay Francis, Sonja Henie, Reginald Gardiner and numerous other film-famous folk joining together in popular songs?

At another party Frank Sinatra, Lauritz Melchior of the Metropolitan Opera, Jose Iturbi and one or two others prominent in the music and film worlds joined in an informal concert, which went on for long, joyous hours. Never in social history could you imagine anything like that.

Even more amazing as a revelation of the gay social spirit which prevails in Hollywood was the evening at my dear friend Elsa Maxwell's when she gave a perfectly magnificent party to celebrate the liberation of France. It came to a climax in the early morning hours with Artur Rubinstein, famed pianist, Danny Kaye, Greer Garson and Cesar Romero holding a jam session. Danny had a bass fiddle, Romero a violin and Greer rattled a pair of gourds. (*Continued on page* 72)



Typically American, the outstanding male screen personality, Gary Cooper—and his ardent fan, Shirley Temple

Return of a favorite: Loretta Young back on the job after an interlude for motherhood, with husband Col. Tom Lewis



Dash for a date: Deanna Durbin, star of Universal's "Can't Help Singing," picks a red crepe designed by Howard Greer. Its swing and color are beau-catching



Color photographs by Jones

Off to work: Deanna wears this Adrian model—a tailored gray tweed suit, with accent on cut, for the perfect send-off to an early studio call



Cocktails for two: The glow of a fire, the gray of dusk and this daring-in-color hostess gown by Greer to dazzle him

STRICTLY

Enchantment by design to

Furlough fling: And a message for him on the bodice. He'll be mystified, if he doesn't know shorthand. Greer chose this for Deanna, with its dashing scroll, "I love you, I love you"

Formal splendor: A waltz refrain, a starry night, the one man! And Greer's dramatic black taffeta, to haunt his memories

MAGIC

match the mode to the mood

Completely casual: A date to talk business, a meeting of the club— designer Howard Greer offers this jumper dress as the ideal solution

A rather remarkable man



Notable: Alexander Knox who brings to life a great president in "Wilson"

JUST about a dozen years ago, in the heart of the city of London, a young Canadian named Alexander Knox might have been seen reading a novel by a young Englishman named James Hilton. If this sounds too dramatic, let us hastily add that he was not reading it because he liked it (even if he did), but because he was being paid to do so. In fact, he was a reviewer, and the paper he was reviewing for was the London Times. Now, being a novelist is anybody's business (Knox himself has written novels, for that matter), but to be a reviewer on the London Times argues that Alexander Knox must have been a rather remarkable young man in those days.

And he still is, in these days.

I went up to one of the high floors of Sunset Towers and met Alexander Knox for the first time a few weeks ago. He mentioned the earlier incident of the novel and we agreed that the world was a small place.

Presently there came along a couple of dry Martinis and it became clear to me then, as I stared about the room, that Knox was the kind of man who would accept what luxuries money can buy without enjoying them either too much or too little—without, in fact, thinking too carefully about them at all. It was quite a luxurious apartment for a man who lives alone—he is a bachelor by divorce—yet one had the curious impression that a less luxurious one would have suited Knox just as well, only he couldn't find one. (And this, with the Hollywood apartment situation what it is, might quite possibly be the truth.)

If I were a conscientious interviewer I should here describe the man, but why waste time, since everyone has seen or can see him in the picture "Wilson," even to the Technicolor of his eyes. Besides, I am not a conscientious interviewer. I rely on the convenient and lazy principle that when you meet somebody you automatically remember what matters (to you, anyhow) and forget or perhaps don't even notice what doesn't matter. By that reckoning I couldn't for the life of me recall how Alexander Knox was dressed, but I do remember how quickly we got into conversation about books, pictures, art, Hollywood and world politics. I thought

. . . is Alexander Knox—a man of many talents, who is creating a new and provocative fashion in Hollywood

by James Hilton

The distinguished author of "Goodbye Mr. Chips," "Lost Horizon" and "And Now Goodbye" in which Knox will star

that in appearance he reminded me a little bit of the English writer, J. B. Priestley. The angle of nose and chin, perhaps. . . .

Knox belongs to the new generation of Hollywood stars who shape so oddly into the category that they are already on their way to changing both Hollywood and the star system. It used to be that any male newcomer to the screen who wasn't a glamour boy must be a character actor. If he was a character actor, and a good one, he could look forward to a long life of prosperity without too much publicity, but if he was a glamour boy he had to face the paradox that while the public was craziest over him he would be working his way up the lower rungs of the salary-option ladder, eventually to reach the top just about the time when gray hairs and a fickle public were beginning to show themselves.

WITH a man like Knox, however, the whole setup is different because it would be absurd from the outset to cast him either for "glamour" or "character"—as either a Robert Taylor or a Paul Muni. Indeed the only possible thing to say is that he's an *actor,* and that the fame he has secured in "Wilson" neither enforces nor precludes any particular kind of thing he will do next.

In support of this argument one has only to glance at his previous picture roles to gather some notion of the man's range. His first Hollywood film was "The Sea Wolf" with Edward G. Robinson, in which he played the shipwrecked author, a man of physical fear but mental courage. After that there were the memorable moments in "This Above All" as the gentle clergyman and in "None Shall Escape" as the fanatical Nazi leader which in Knox's hands had the sharpness of a steel engraving.

So Knox is a star, but like many of the newer stars, he doesn't fit into the star system; and when enough people don't fit a system it is the system that has to be changed. Knox's biography is interesting because, by its very variety and individuality, it is becoming typical of this newer Hollywood star-vintage. That it is a (*Continued on page* 94)





Humor for the houseboy as he serves the preferred late breakfast. Hobby: Motorcycling and writing—be it mystery novels or plays



Chess expert: Knox who stars next in "Over 21" plays chess with Director Neumann



Little heart catcher: Diana Lynn of Paramount's "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay"

You'll love Diana Lynn

—not because she's pretty

—not because she's talented

—but because . . .



Her heart is *Gay*

by Emily Kimbrough

"READY," the director said, "roll 'em," and the picture "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay" began.

I stood watching just outside the fringe of lights, a funny little catch in my throat. The scene the director had elected to shoot first was to take place in the cabin of the ship on which Cornelia Otis Skinner and I had sailed to Europe in 1923. Passage in that cabin had cost us each eighty-three dollars, and looking at its replica now I thought we had been overcharged. The accommodations included narrow lower and upper white iron bunks, a folding washstand, a pair of water bottles, each suspended in a wooden ring. There was little else.

But standing in the center of the cabin, as the picture began, stood Emily, but this Emily was Diana Lynn. She was dressed in the duplicate of the tweed suit that other Emily had worn twenty years ago. The suit was of tweed with a fringed skirt and a long cape. The hat which matched it had been somehow faultily stitched, so that at the slightest provocation of breeze or toss of the head, the crown—and it was tweed too—would rise up from its folds to a clownish peak like a wind indicator on a landing field. But *that* Emily didn't care whether the crown of her hat flew up, or her pocketbook fell down on the railroad track out of reach, or her safety pocket-belt which her mother had forced her to wear made a sinister looking bulge on her upper thigh. *That* Emily was young and gay; her heart was high and thumping with excitement. This was a dream come true. She and her best friend Cornelia were going to Europe together.

The very first words this new Emily said, when the director ordered "roll 'em," were what that other Emily had said in that same cabin twenty years ago,

"Oh, Cornelia, I can't believe it's true. Emily Kimbrough is going to Europe!"

For one strange, timeless moment that Emily and this one fused. I was once more that girl in that same cabin on the ship about to set forth on the trip Cornelia and I had yearned for so long. And all of the adventure and beauty of Europe lay ahead of us. The things that had come since then to both of us were yet to be.

The director called, "Cut." The scene ended, and I was twenty years older again. It had been a moment not apt to happen in one's life, and never to be forgotten.

Diana Lynn had become Emily Kimbrough because Cornelia and I, after all these years, had written a book about that trip abroad, and called it "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay." Paramount had bought the book, and this was the picture from it.

I was there because Paramount had invited Cornelia and me to help the producer, Sheridan Gibney, write the motion-picture version of the book. That was what we called it until Hollywood taught us to use the strangely medical term it employs for the transformation of a book to a picture—"treatment."



Then and now: The two Emilys meet



Oh my! Look to the Lynn lines, Diana

Then I had been asked to return to act as, what Hollywood calls, the technical adviser, for the making of the picture.

Diana Lynn was my youth restorative. So was Gail Russell, who was to play the part of Cornelia, but it was Diana after all who was Emily. That did make, naturally, a particular bond.

I had been working on the lot for nearly two weeks before I met her, but I had been there only a few hours when (*Continued on page* 102)



 Cause for feminine flutter: Alan Ladd starred in Paramount's "And Now Tomorrow"

about *Face*

When you see these Ladd expressions—and know the reasons for them—you understand the man behind the name

BY MARIAN QUINN



The scowl. **This happens**

. . . when he's in the midst of a group of fast-talking, would-be clever women, anathema to the Ladd simplicity;

. . . when Sonny Tufts is taking him over at his favorite game of gin rummy;

. . . when he hears the news of the latest Hollywood marriage breakup. He believes in marriage, is proud that his is a constructive, successful one.



The sentimental look. **This occurs**

. . . when you catch him in a toy store, picking out a woolly dog for his miniature heart interest, two-year-old daughter Alana;

. . . when you spot him in a florist shop, buying some new plant for his ivy-loving wife, small dark Sue Carol;

. . . when he's off guard, staring at his ruby quartz ring, birthday gift from Susie and always on his finger;

. . . when from across the room he catches the eyes of Sue—his wife, the person who is his home, his happiness and his heart.



The grin. **He looks like this**

. . . when his doorbell rings and he opens the door to Kay Kyser and Georgia Carroll, among the Ladd's very best friends;

. . . when you chalk up compliments for his newest, nicest tie, his one personal sartorial indulgence;

. . . and when, of course, he sees roast pork and chocolate cake appearing, his two favorite foods.



The serious look. **This you'll see**

. . . when he's talking about his newest role. He takes his acting seriously, is ever ready to discuss improvement in his work with his director, co-workers—or you;

. . . when, of a Saturday afternoon, he's pounding a hammer, repairing small Alana's screened-in play pen that he built himself in the back yard of the ivy-covered square Normandy house;

. . . when he's reading. Since, in his busy day, he seldom finds time for a book, he reads himself to sleep every night, choosing from the papers, magazines and books piled high on the table beside his bed.

Volunteer for Cheer



I promise you an inspiring experience—if you will do what I did. I mean entertaining returned war veterans from our convalescent hospitals. First I phoned the Special Service Officer at Birmingham Hospital and asked if I might have some boys for lunch and the afternoon. It's good to have a minimum of two, preferably three or four. I got their names and their ranks to avoid awkward moments of exchanging identities. Then I drove to the hospital for them. The boys in the car with me are Pvt. David Dimmick (in front seat), Pvt. Roger Jett and Sgt. Bill Willard. Sgt. Lloyd Taylor was with us, too, but you can't see him in this picture.



Lunch was the important thing and we had it as soon as we arrived at the house. No fancy food. It might be against their diet rules. No dress-up linen and dishes. These boys are from simple homes too and we knew they'd be more at ease with regular family fare. But what a boner we pulled! We served lunch at 12:30, when they were used to having it at 11:30. No wonder the boys were so quiet at first. They were hungry! However, they made up for lost time when we sat down to eat. The food and the informality of the meal loosened them up and the boys began talking back and forth. That's the advantage of having several boys.



I tried not to let them overdo, because they weren't well yet and needed to take it easy. We played a little Ping-pong in the patio. It doesn't have to be a strenuous game and it's fun. Lloyd (he's the one on the right) is from Minnesota and he loved the California sunshine. So we stayed outside for a while and let him enjoy the sun. Lloyd has leg and chest wounds but hopes it won't be many months before he can go home. The other boys are native Californians.

Bonita Granville speaking: Here's a new and exciting experience—a morale builder for you and the boys who have fought for you. Let me tell you about it



Afterward, they wandered around the house looking at pictures and kidding me about the soft furniture. Then we gathered around the piano and you should have heard the boys give! But don't think you have to have a piano. They'll enjoy a dart game just as much. I also learned it's a good idea to get several little box games—the kind you tilt until the small balls roll into the right spot—to have for the boys to occupy their hands when they can't think of anything to say.



I told Roger's fortune while David looked on. David, with the Infantry in the African campaign, was wounded at Anzio —a leg wound. They both got a kick out of my fortunetelling. So did I; because I knew nothing about it—I just bought a pack of fortunetelling cards and whaled away. I didn't ask them what battles they'd fought in or how they got their wounds. These are things they'll talk about themselves, if they want to. Leave it up to them.



Afterward the boys were glad to relax, even though they wouldn't admit it, so we decided to listen to some music from my record collection. They all picked their favorites and we had a strictly-by-request program. Roger Jett is picking his record here. His own record includes the Purple Heart. He was with the U. S. Rangers all through the African campaign and saw some rugged action at Anzio, where he was wounded.



We danced—not too much. But it was fun. In fact, the whole afternoon was wonderful—for me, and, I think, for them. You can have this same fun. Our convalescent hospitals are in every sector of the country. Call them and they'll send the best guests you ever had. Don't be discouraged if no one is available at the moment you call. Try again tomorrow. For you'll have a grand time—I promise you!

all for Allbritton

Louise, that tornado from Texas, the lass who leads her life with flair

BY KATE HOLLIDAY

TIME was when the ability to look entrancing behind the ribbon counter or at a Hollywood soda fountain was the sure road to motion-picture success. But nowadays, a gal has to know how to act.

Thus, with a minimum of effort, we come to Louise Allbritton. And, as you can see by the accompanying portrait, the prospect is delightful.

Miss Allbritton is part of Hollywood's "you-gotta-show-'em" or "the-industry-has-become-adult" phase. Though she is stately, blonde, and possesses a lovely face and a fine frame, her main attraction to the boys in the back room is that she can handle any part from a beat-up grandmother to a lisping ingenue. At present, due to some unexpected dynamite on celluloid called "San Diego, I Love You," she is being touted as the logical successor to the comedy crown of the late Carole Lombard.

It all began in Texas, where her father is a mogul of sorts, owning the entire traction system of Wichita Falls and a healthy interest in a nationwide bus outfit. The immediate result was that Louise's mother shuddered when she heard her daughter lapsing into the drawn-out diction of the plains.

The treatment for the malady was a public speaking course, in the study of which the girl met up with one Wm. Shakespeare, a wordy individual but good. So good, in fact, that Louise not only lost her accent but acquired a passion for biting a backdrop.

High school and two years at the University of Oklahoma followed. For Allbritton, they were a procession of dirty stages, flats which wouldn't stay where you put them, make-up and the learning of lines. Then, in due (*Continued on page* 100)



New comedy queen: Louise Allbritton starred in "Night In Paradise"



Home runner: Eddie Ryan appearing in Fox's "Bon Voyage"

rooting for Ryan

Eddie, the boy from Brooklyn who is kicking up the dust in Hollywood

BY ELEANOR HARRIS

MAKE no mistake about it—maybe Eddie Ryan lives in Hollywood now, but part of his heart is back in Brooklyn. Maybe he's been seen in "The Sullivans," "Take It Or Leave It," and "Wilson"—but he's still seeing, in his mind's eye, a certain block on Midwood Street in Brooklyn; the block between Flatbush and Bedford Avenues. This block was his nursery, living room, playground and very nearly his bedroom for all of his twenty years, and naturally he misses his home!

Not that Hollywood hasn't provided him with plenty of new sensations in the past year, since he first arrived. He was nineteen then, a kid with a pointed face, an infectious grin, brown wavy hair, alert blue eyes and a trim, skinny body of medium height. He wore (and still wears) the proper clothes for Manhattan . . . a gray double-breasted suit, a pale red tie, a snowy handkerchief peaked in his breast pocket, a gray fedora. Everything was neat and conservative, except his shoes. They were an hysterical brown and yellow and the Negro redcap couldn't help letting out a whistle of respectful fascination at sight of them. On the gay shoes Eddie walked into Twentieth Century-Fox Studios and began his life in the giddy film colony.

His life, however, is giddy in a far different manner to that of his fellow citizens. You see, he doesn't drink or smoke; and when he first reached Hollywood he didn't dance or drive a car. Eddie is not exactly the most sophisticated guy you'll ever meet, but he's definitely one of the most likable. And by this time he can dance (sometimes) and he can drive (somewhat)—though you'll never find his sparkling blue sedan parked in front of a (*Continued on page* 68)



Joyce Reynolds young star slated for another "Janie" picture—by popular demand

Don't Be a

Joyce Reynolds with some "I know from experience" tips to teensters

NOT so awfully long ago just about the most annoying thing that happened to you were those years between fourteen and seventeen when you were too old to be spanked — but too young to attain that glorious goal, the age of permission. In those days life most distinctly did not begin at fourteen.

Nowadays, however, it's the golden age. The junior miss has come into her own in fashion, fiction and film. "Janie," the Warner Brothers picture about the adolescent little Miss Fix-it who becomes a one-woman USO, is a glowing example. And being its namesake star, Joyce Reynolds has been taken to the heart of young America.

As such, "Janie" Reynolds has a few words to say on the subject of pitfalls to be avoided in being a junior miss. In the words of Joyce it all boils down to this:

"It's swell to be a junior miss. But don't be a junior mess."

In speaking to her kind, Joyce doesn't pretend to be a smarty-pants or know-it-all. In fact, she says nineteen-almost-twenty is too young to be handing out advice to anyone, especially other young people who get a good deal of it anyway. "All that happens is that you get called a barf for your trouble," she says from bitter experience. A "barf," in case you're wondering, is a drip, a hag and a repulsive character.

From the outsider's point of view, however, Joyce is the logical candidate to take the stump in the matter of junior messes. She barely is out of the age bracket herself, and therefore knows the problems of teen-agers. And furthermore—

"And furthermore, I once was a junior mess myself and made a prize chump of myself!" she confesses. "It was awful."

That was back in 1941, shortly after she had come to California from her native Texas with her mother and grandmother. She was sixteen at the time and a senior at Beverly Hills High School. A movie contract the following year was the last thing in the world she expected. The family had moved to California because for years they had spent the summers here and liked the climate. Besides, the move made it possible for Joyce to attend the University of California at Los Angeles, where she had decided she wanted to start college.

"I won't say I didn't *hope* to get in the movies some day," she said frankly. "I did hope that, very much. I always wanted to be an actress, although there never had been one in our family and I thought a good way to start was to major in drama at UCLA. Deep down, I suppose, I thought maybe a miracle would happen and I'd get a chance in Hollywood."

The miracle happened so swiftly it left her gasping. While she was still a freshman, a Warner studio talent scout spotted her at the dress rehearsal of the college production of "Alice In Wonderland" and was struck by her fresh young beauty and appeal. He invited her to call at the studio when the school play was over. There she was tested, given a modest contract, and three days later found herself playing a bit part in "Yankee Doodle Dandy." A two-year grooming by the studio experts ensued, during which she played small roles in four big pictures and then was entrusted with the title role in "Janie." One look at the rushes convinced everyone that a new star was about to be born and straightway a sequel to "Janie" was planned by her delighted bosses.

BUT to get back to Joyce's unforgettable debacle. She blushes even today at the memory of it, recalling in painful detail every moment of the affair. The occasion was the big school dance of the year and, to her ineffable joy and delight, she had been invited by the "catch" of the entire student body—a dashing young man of seventeen who had all the girls in a tizzy every time he deigned (*Continued on page* 109)



Missives to soldiers from a miss



Anyone can cook with a recipe book



Gay music suits the Reynolds mood

Junior Mess

by Kay Proctor

1945 - Your

Photoplay



January

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
	1	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	(15)	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			

Pristine month of iced design—
A birthday cake for Miss O'Brien

Photoplay

February

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11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28			



Valentines and sweetheart clamor—
Natal day of Turner glamour

Photoplay



March

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11	12	13	14	15	16	17
18	19	20	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	(30)	31

Wild wind, mad hare, taxes filed—
Plus Turhan Bey, a "30th" child

Photoplay



April

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29	30					

April's symbol—Easter bonnets
And Lon McCallister birthday sonnets

Photoplay

May

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20	21	22	23	24	25	26
27	28	29	30	31		



Croon it soft or let it swing,
It's "Happy Birthday" to our Bing

Photoplay

June

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(10)	11	12	13	14	15	16
17	18	19	20	21	22	23
24	25	26	27	28	29	30



Month of parsons' business boon
And Judy Garland's birthday tune

Photoplay Year

Photoplay

July

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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8	9	10	11	12	13	14
15	16	17	18	19	20	21
22	(23)	24	25	26	27	28
29	30	31				



A bang-up loud congratulation
To pert dynamic Miss De Haven

Photoplay



August

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
			1	2	3	4
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August note to birthday cards:
Send Van Johnson greeting cards

Photoplay

September

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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16	17	18	19	20	21	22
23 30	24	25	26	27	28	(29)



Born she was at break of fall—
Miss Greer Garson's curtain call

Photoplay

October

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(7)	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			



Birthday candle celebration
For June Allyson, lens sensation

Photoplay



November

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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18	19	(20)	21	22	23	24
25	26	27	28	29	30	

Ring the bells! Proclaim a mirth day
For Gene Tierney's happy birthday

Photoplay



December

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
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23 30	24 31	25	26	27	28	29

Jolly Santa's competition:
Sinatra's birthday song rendition



THE TRUTH ABOUT THE
Stars' Night Life



Ciro threesome: Fun, not fisticuffs, for Errol Flynn, Flora Hall and Bruce Cabot



Faye Emerson, with Steve Crane at Mocambo, might have you betting—and losing

STARS shine at night—in night clubs!

After dark—in Hollywood's famous rendezvous—the stars appear off guard. There you see them not through the imaginations of their press agents but as men and women possessing faults and frailties as well as greatness and glamour.

What the maitre d'hotels, captains, waiters, doormen, coatroom and cigarette girls and powder-room maids do not know about the stars, for instance, isn't worth knowing. Through the eyes of the night club staffs, as well as from personal observation, Fearless gives you some revealing incidents which show you the stars as they really are. . . .

A favorite night club story tells of Bing and his wife, Dixie, when, in New York on a holiday, they dropped in at El Morocco. "How's business?" Bing asked the girls selling War Bonds. They said it wasn't very good. Bing thereupon announced he would sing a song for every Bond buyer. And he did, while the sales mounted, until he was so tired that when someone requested his theme song he couldn't remember the lyrics.

Wherever Bing goes, whatever he does—with or without benefit of press agent—he has the wonderful habit of emerging, in his quiet, sincere way, quite a guy.

Night clubs frequently are the backdrop for dramatic and amusing vignettes. . . .

When Dorothy Lamour goes to the Stork she is showered with gifts and attentions from host Sherman Billingsley, who knew her when. Nine years ago Billingsley gave Dottie a job—to please her manager who reimbursed him every week for Dottie's salary. Thus Billingsley and Dottie's manager bolstered her fading courage and supplied her with the experience she needed to find her star brightly if scantily wrapped in a sarong.

More often than you might think the stars find themselves the targets at which unpleasant, defensive people aim barbs. Recently an obnoxious gentleman standing beside Lieutenant Bruce Cabot at a bar asked, "Why aren't you overseas *fighting*?" Bruce didn't hit him—not physically anyhow. "I just came back from overseas," he said quietly, "and I don't remember seeing *you* there!"

There is the matter of tipping. One famous star tips sparingly and frequently pockets at least a dime or two from the tip her escort gives her for the powder-room maid. (She never has any change in her jeweled bag!) The other night, after seeing

This is no whispering campaign, but the untinted facts on the behavior of the stars after dark

BY "Fearless"



Dottie Lamour, who got her start at the Stork Club, dates husband Captain Howard



Chicken on Danny Kaye menu—so June Lang stops at his table for the trimmings

this star accept a dollar from her escort as a tip for the maid, a cigarette girl strolled into the powder room. "Just got a handsome tip, didn't you?" she asked. "I got a quarter. How much did *she* get?" said the maid. Whereupon the maid and the cigarette girl had a good laugh. This particular star's tricks are well known.

Among others who have a reputation for being poor tippers are Cary Grant, Sonja Henie, Basil Rathbone, Rudy Vallee, John Loder, Wallace Beery and Sonny Tufts. It is, however, Mrs. Sonny who holds the purse strings.

Good tippers—usually those who make few demands—are Greer Garson, Fred MacMurray, Joan Crawford, Phil Terry, Edward Arnold, Walter Pidgeon, Frank Morgan,



George Brent and Herbert Marshall.

Mrs. Herbert Marshall, however, knows exactly what she wants and how she wants it. She insists the meat—usually English roast beef—be a certain cut, the mashed potatoes very thick, the toast thin. Bart never opens his mouth.

Chester Morris is another generous tipper. The personnel of night clubs admire him no end. He entertains them as well as his guests with his card tricks and jokes.

George Raft, probably the most generous tipper of all, can be found almost any night, with his girl of the moment, where the steaks are thickest, where the music is hottest, and where Scotch comes at a dollar a drink. George himself, however, drinks nothing stronger than coke. He sends champagne to friends to bring his bill up to what it should be.

NEEDLESS to say, the stars' preferences in food, drink and entertainment are well known to astute maitre d'hotels everywhere. . . .

Bette Davis goes ga-ga over a plate of frankfurters. . . .

Humphrey Bogart likes Martinis and beer and will play the bull fiddle when he's feeling good. . . .

Bonita Granville enjoys spaghetti with butter and cheese and cokes with a dash of cinnamon. . . .

Fred MacMurray favors pot roast, sauerkraut and pork.

Hedy Lamarr, indifferent about food generally, enjoys boiled and fried eggs and lots of milk. . . .

Paul Henreid often dines in sport clothes and slippers and likes cocktails, steak and scrambled eggs and bacon. . . .

Ingrid Bergman favors corn on the cob and big steaks; also oriental food and soft (*Continued on page* 77)

Portrait in Cotton



Favorite relaxation: A good book





Three men and a maid: Joseph Cotten, starring in "I'll Be Seeing You," his lady, Mrs. Joe Cotton, Orson Welles and Stork Club host, Sherman Billingsley.

Painting in subtle strokes—Joe, with the many-faceted personality, a modern man who might have been a country squire three hundred years ago

HE has a sartorial weakness for checked vests and yellow gloves.

His favorite classical joke ends, "that's telling 'em, lady, ain't it?"

He has a black sheep uncle he'd rather not discuss.

He has a passion for six-day bicycle races and every Christmas, regardless of how much money he has, he spends it all on his wife.

His name is Joseph Chesire Cotten.

He is scared to death of horses and admits that his knowledge of languages is limited to English and Southern Accent.

He hates anchovies and marinated herring. He gets extremely annoyed at personal questions in an interview and avers that golf is the dullest game in the world.

He is crazy about Lynn Haven oysters from Chesapeake Bay. His attitude is completely realistic and he most enjoys walking on Fourteenth Street, New York, from Fifth Avenue to the East River. He hates cats.

He is inordinately proud of his ability to make chocolate fudge.

He is always punctual and for ten years has followed the adventures of "Terry And The Pirates."

He was born in Petersburg, Virginia, and dislikes hunting because he cannot abide shooting animals.

He believes that the chief characteristic which has made the American such a successful soldier in such a short time is that he has to win every game and he never admits when he's licked.

Joe has more superstitions than a dog has fleas, but he doesn't mind walking under ladders.

He loathes wearing new shoes.

He is six feet two inches tall and

BY JOSEPH HENRY STEELE

prefers listening to experts on the subject rather than entering into political or social discussions. His parents call him Joe Jr. and he has been in the Metropolitan Museum well over a hundred times.

He has a horrible memory for names and faces and invariably calls people by wrong names.

He is very fond of loud neckties and has attended symphonic concerts in nearly every hall in the country. His wife Lenore was at one time an associate editor of Harper's Bazaar. His eyes are green.

He never sings in the bathroom, never aspires to climb a mountain and gets terribly conscience-stricken when he doesn't answer letters promptly.

He wears a pocket-watch and has never worn a derby.

He chews gum with a vengeance to keep from getting nervous. He is very fond of what he calls rat cheese, enjoys swimming exhibitions and confesses to being an easy "touch." He can't stand Hawaiian music.

He prefers urban to suburban life and at the age of nineteen he failed in his attempt to become the potato-salad king of Florida. He claims the big monopolies ruined him.

He gets very self-conscious after eating garlic, which he loves, and if he ever failed as an actor he would like to become a producer. His wife Lenore, an accomplished pianist, plays the grand piano which is the only musical instrument in the Cotten maison.

He can never remember the license number of his car. His favorite way of loafing is to play three sets of tennis and then lie in the sun. He likes sardines, cannot read music and is meticulous with his personal belongings.

He can't stand Irish tenors.

He is allergic to conversation before breakfast.

JOSEPH COTTEN'S hair is so dry and kinky that he has to use an oil to comb it. He prefers gin to vodka, dislikes hillbilly music and thinks sincerity an uncommon virtue.

He first fell in love—"and the only time"—when he met his wife in Florida in 1929. He is right-handed.

He misses vaudeville, is currently reading a modernized version of the Bible and gets fidgety at long telephone conversations.

He always played cowboys and Indians as a little boy, but because he always played with bigger boys, he could never become leader.

He has an aversion to birds in cages.

He has never had a lighter that worked, has great difficulty spelling words with double consonants and believes he can wear an opera hat with the proper dash. He likes watching polo games.

He favors cashmere fabrics and laughs heartily, loud and long. He weighs 185 pounds.

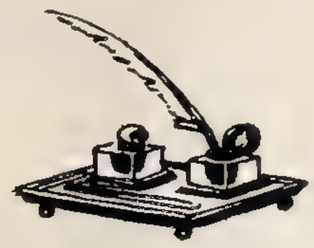
He hates reading in bed.

He has never worn a mohair suit, considers himself a fatalist and is capable of fixing any minor trouble in his car. He never takes aspirin.

He played the "bones" expertly when he was a kid and had he lived 300 years ago he would have been a country squire. (*Cont'd on page* 75)

What should I do?

YOUR PROBLEMS ANSWERED BY CLAUDETTE COLBERT



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

If you were a service man and fell in love with a girl whose husband was overseas, what would you do?

This is one of the problems that came to me from a Photoplay reader this month—a vital and important one which I have answered to the best of my ability. I want to be of service to as many of you as I can. So if you think my advice can help you, write to me in care of Photoplay (8949 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood 46, California) and if your problem strikes a general need, I'll answer on these pages. Your name and identification will not be revealed.

sincerely
Claudette Colbert

DEAR MISS COLBERT:

I am a sailor, twenty-three years of age and my first love affair has come up, but—unfortunately—with a married woman whose husband is in the Army serving abroad.

I met this girl at a dance two years ago and at first sight we fell in love—yes, I said love. We had much in common and we had a lot of clean fun.

My ship pulled out and I was gone for two years, but during that time this girl and I wrote letters, a lot of them. Then I was transferred to a base near her home so we saw each other again. After two years of just letters and missing each other, we were together again. Well, we were more in love than ever, but what to do? Again I must state that we had a lot of clean fun.

One evening, two hours before train time, we sat in the parlor and had a long talk. We talked this way, that someone would be hurt and it couldn't be that man abroad, it simply had to be me. It was hard, I'll tell you that, but I still believe that it was right. I kissed her good-by and said I wouldn't see her again even if it killed me. We still write to each other and we'll remember each other as well as love each other as long as we remember. Yes, we've had other ideas, but you've heard the story true and those plans had to stop.

This is sort of complicated but please, to the best of your knowledge, did I do right?

Elman McD.

Dear Mr. McD:

Yes, I think there is no doubt in the world that you did the honorable thing.

However, I think to ease the difficulty even more, you should gradually space your letters farther apart until you are writing only once a month, then only once every two months and so on, until you have ceased to write entirely. As long as there is the slightest tie between you, one or the other, or perhaps both of you will continue to suffer. A letter is a bit of a person and in a case in which you have renounced that person, this last futile exchange only prolongs the agony.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

It does seem a shame for me to take your time to tell you my small trouble, but you give such workable advice that I'm going to impose on you anyway.

This is it: About a year ago I was working at the Railway Station, serving with the Red Cross. We met troop trains and served doughnuts, cookies, fruit, candy and such things. One of the boys made friends with me and asked me to write as he was going to a camp near by. I agreed and we became pen pals. This went on for a year. Occasionally he would telephone me and once he came up on furlough and we had a pleasant visit. Nothing romantic, but just good times.

His letters were just friendly ones in which he spoke of his mother, his home, his ambitions after the war, what he believed in and things like that. He also confided in one letter that he thought he had fallen in love with a girl he had met since he had been in the Army. Well, that surprised me, but I wrote and wished him every happiness, saying that any girl would be lucky to have him in love with her. He answered at once, saying that I was the girl and that he wanted to see me before he was shipped overseas as he had something of great importance to talk over with me before going.



Typical problems answered by Miss Colbert this month:

"I met a boy at the railway station when I was serving with the Red Cross. For a year we have been pen pals. Now he wants me to marry him. What should I do?"

"My mother thinks sixteen-year-old girls should be in bed at nine. I don't think this is fair, do you?"

"I've gone out with lots of boys but one date seems to be the limit. I'm depressed. Can you help me?"

Now I'm pretty sure that he's going to ask me to marry him. I don't want to say yes, because I don't know him well enough. But I don't want to say no either, because after the war I might get to know him better and like him.

So that's my problem, and I'll bet lots of girls have the same trouble: How can I refuse to marry or be engaged to a boy now, yet keep him interested in me for later? I don't want to hurt him, you know; but I don't want to commit myself, either.

Thank you for some smooth suggestions.

Marjorie L.

Dear Miss L:

It seems to me that you are being extremely wise in thinking over this problem with the obvious care you have devoted to it. I agree with you that you shouldn't marry this boy at the present time; nor should you terminate what has been a very pleasant association via letter. If he has enjoyed your letters to date, think how much more important those letters are going to seem when he is overseas!

Why don't you be frank with him; tell him that you admire and respect him and that when he comes back from overseas you hope to see him and get to know him better. Don't forget to mention the advantages on his side of a friendly bargain—after all, he might meet some girl in England (if he is sent in that direction) or in Australia in rest camp (if he is sent to the South Pacific), with whom he might fall sincerely in love. A great deal of hurt could be spared both of you if, under such a circumstance, it didn't become necessary for him to write to you, breaking an engagement, but merely to let you know of the new experience in his life.

I smiled when I read your last line, thanking me in advance for some "smooth" suggestions. I hope the above answers that description.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

My problem is the same as many other girls of sixteen. You see, my mother thinks that all girls and boys should be in by nine o'clock.

To begin with, I love roller skating. There is roller skating every night except Mondays and I go almost every night. After skating the kids love to go out to Barney's, a place to eat. Skating starts at eight and closes at eleven on week nights and eleven-thirty on Fridays and Saturdays, so you see we never get in much before twelve or one, at least.

I usually go right home because if I don't, Mom doesn't let me go out again for a week (*Continued on page 96*)



1937 . . . Timid is the word for Joan. Overshadowed by her sister Olivia, she is a bit uncertain posing for her first publicity picture



1938 . . . She wears the same unsophisticated clothes she wore as a schoolgirl and seeks to hide her shyness with a smile



1939 . . . A clinging vine of a bride—*but so pretty*. It was her shyness that won Brian Aherne, immune to the greatest charmers

Timid To Terrific

The metamorphosis of a Cover Girl



1940 . . . On her way to her goal and trying to live up to it. But in her attempt at sophistication she didn't do so well although she tried hard—for this was the type she longed to be

1945 . . . Terrific is the word for Joan—a star of first magnitude, a charming woman of the world, our February Cover Girl!

1943 . . . No one in the Hollywood scene is lovelier or gayer. Wherever Joan goes eyes follow. She isn't timid any more

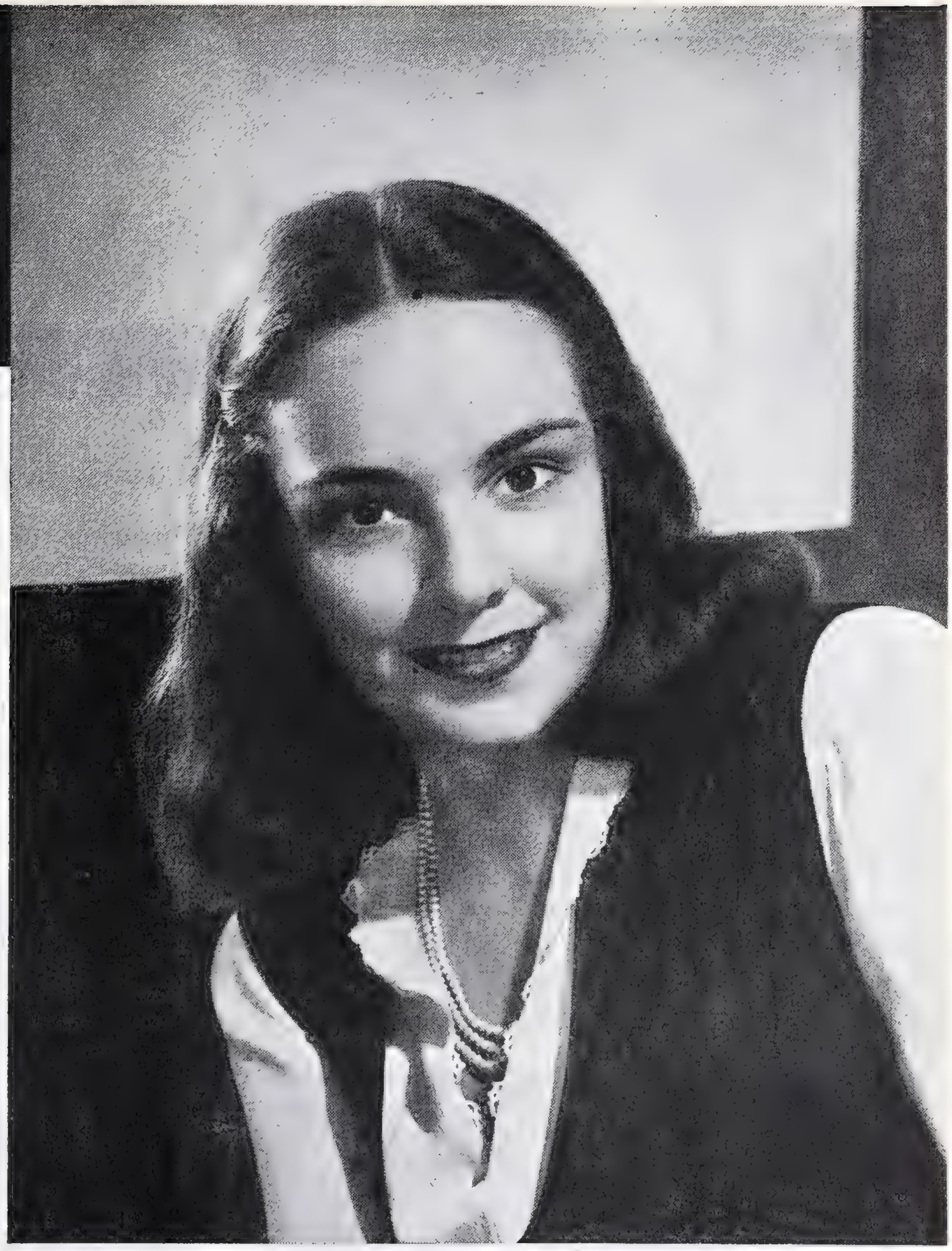
1942 . . . When she wins the Academy Award for her work in "Suspicion" something is added. She finds a bright new confidence







Daughter of a Major overseas, Patricia Ann Jones, daughter of Major and Mrs. Howard P. Jones of Nyack, New York, engaged to Charles Roebling Meissner, Jr. of the U.S. Navy.



Patricia has a pixie charm—dancing eyes and a glowing, ivory-smooth skin

It's easy to see why her tall blond Navy fiancé adores Patricia!

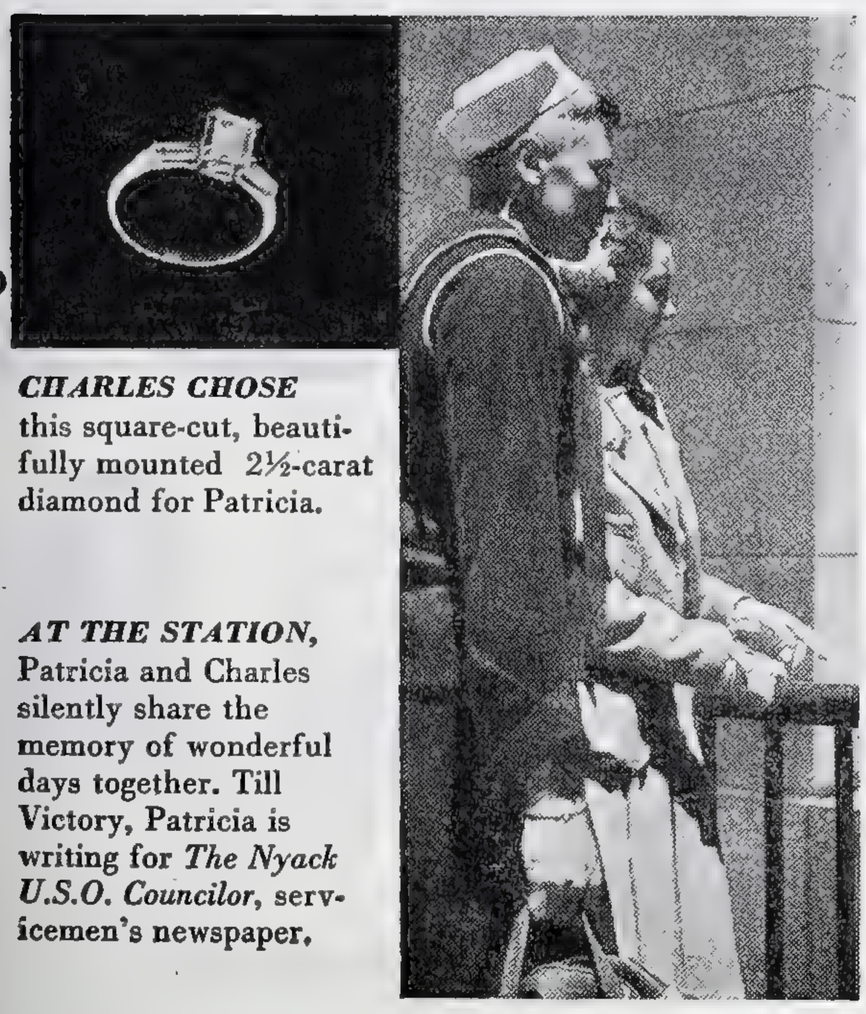
There is a bright, warm aliveness about her that is infinitely endearing—and she is *so* lovely to look at! Eyes of deep, sparkling brown . . . rich, glossy hair . . . and from the tip of her little pointed chin to the top of her smooth high brow, a skin as arrestingly beautiful as a new-opened rose.

Like so many other engaged girls, Patricia trusts her flawless complexion to Pond's Cold Cream.

"I began using Pond's when I was in college at Northwestern—and *loved* it right from the start—it's such a soothing, silky-textured cream!

"Then, while I was studying acting and stage make-up at the American Academy of Dramatic Art, I grew to *respect* Pond's more and more. It does such a grand job of removing make-up and of keeping my skin *really* clean and *really* smooth!"

She's Engaged! She's Lovely! She uses Pond's!



CHARLES CHOSE this square-cut, beautifully mounted 2½-carat diamond for Patricia.

AT THE STATION, Patricia and Charles silently share the memory of wonderful days together. Till Victory, Patricia is writing for *The Nyack U.S.O. Councilor*, servicemen's newspaper.

Patricia's complexion is disarmingly fresh and sweet—a lovely tribute to her daily Pond's beauty creamings—

Every night, every morning, Patricia smooths Pond's Cold Cream over her face and throat. Pats to soften and release dirt, make-up. Tissues off.

She rinses with more snowy-satin Pond's, whirling finger tips lightly over her face for *extra* cleansing, *extra* softening. Tissues off. "My *double* Pond's creaming makes my skin feel so blissfully smooth," Patricia says.

Give *your* face this Pond's beauty care. You'll see that it's no accident so many more girls and women use Pond's than any other face cream at any price.

Ask for the *big* jar—you'll love being able to dip the fingers of both hands in the luxurious *big* jar!



A few of the Pond's Society Beauties

LADY LOUIS MOUNTBATTEN

MRS. PIERPONT MORGAN HAMILTON

MRS. ROBERT BACON WHITNEY

THE LADY MORRIS

GLORIA VANDERBILT DE CICCO



Photoplay's

COMMAND PERFORMANCE

Once again the boys and girls of the Armed Forces request special poses of their film favorites. Hymie Fink took the pictures. Here are the choices of the three lucky winners who will receive the original autographed pictures

Sgt. Steve Pizzo from San Francisco, but now at sea, writes: "My request . . . to see just how Ann Blyth (boy, she's tops!) would look in her car if I were hitch-hiking in Hollywood and she happened by to give me a lift. I plan to go to Hollywood on my furlough, so, who knows, my request may come true. Meanwhile, I can dream, can't I?" Here is Ann, Sgt. Pizzo, with her car, plenty of room and all set to pick you up when you happen along her way and give her the signal



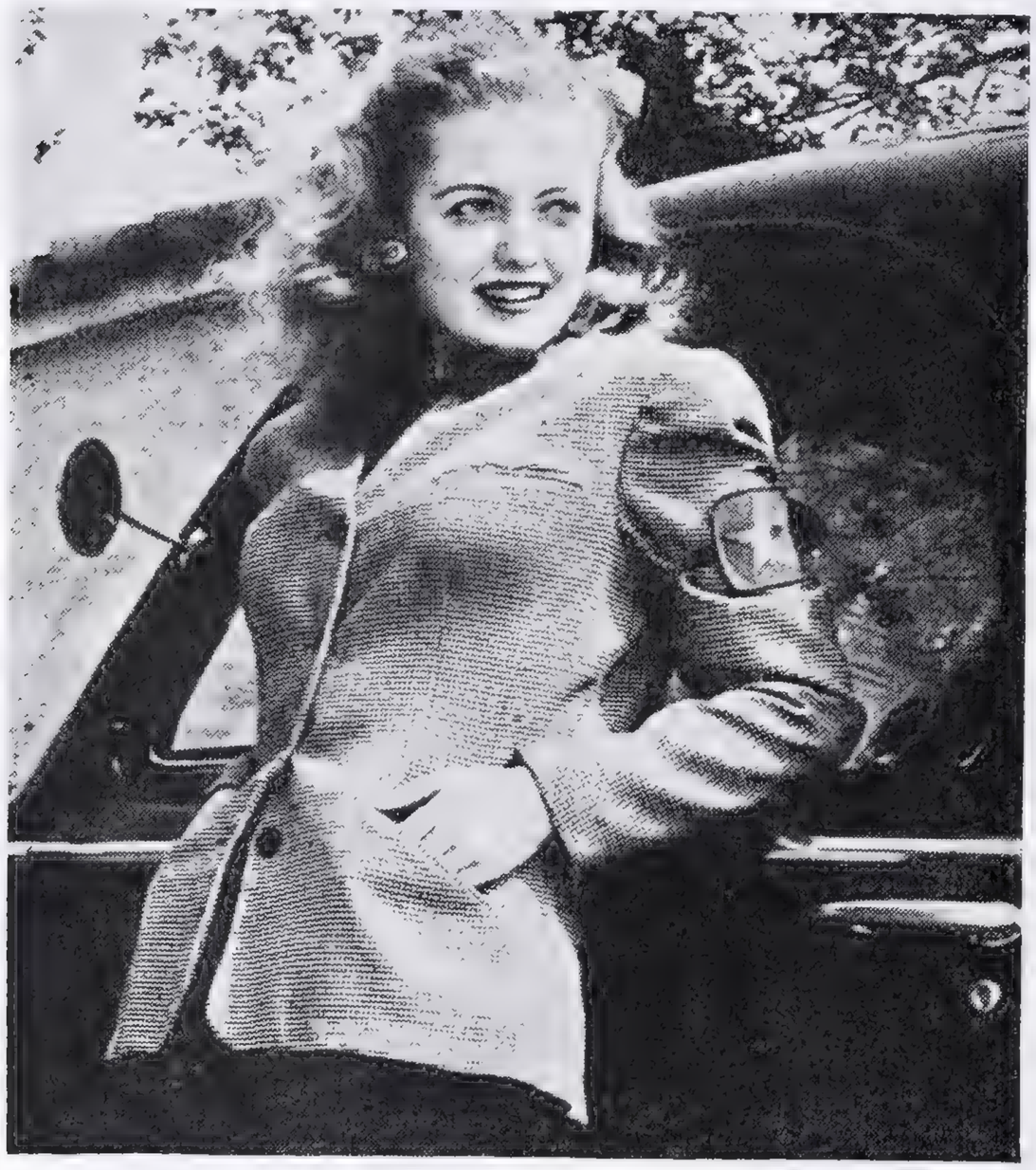
Sgt. Pizzo in the A.T.S.



Sgt. Herman P. Lopez, who's stationed at Camp Ricker, Alabama, knew Lana Turner in San Francisco before she was a movie star. "I mentioned this to my buddies in the service," he writes, "but they demand more proof than my word alone. I'd like very much to see a picture of Lana signing a photo for me, and most of all I'd like to receive a personally autographed picture." Well, here's the double-take picture of Lana, Sgt. Lopez!



Sgt. Lopez Camp Ricker



He's a seaman in the Submarine Branch of the Navy and when he was in Hollywood on furlough he went to the Canteen. He says, "There I met and danced with a certain very pretty blonde hostess. I know she may not be a great movie star, but when I think of Hollywood, I'll always remember her. All in all, it sure was wonderful being home on leave." Her name, Rusty Gordon, is Betty Jaden. She's a stenographer at M-G-M. Herewith her picture—especially for you



S 1/c Gordon San Francisco

(See page 66 for more Command Performances)

NOW... this softer, safer sanitary napkin in two forms

1. MODESS WITH DEODORANT

2. STANDARD MODESS

HERE'S MODESS with TWO wonderful kinds of sanitary protection. Now you can take your choice.

1. Softer, safer Modess with a fine deodorant powder sealed in—for those who want daintiness protection right inside a napkin. Tried out for a year by thousands of women; tested by a famous impartial laboratory and proved to be most effective.*

2. Softer, safer Modess—without deodorant—if you'd rather have it that way.

And, either way, you're bound to get greater safety, greater softness, because:

209 nurses, in hospital tests, found Modess gives far more protection than nationally known layer-type napkins.

49,701 women stated that they switched to Modess because it's "So soft"... "So safe"... or "So comfortable."

Both kinds of Modess cost the same. But—to get softer, safer sanitary protection—be *sure* to ask for Modess!



TODAY... Ask for MODESS

STANDARD OR WITH DEODORANT

*LOOK! Facts about MODESS containing a DEODORANT

1. The sanitary napkin with fine deodorant powder sealed right in.

2. Only sanitary napkin with deodorant tested for the past year. Fastidious Southern women who tried it are overwhelmingly enthusiastic—prefer it to any other napkin they've ever used.

3. *Modess has been proved by U.S. Testing Co., Inc., to guard daintiness more effectively than any other napkin containing a deodorant.*

4. Only Modess gives you such proof of its effectiveness. So if you prefer a napkin with a deodorant right in it, Modess is the only napkin for you.

The 97 lb. Weakling

—who became "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

"I'll Prove that YOU too, can be a NEW MAN!"

Charles Atlas



I KNOW, myself, what it means to have the kind of body that people pity! Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lbs. I was ashamed to strip for sports or undress for a swim. I was such a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

Then I discovered *"Dynamic Tension."* It gave me a body that won for me the title "World's Most Perfectly Developed Man."

When I say I can make you over into a man of giant power and energy, I know what I'm talking about. I've seen my new system, *"Dynamic Tension,"* transform hundreds of weak, puny men into Atlas Champions.

CHARLES ATLAS
Holder of title, "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man"

Only 15 Minutes A Day

Do you want big, broad shoulders—a fine, powerful chest—biceps like steel—arms and legs, rippling with muscular strength—a stomach ridged with bands of sinewy muscle—and a build you can be proud of? Then just give me the opportunity to prove that *"Dynamic Tension"* is what you need.

No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." Just tell me where you want handsome, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gawky? Are you short-winded, pepless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the prettiest girls, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about *"Dynamic Tension"* and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method. Only 15 minutes of your spare time daily is enough to show amazing results—and it's actually fun! *"Dynamic Tension"* does the work.

Send for FREE BOOK

Mail the coupon right now for full details and I'll send you my illustrated book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." Tells all about my *"Dynamic Tension"* method. Shows actual photos of men I've made into Atlas Champions. It's a valuable book! And it's FREE. Send for your copy today. Mail the coupon to me personally: CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 902, 115 East 23rd Street, New York 10, N. Y.



CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 902
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

I want the proof that your system of *"Dynamic Tension"* will help make a New Man of me—give me a healthy, husky body and big muscular development. Send me your free book, "Everlasting Health and Strength."

Name.....
(Please print or write plainly)

Address.....

City..... State.....

☐ Check here if under 16 for Booklet A.

Photoplay's COMMAND PERFORMANC

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 64)

Ensign Chester J. Bobbish has been in the hospital in Detroit recuperating. He hadn't a snapshot tc send, but his request was, "An autographed picture of a sincere, unmarried, charming actress. No one in particular." Mary Ganly of M-G-M aptly answers that description. Here Mary stretches out on the floor (it's her favorite spot and position) to answer your very special request, Ensign Bobbish. She hopes too that you are recovered ere this







Pfc. R. Fecht of the Infantry





Sub Lt. Sales Mexican Army

From south of the border comes this letter. Sub Lieutenant of Cavalry, Robert P. Sales of the Mexican Army and stationed at Echegaray, Mexico, writes, "The actress that I admire is Miss Ingrid Bergman who appeared in your unforgettable film, 'Casablanca.' I would like to see her singing. Thanks a million." Here is Swedish-born Ingrid Bergman, saluting in song our good neighbor, Mexico's fine Army and Lieutenant Robert Sales

Pfc. Robert Fecht is in the 422nd Infan try and he's stationed at Camp Atterbury Indiana. He says, "There is nothing would like better than to see a picture o Judy Garland making a phone call jus to me." Judy, relaxing in her own room was most happy to obey the orders of th Army. She's posing here trying to get long distance call through to you, Bob The smile is an extra dividend—for yo and all the boys of the 422nd Infantry

The Thrill your eyes will prize forever . . .

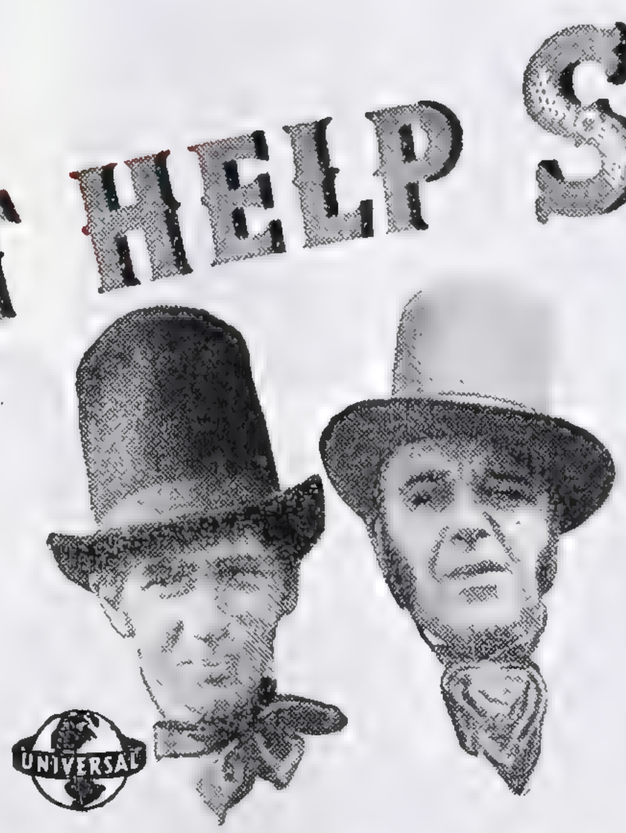
Deanna
in TECHNICOLOR
for the first time!
The Miracle Melodies
of JEROME KERN!



Deanna
DURBIN

CAN'T HELP SINGING

IN TECHNICOLOR



SIX NEW *SONGS!*
"More and More", "Californ-i-ay".
"Any Moment Now" and others!

with ROBERT PAIGE
AKIM TAMIROFF

DAVID BRUCE LEONID KINSKEY RAY COLLINS JUNE VINCENT ANDREW TOMBES THOMAS GOMEZ

Directed by FRANK RYAN *Produced by* FELIX JACKSON *Assoc. Producer* FRANK SHAW *Music by* JEROME KERN *Lyrics by* E. Y. HARBURG

Screen Play by LEWIS R. FOSTER and FRANK RYAN • Story by John Klorer and Leo Townsend • Based on "Girl of The Overland Trail" by Samuel J. and Curtis B. Warshawsky • A UNIVERSAL PICTURE

P
M
M



Rooting for Ryan

(*Continued from page* 51) night club. You'll find it resting before more simple pleasures: Miniature golf courses, badminton courts and baseball parks. Eddie is a young man with opinions and none of them favor the indoor life or night clubs.

He lives in Hollywood as he has lived all his life—in an apartment. It's four rooms in size and ironically enough it's only a couple of blocks from all of Hollywood's swankiest night spots—Mocambo, the Trocadero, Ciro's and the Clover Club. It boasts only one bedroom (housing shortage, you know), which is used by Eddie's parents; and Eddie himself can be seen every morning by the paper boy sleeping peacefully on the pull-out couch in the living room. If the paper boy took the trouble to peer farther through the glass front door, he could see that the living room was furnished in tans and browns, and that there wasn't a magazine in the house.

When the paper boy left he would miss the family scuffle over the bathroom every morning. He'd miss Eddie's lightning-dressing act and dash for the studio. He'd never know that plump and peppy Mrs. Ryan, Eddie's mother, rushes off every morning to business as does Mr. Ryan. He would also never know that neither of the Ryan parents need to work, because Mr. Ryan's business in New York left them with a very pretty bank account; but that both of them just like being busy! In Manhattan, Mr. Ryan ran a credit checking business which investigated charge accounts to see if the applicants could pay up; but since the war and the abundance of ready cash, there was no more need for Ryan Senior's business.

All day long the apartment is empty and at sundown the three Ryans come home almost at once. They suffer no servant problem, for after they greet each other and decide which is the least exhausted—that one becomes the cook! Yes, Eddie, Mr. Ryan and Mrs. Ryan are all equally good cooks.

Eddie learned his culinary tricks while traveling on the road with various shows, and when he's chef he comes up with mouth-melting roasts, eggs any style from sunny-side up to Eggs Benedict and apple pie that would make gourmets groan in envy. He calls "Dinner!" when it's ready, and then he and his father both put on coats and the three sit down to eat. Afterwards, likely as not, the Ryans engage in a loud and violent game of poker. Or (just as likely) the three go off to a movie; for Eddie sees them all.

GIRLS? Well, of course; Eddie takes out June Haver and Virginia Weidler occasionally, and his favorite badminton partner is Ann Blyth. But the girls usually find themselves at a movie with him, too; and only once has any of them seen a night club in Eddie's company.

His dream-date with some future dream-girl he hasn't yet met goes like this: In the morning, he rows her around a lake in a rented boat; after lunch, they go bicycling in the Hollywood hills; then some badminton, some Ping-pong—and after that, dinner, a movie or a baseball game, and more food!

All of this is pretty astounding simplicity for a kid who grew up in grease paint . . . for a kid, actually, who was headed for grease paint even before he was born. When Dorothy and Edward Ryan knew he was coming some twenty years ago in Brooklyn, Dorothy said to her husband, "If it's a boy, I want him to be an actor." And Papa agreed.

You can see that Eddie didn't have a chance to dodge an acting career; and what's more, he didn't want to. At the age of three and a half he won the Baby Contest in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, and his picture appeared in all the papers dressed in a tiny policeman's uniform, while he "arrested" a baby girl in a bathing suit. Jesse Lasky was one of the many people who eyed the picture fondly and by the time Eddie was four he was on his way to Hollywood — for two dreadful months of lonely oblivion before he and his mother came back to Brooklyn and Papa Ryan. There, by the time another year had passed, small Eddie could thumb through magazines to the advertisements for malts, cold remedies and soap—and see himself in most of them. For he'd become a model.

He was five years old when he was in his first Broadway play—"When Hell Froze," with Jane Cowl. In it the young actor made his first faux pas. He knew



Ryan roundup: A family where fun prevails—Mr. and Mrs. Ryan and their Eddie

every line in the show and when the great Miss Cowl forgot a line one night Eddie promptly told her about it. The entire cast, aghast, forced him to apologize to her —which he did manfully, although lisping a little! From then on he graced the Broadway boards in eighteen plays altogether, including "They Shall Not Die," "Give Us This Day," "St. Joan," "French Without Tears," "Let Freedom Ring" and "Watch On The Rhine."

He was also in thirty movies, made on the East Coast, including all the *Penrod* and *Sam* comedies and in hundreds of radio shows, including "The Aldrich Family," "Gang Busters," "Let's Pretend" and every soap opera going.

All of this theatrical whirlpool swirled around Eddie all the time, every day. Meanwhile, he managed to graduate from the Professional Children's School, to which he gives all credit for his education. And every free afternoon you could have seen him on the parade ground in Prospect Park, Brooklyn, playing baseball with the neighborhood gang. It was baseball that finally aced him out of the Signal Corps, which he joined in 1942. The week before he completed his training, he got a leave and went like a homing pigeon to the usual neighborhood baseball game—only to twist both knees hopelessly out of joint in a wild dash for home plate. There followed two weeks in the hospital and then a medical discharge. And then, immediately, a screen test for "The Sullivans"—and Eddie was Hollywood-bound.

DUE to the fact that Eddie was in the theater constantly, he never had an opportunity to see the other half of his profession—Grand Opera, until he came to Hollywood. He took his baseball field glasses and appeared at the auditorium to see Lily Pons in "Lucia di Lammermoor." He couldn't get over the incoherent gestures of the leading man and the slowness of action. And while he enjoyed it, he still retains the theater as his first love.

The awful truth is that he was born thirty years too late—for his true love is black face. Leave him alone with a piece of charcoal, and his face is midnight-black at once—while he mimics his hero Al Jolson and patters jokes like the m.c. of a minstrel show. In black face, he spends many evenings at the Hollywood Canteen.

Naturally, when Eddie's bent is toward black face and the excitement of the stage, he finds the sophistication he's picking up in Hollywood a little tame. Learning to drive wasn't exciting, for instance, because the first two cars he bought were too old to run. Each stayed doggedly parked before his door until he resold them; and then he finally bought the shiny blue sedan he now boasts, which is of later vintage and which does run. He learned to dance because a producer asked him to escort his daughter to her school party.

In the not-too-distant future, Eddie would like a life neatly divided between Broadway and Hollywood productions; a completely furnished wardrobe of clothes (until now, he's been reluctant to build a wardrobe because he was still growing); and he'd like to be, in his words, "an American Claude Rains." He'd also like to continue his education at a local college.

But most of all he'd like a chance to work out with the Hollywood Ball Park baseball team on week ends—and, eventually, a baseball-mad wife to cheer him from the stands.

Eddie, as we have said, is no sophisticate. But he's a personality that stands out like the Statue of Liberty. And if his 2,000 fan letters a week mean anything—he's as well liked professionally as he is personally, and that's saying all there is to say!

THE END



"Wot a Soap!"

"Wot mildness... wot speed... it's soap-erlative!"

Young man, you took the words right out of our mouth —except that you didn't say, "It's Fels-Naptha!"

But that almost goes *without* saying, if letters from Fels-Naptha users are proof. These women tell us that golden Fels-Naptha is the best laundry soap they ever used. That it gives them whiter washes. With less hard work. In less time. That it saves wear and tear on fine fabrics.

N.B.—Since so many experienced housekeepers agree about Fels-Naptha Soap, why don't you try it yourself?



FELS-NAPTHA SOAP—banishes "Tattle-Tale Gray"

Man of Conflict

(*Continued from page* 31) a guy as you would ever want to meet.

You have to know that here is a super-sensitive, highly emotional, forceful man with all sorts of inner conflicts. A man of ideals beyond the power of most humans to fulfill, of great desire for things of the spirit and with correspondingly lusty enjoyment of all the good things of life. You can't help but wonder what time and the things that have happened to him have done to him.

I thought about it all one night when I went to dine with Mr. and Mrs. Bud Lighton—Bud being the man who produced Tracy's great picture, "Captains Courageous." Over our heads, as we sat after dinner in their charming living room, we could hear footsteps pacing back and forth. And Bud, with his wise smile, said, "Spence is thinking something through. He always has to think it through. Some people can let go of a thing before they know the answer, but not Spence."

WHEN I talked to Spencer Tracy, I knew that he had been having experiences and that they had made him grow—and growing isn't always fun.

The minute I mentioned "A Guy Named Joe"—I knew that was part of it. I knew that *Joe* had done something to him. Just as he did something to you and me. I had an idea that being a guy named *Joe* for all the people in America had brought Tracy that same humility.

I asked him if that was so and he said, "Yes. Of course." With an embarrassed chuckle and a twinkle in his eyes, but there it was.

"You lived *Joe*, didn't you?" I said.

But again he looked embarrassed. Almost shy. The role he dislikes most in life is that of being an actor—especially when you say he is a great actor. Because he has an almost brutal honesty about himself. He wanted to be an actor and so he became one. He has reached real heights on the screen that I do not believe anybody else has touched. But he isn't an actor in the sense of knowing all the tricks, all the technique, all the ways of getting effects that most great actors have had.

For instance, when he was asked to play General Doolittle, he took a long time making up his mind. Had the studio concerned. They thought maybe it was because the part in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo" was relatively small—wasn't, as they well knew, nearly big enough for Spencer Tracy. Finally somebody went to see him. Spence actually didn't know what the man was talking about! He just lowered his head and stared at the visitor and said, "I don't know if I can do it right. I don't know whether I can or should even attempt to—to show them what a man like Doolittle is and must be. It's such a big thing to try to do I'm sort of scared of it."

SO WHEN you tell him what a fine performance he has given, he wriggles and squirms under it. Gets red down the back of his neck. Starts to talk about Clark, or you, or what shows did you see before you left New York? He doesn't like talking about himself much. Rather tell you about the ranch out in San Fernando Valley which Mrs. Tracy runs and where he spends his week ends, though when he's working he holes in at the hotel. Rather brag about Clark's war training film.

But I wasn't having any. I had a question in my mind and I was going to get it answered.

In "A Guy Named Joe," Spencer played a pilot who was killed but who found a hole in the sky and went on serving. Nobody in the picture ever mentioned immortality. It had plenty of belly-laughs, a great love story and some magnificent flying. But when it was over, you had a wonderful new inner feeling that you had *seen* immortality and that the men who have gone West in this war still carry on somewhere. I wanted to know whether these things had any lasting part in the forming of Spencer's philosophy of life; whether becoming these people—who are different in so many ways—as he does in order to get them over to you and me, went inside him and contributed to whatever he was thinking about life in these days when everything is reaching and searching.

"Did you believe 'A Guy Named Joe?'" I asked flatly.

"Yes—I believed it," he said. "There was something about it that made sense. At least, the way I see it. I don't suppose I ever thought much about it. Immortality, I mean. But when—well, *Joe* was a guy and you got to know him pretty well and when he died and then went on doing a job, trying to serve, still working out his own problems and his own inner feelings—you thought, why sure, this is it, this is the way it will be. There are certain things you can take with you. *Joe* took a lot of them, good and bad. He had to go right on living and loving and learning and—you felt it kind of got through to him after a while that he was immortal. So the sooner he got on with finding out how to do it, the better. Oh sure, I believed it."

All highly imaginative and emotional people suffer a lot about this war. When, like Tracy, you can become another person to play him on the screen, you are a cinch to become a lot of men and women you read about, to enter into them, to come

Sweepstakes!

You voted Dick Haymes winner of Photoplay's Color Portrait Poll.

You'll find his picture on page 37.

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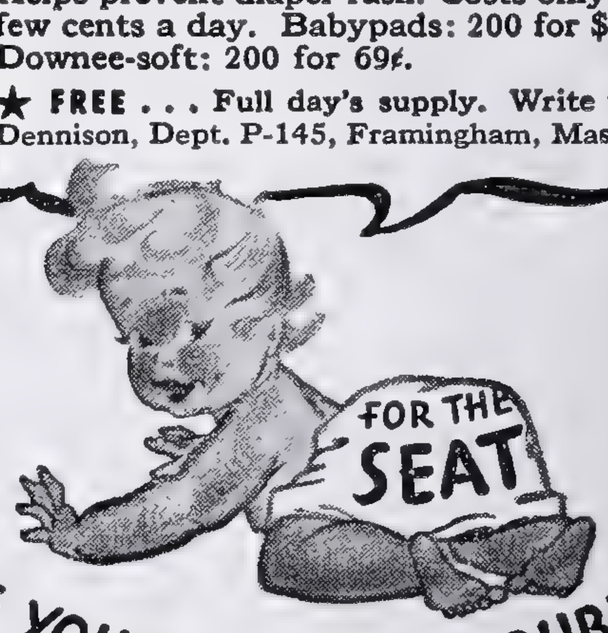




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closer to knowing how they feel than others do.

So—I asked Spence what he felt about this present time. I asked him if he'd gained anything from Father Flanagan and Doolittle—and even that simple, shining soul *Manuel* in "Captains Courageous"—that helped him.

"I guess I just have an idea that you can't change the laws," Tracy said slowly. "I guess I feel that—we planted this war all during the peace years. I don't know whether I've evolved what you'd exactly call a—a working philosophy. But when you get to know and realize what kind of fine people there are in this world—like Father Flanagan—when you touch a man like that even in make-believe—then you know it had to come from somewhere. You know there couldn't be things like these men see and do if—well, if it wasn't all possible to every man."

He hesitated quite a while and then said, very simply, "I have come to believe that every man has a possibility of choice within himself. And I believe that whatever there is—will make that choice come true if you yourself work with it. The choice isn't just one crossroads. It's almost a new crossroads every day. But you yourself are the one who can decide—and when you do, the road is open to you. If you take the right road, I sort of imagine you get help all along the way. And if you take the wrong one, you have to struggle back and find where you went wrong and that's pretty unpleasant. I don't believe you ever lack—well, guidance or direction—if you want it."

PERHAPS the big reason he makes these great people come so truly to life on the screen is because Tracy believes in them far more than he believes in himself.

I knew, as perhaps not many people did, that it was humility that kept Spence from going overseas to the men before he did.

"What can I do?" he said, miserably. "I'm no good. I'm just an actor. I have to have a part and a play and everything and how can you do that? I can't talk well myself. I'm not the guy they see up there on the screen at all. I'm just a very ordinary man and probably not nearly as sure of things as they are. I can't sing or dance or tell stories. Send somebody who can make 'em laugh, somebody who has something to offer."

He told me the happiest moments he had ever had in his life were when in Hawaii he realized that the men did want to see him, to talk to him, that it did something for them to know someone they had admired and enjoyed on the screen had come out to visit with them. So that now he is looking for a play—or plays—that he can do in the camps—now he has some restored self-confidence. I actually think that he believed they would take one look at him and say, "Is *that* Spencer Tracy? What a sell. Tell him to go away and send Betty Grable."

He's a reasonably difficult and complex and complicated guy—this guy named Spencer Tracy. Hot tempered, bull-headed, violent and strong in anything and everything he feels, good or bad, right or wrong.

But I came away with a picture I think I shall always keep, one that I seemed to get with an inner sense, as though it was happening all the time while we just sat there in his pleasant chintz-hung living room. A picture of man, as man, always struggling upward.

Struggling. Oh yes—and sometimes against obstacles—sometimes pushing things out of the way—sometimes slipping and falling and going ahead on his hands and knees, sometimes moving with a great leap and a song of joy. Struggling all right. But always upward.

THE END

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A. Her skin's smooth as satin. Yours can be, too.

Q. But my skin is dry.

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P M M



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These Exciting People

(*Continued from page* 39) Romero was in his Navy uniform, having just returned from battle duty in the South Pacific, and Greer wore the first party dress—an Adrian creation in gold lamé—that had been designed for her personal use in two years. She has done little socializing, like everyone else in Hollywood, due to the war and its demands, and her own career program. Besides, her husband, a Navy officer, is on active duty.

On this singular night, however, because it was a party with a purpose, Greer was as gay as a young girl at her debut and she danced throughout the evening with Cesar and Danny and Joseph Cotten and other friends and fellow artists. She and Danny Kaye made a striking looking couple as they rumbaed and sambaed together. They both have burnished, coppery hair which added to the pictorial effect.

FINALLY, everybody gathered around the piano while Rubinstein went "all out" in demonstrating how he could vary between light music and serious—everything, in fact, short of boogie-woogie. He also played waltzes for the dancers and it was somewhat like the Vienna of olden days, as I knew it, when he gave this music its natural rhythmic swing. I noticed that even Rita Hayworth, who—as the French say—was *enceinte* at that time, was lured to the dance floor by the irresistible melodies. Imagine the illustrious Rubinstein playing waltzes for gay ballroom dancers!

Elsa presented a formal program that was extraordinary. Besides Rubinstein, she had Lauritz Melchiör, Judy Garland, Frank Sinatra, Edgar Bergen and Charlie McCarthy, Danny Kaye, Alicia Markova and Anton Dolin, the celebrated ballet dancers, as her stars. Each doing his or her own special top numbers.

It would have cost thousands of dollars to assemble such a group as this for a commercial concert, and it could never be achieved anyway because the artists would not, or could not, appear on the same program together. They all hold tremendous loyalty to Elsa, however, because she helped many of them in their early struggling days, particularly in Europe, securing them important social engagements, which helped them sometimes in a monetary way and in prestige.

At the close of the program Charles Boyer feelingly recited the "Marseillaise" and the audience then sang the words. This was a most dramatic moment, especially for all of us who have lived in France and who will always be faithful to her beauty and her best ideals. One of the voices that rang out above the others was that of Katina Paxinou, who started her career in Greece as an operatic songstress and who has a beautiful singing as well as speaking voice.

Our new friendships here began as a result of those that had already become established in Europe. Mary Pickford, for instance, Marlene Dietrich, the Darryl Zanucks, the Sam Goldwyns, the Jack Warners, Clifton Webb, Barbara Hutton, Gary Cooper, Maria Montez and many others.

If I were to choose the outstanding male personality of the screen, I think Gary Cooper would best qualify, because he is more typically American, to my way of thinking, than any other. He is rugged and a real man. When you think of the typical American, for some curious reason, your mind goes to the West, and Gary seems to represent just that.

Furthermore, he has humor of a dry character. He is a big, rangy kind of man,

and even shy in his attitude, which makes him very interesting and attractive. My husband and I both like him immensely for himself and as a screen personality. We have found him to be a natural counterpart of the clean-cut types he portrays in the films.

Joan Fontaine has a child heart with a matured, brilliant mind. When she darts across the room impulsively right in the midst of a formal social gathering, she is not trying to arouse attention or be different, but merely obeying the whim that possesses her at the moment. For this reason she is not always understood. We have found her warm and kindly and thoughtful, and great fun as well. She is a lovely actress and on the screen, as in real life, reflects radiant beauty.

I KNOW and very much enjoy Maria Montez. Naturally, she is known as Mar-*ee*-a, but I call her Mar-*I*-a, and it seems to divert her. She is a clever girl, sophisticated, ambitious and talented. I like her for her decisive approach to everything pertaining to her career and for her congeniality.

She enters thoroughly into an occasion, as for instance, the night at Elsa Maxwell's party when she did a Russian dance with the impresario, Sol Hurok, who sponsors the Ballet Theatre and various other groups. It was a colorful note to highlight the evening. Maria, I am sure, will go far, due to her energy and enthusiasm, and her bright, spontaneous nature.

To me Bette Davis is a phenomenon when it comes to people who concentrate in attaining perfection in their work. She appears to grow in artistic stature from picture to picture. She proved herself a superb actress in "Mr. Skeffington."

When I met her she impressed me as a very sincere young woman who is determined to fight to maintain her position as the top actress in Hollywood. I like that sort of devotion to a career. Bette has the simplicity of manner and dress of the person who shuns glamour for genuine achievement.

I also admire Ingrid Bergman who is such a strong Nordic type and has such great capabilities as an artist.

Greta Garbo, also emphatically Nordic, I have known for a number of years, and she, too, has admirable gifts which I am sure will always entitle her to respect for what she has signified through the years in pictures. She is very serious and moody, perhaps even a bit too introspective, but emotionally has rare depth.

Judy Garland has visited our house several times and we enjoy her for her gracious qualities. She is very quiet and unassuming, which contrasts so favorably with her surpassing talent. Once when at a party she sang "The Last Time I Saw Paris," she had most of us weeping. While she had never been in Paris, it was amazing how she evoked a nostalgic mood.

The individuality of the women in Hollywood always fascinates me. They are smart and up-to-date, well-groomed and socially conscious in a modern, sophisticated manner. They do not adhere to tradition in dress; they are making new traditions.

The informality of Katharine Hepburn, for example, even has its justification. After all, she was educated in a fashion to know what represents the best in taste. If, therefore, she chooses to break the rules she knows that is her privilege. She has found that her freedom in attire—slacks, sweaters, overcoats—allows her the latitude for living and accomplishment which she desires.

It is her mental gifts which assume preëminence. She is one of the most vigorous and unusual young women you will ever encounter. Gifted, clever and original in her work, she is a thinker, a *doer*, who

Lovely Grace Moore

Star of the Metropolitan Opera Company *says:*



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Grace Moore

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never wavers or delays, but fills the day with activity.

I think Norma Shearer has made much of life. She has had remarkable success. Her first marriage to Irving Thalberg was one of intelligence and happiness—a rare combination. Norma had a rich life domestically with her husband and two children, and she had her husband's expert guidance in her career.

She has found new happiness in her second marriage to Marty Arrouge, following her widowhood. Under the stress of wartime she is giving herself completely to this new union. Mr. Arrouge is in the Naval Air Service and Norma has put her career into the background. I think she is wise under present circumstances because the hazards to personal happiness brought about by the war are very great indeed. Norma Shearer is therefore leading a well-balanced life, showing exceptional adaptability.

RECENTLY I enjoyed renewing my acquaintanceship with Loretta Young, who is again resuming her career after an interval for motherhood. She has charm and a progressive mind. She was dressed in exquisite taste on the recent occasion of a big dinner party. Her gown was an off-white heavy moire, with a tightly-fitted long-sleeved basque type of jacket.

Her jewelry was antique, her coiffure was dressed high at the sides from a middle part in her hair, and low at the back of the neck. The impression she gave was veritably that of a gentle picture right out of the moyen age.

A most delightful young girl is Shirley Temple. I always loved her as an adorable and precocious child star, and her transition into lovely young ladyhood seems to have been accomplished with grace. She is so pretty—her eyes and her pinkish cheeks shine with the glow of health—and her conversation is lively and effervescent, with just the proper restraint.

I think I shall always remember her wearing a bouffant dress of white net over white taffeta, adorned with silver butterflies on the shoulders of the square-cut bodice and on the full skirt. The tiny ornaments shimmered against her golden-brown hair as if they had just lighted there. All in all, Shirley was not unlike the dream come true of the wishful thinking of all girls of sweet sixteen.

Among the newer young men of the screen, I have found Turhan Bey an arresting type. Naturally, because of his Turkish birth, environment and education, he has acquired a Continental air and manner which are very intriguing.

He escorted Lana Turner to a party where we met for the first time. Lana's very fair coloring offered an interesting accent to the swarthy tonality, let us say, of Turhan. I think he's bound to be a big success on the screen, not alone because of his personality, but because the war is bringing about many changes in the world map. Turkey, India and China are no longer far away and as time goes on I feel pictures will use more and more backgrounds of all countries of the world.

Turhan Bey is a flexible type. He could fit well into almost any romantic story with a foreign locale. He seems to have come along, too, at about the right time—even as did Rudolph Valentino during the last war. He has a similar exotic appeal.

But, after all, who am I, a newcomer to this wonderful world of "make believe," to appraise qualifications? I can only be an onlooker grateful to have found such peace in a "cockeyed world."

So much beauty—so much glamour—it is difficult to remember them all as they pass in review down the corridors of my memory.

THE END

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Hands badly CHAPPED? Use ORIGINAL CAMPANA BALM for instant relief!



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25¢, 50¢ and $1.

Portrait in Cotten

(*Continued from page 59*) He is inordinately fond of candy.

He likes his dry Martinis very dry.

He never rides a hunch, deliberates all problems carefully and recently signed a long-term contract with David O. Selznick of "Gone With The Wind" fame. He once attended a dramatic academy at Washington, D. C., where he managed his tuition by playing professional football.

He likes avocadoes and his father is superintendent of mails at Petersburg, Va.

He plans to visit China when the war ends.

He disclaims any ability to cook, never forgets articles and wishes there were more public rest rooms and public telephones in our cities. He likes all kinds of dogs.

He does not believe in astrology or fortunetelling. He likes the pungent odors of a delicatessen and the only traffic ticket he ever got was for speeding—a charge he violently claims "was framed!"

He does not take advice easily.

He likes his showers very hot, then suddenly cold. His only taste in jewelry is in cuff-links, of which he has a huge and curious collection.

He loves champagne and full-bodied red wines, is entirely free of "moods" and entertains a secret desire to be a tap dancer.

He sang in a choir until he was twelve, when his voice changed. He is adept with tools and loves to make things. He has never won a prize and doesn't like night clubs.

He dreads being introduced at dinners, fearful of always saying the wrong thing. He usually smokes cigarettes, occasionally a cigar or a pipe. He seldom wears a hat.

HE HAS never been able to stand up on ice skates. He first became associated with Orson Welles in the WPA Federal Theatre. He is easy-tempered, drinks much water and plays no musical instruments. He has never worn glasses.

He revolts at sparkling burgundy.

He loves trotting races, scrambled eggs in hash-house style and gets stage fright every night of a performance. He never reads poetry and in 1939 played the leading male role with Katharine Hepburn in the Theatre Guild's "The Philadelphia Story."

He thinks snobbery is an inherent quality in human nature. He likes eating in quiet places without music and dancing.

He never wears an undershirt.

He seldom catches cold, never gets a headache and misses most in Hollywood the Queensborough Bridge—"It seems like Long Island out here but you never get to the city."

He admits that a child could beat him at checkers or chess and if he had life to live over again there is nothing he would have done differently. He likes heavy, exotic perfume on women.

He does not believe in matrimonial vacations. He doesn't like picnicking and loathes living in apartments or hotels.

Joseph Cotten likes shopping so much that he buys nearly all of his wife's things, including lingerie. He belongs to no clubs.

He is an avid reader of PM and likes earrings on his wife. He is a colorful conversationalist and dances an excellent waltz and fox trot.

He likes Panamas and straw hats.

His favorite singer is one Burl Ives, a ballet and folk singer known as the *Wayfaring Stranger*. His last streetcar ride was in a cable car in San Francisco.

He likes his wife to wear geraniums in her hair. He doesn't like Chinese restaurants. He sees very few motion pictures and can tell you almost where anything is in the Metropolitan Museum.

He has no delusions about having any

Sally went skating...and my she was active....



—But HOLD-BOB pins kept her hair neat and attractive!

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P M M

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NOXZEMA

talents other than his chosen one, acting.

He possesses a ten-year-old worn-out black dressing gown which he hasn't the heart to throw away. He loves Western films, shaves with a safety razor and played in stock for more than a year.

His spelling is affected by his southern accent. He likes air travel and finishes everything he undertakes. He once sold paint in Miami, Florida.

He cannot rumba or tango.

Joseph Cotten, when a boy, was very popular with the girls.

He doesn't like playing cards.

He is very fond of playing catch, likes swing and thinks it is not possible for any individual to set a pattern for his life and follow it through.

His favorite fairy tale is "The Little Prince" by St. Exupery.

He has read Mary Baker Eddy and hopes that someday, someone will write "Porgy And Bess" into a ballet. He has a weakness for chocolate malted milks, worries about his everyday job and has never been to Palm Springs or any desert resort.

He sleeps soundly and likes his coffee black. He once worked as a life guard, boasts that he can do a nifty jackknife dive and always regrets a heavy luncheon.

He hates amateur discussions.

He likes his beer only on draught. He seldom dreams, but when he does, he has terrifying nightmares. His favorite breakfast is of southern-style grits and with salt and butter, "when you can get it."

He is superstitious about hats on beds and whistling in the dressing room.

HE AND director Alfred Hitchcock call each other every Sunday to discuss the adventures of *Smokey Stover,* the comic cartoon hero. He likes caviar.

He likes wearing sandals. His father, brother and himself all have permanent football injuries. His favorite modern painter is Renoir.

He likes old houses in the South, Gothic churches, club sandwiches and has no plans for the future, living from day to day.

He likes reading essays, and dislikes personal appearances.

He is so farsighted that when he is on the air he places his script on a music stand and stands five or six feet from it. He and his wife frequently ride bicycles to shop in Westwood, a ten-mile round trip.

He never gets seasick, likes blues and grays in shirts and thinks money extremely important to happiness.

He cannot carry a tune or read a score, but he can tell immediately when a conductor makes a mistake. He doesn't go in for gambling much, but when he does, he's never lucky.

He hasn't had a manicure since 1927 because he's constantly biting his nails down. He always wears gloves during rehearsals to keep from biting his nails.

He plays an excellent game of badminton and tennis. His favorite American author is Ring Lardner, he doesn't like the opera and hates snow and cold weather. He uses a typewriter like a newspaperman.

He hated the subjects of languages at school because his southern accent "always got in the way." He once invented a method of pasting labels on gallon cans of paint, which to this day still remains in use, "but no royalties."

He is blond and when playing baseball at school he could never hit a single, but frequently hit a home run.

Joe likes the memory of drinking beer at a place in Milwaukee "that looks like a set for 'The Student Prince.'"

He never has a political argument with his wife and every Christmas Eve the sheer excitement of the occasion makes him so ill that he invariably leaves his guests and goes to bed.

THE END

The Truth about the Stars' Night Life

(*Continued from page* 57) lights. She hates waltzes and loves Latin rhythms. . . .

Simone Simon's French is not so good when ordering in that language, waiters claim. . . .

Danny Kaye, a big eater, dislikes steak but is mad for chicken. Lucky guy in these days. . . .

Sonja Henie eats pheasant with her fingers; but she is no connoisseur of food. . . .

Susanna Foster goes for watermelon, thick steaks and Italian spaghetti. . . .

Rita Hayworth nibbles at her food and prefers to be up and dancing, especially the rumba and tango. . . .

Carole Landis, according to waiters, is a terrific eater. . . .

Sometimes night clubs are milestones in the success stories of the stars. When the lovely Coq Rouge in New York was decorated about twelve years ago, Cary Grant worked for a dollar a day filling in the paint in the frogs in the murals.

Speaking of murals, El Boracchio has a Kiss Room. Visiting celebrities are asked to imprint a kiss on a card and sign it. The card then is pasted up.

ALL movie stars—whether they are the "lens hounds" who go to night clubs mainly to be seen, photographed and itemed in columns or whether they go for the food and dancing and fun—know the importance of posing prettily. Stars try to hide wrinkles by turning their heads at flattering angles, by wearing large hats or affecting veils. Some, like Mary Pickford, frankly ask the camera boys to retouch their pictures.

Baldish men also have a problem. They must be alert not to be caught without hat or toupee. Bing Crosby takes great care not to be snapped with a shiny top. Brian Aherne and Charles Boyer don't much care. Xavier Cugat never used to worry how he was photographed. But now that he is in pictures, his manager is trying to retrieve the old pictures which show him minus hair.

K. T. Stevens loves to be photographed and will pose all over the place. So will Maria Montez, Gloria De Haven, Lupe Velez and Helmut Dantine.

June Farrell, a newcomer, has endeared herself to night club staffs and habitues because she is so generous spirited. When service men mistake her for Dolores Moran and ask for an autograph she signs "Dolores Moran" rather than disillusion the boys—even though this doesn't advance her one little bit.

Arlene Judge has a favorite gag which is most welcome to the recipients. She likes to send out food. Her friends frequently answer their doorbell to find a messenger from the night club where Arlene is dining—be it Mocambo, Ciro's or the Troc—bearing a bowl of iced caviar, a boned squab, frogs' legs, or a chafing dish of lobster in absinthe sauce.

Down at the Village Barn in New York they like to tell how Jane Withers celebrated her eighteenth birthday there, participated in all the robust country games and was the only girl strong enough to carry her boy escort on her back in the pickaback game.

Faye Emerson flabbergasted everyone in the crowded Mocambo by suddenly getting up from her chair at a ringside table, balancing a glass of champagne on her pretty head and walking across the floor and back while the customers made excited bets whether or not she'd spill it. P. S. She didn't. She just wanted to prove she could do it.



Are you as nice close up . . . as you are at a distance?

Be lovely to love!

You'll never have to wonder about staying sweet and dainty if you use FRESH! For FRESH *contains the most effective perspiration stopping ingredient known to science!*

FRESH is effective! Stops perspiration worries *completely*. Prevents odor *harmlessly*.

FRESH is gentle! Won't irritate normal skin.

FRESH is sure! Keeps perspiration stains and odor out of clothes.

FRESH is pleasant! Stays smooth, never turns gritty. Doesn't dry out in the jar.



Stops perspiration worries completely

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NO DULL
DRAB HAIR

When You Use This Amazing

4 Purpose Rinse

In one, simple, quick operation, LOVALON will do all of these 4 important things to give YOUR hair glamour and beauty:

1. Gives lustrous highlights.
2. Rinses away shampoo film.
3. Tints the hair as it rinses.
4. Helps keep hair neatly in place.

LOVALON does not permanently dye or bleach. It is a pure, odorless hair rinse, in 12 different shades. Try LOVALON.

At stores which sell toilet goods

25¢ for 5 rinses
10¢ for 2 rinses

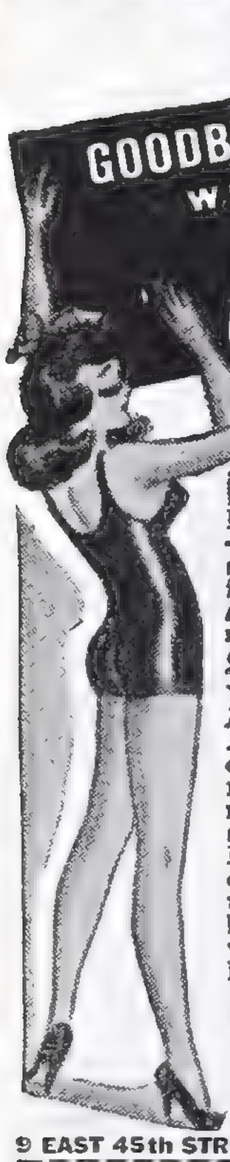


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Also Club Pins and Emblems. Artistic designs. Finest quality. Reasonable prices from $5e up. Write for illustrated catalog.
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GOODBYE TO UNWANTED HAIR WITH FAMOUS Adieu HAIR REMOVER



Look your loveliest—always! Don't let superfluous hair spoil your good times, ruin romance and cause others to whisper behind your back. Amazing ADIEU Hair Remover, made entirely of safe, non-chemical natural ingredients, takes out unsightly, unwanted hair in a jiffy—without messy heat—and leaves your skin clean, velvety, baby-smooth—so you can wear the filmiest gowns, the scantiest bathing suits, the sheerest stockings—or no stockings at all! **You apply ADIEU cold** right from the jar. In a few moments the unsightly hair is **out**, not merely off.

So Safe, a Baby Can Eat It!

Yes, the hair comes out—not merely off! *New* hair must grow before it reappears. ADIEU is not a bleach, sand-paper, razor or clipper—no "shaved-off" look, no stubby regrowth; results more lasting. Pure, safe, natural ingredients—no smelly, dangerous sulphides or chemicals. Positively NON-IRRITATING! Will not spoil. Used by exclusive Hollywood beauty salons catering to movie stars. You'll be delighted with how ADIEU takes OUT (not off) the unwanted, superfluous hair from face, arms, legs, lips, back of neck, eyebrows, etc.

SEND NO MONEY Rush coupon for generously ample supply. Pay postman only $2.00 plus postage and Federal Cosmetics War Tax on delivery. Try ADIEU 30 days. If not delighted return unused portion and we refund money you paid us immediately. Mail coupon.

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Frank Sinatra, in New York, spends much time at the famous Toots Shor's. Shor, a devoted friend of Frankie's and a famous kidder, bawled Frank out the other day. "I don't care if you never come back to my restaurant," he yelled after him. "You're so skinny you're no advertisement for the place!"

It was the staff of a Hollywood night club that saw Lana Turner and Steve Crane fall in love the same night they met. "The band's playing my favorite song, 'Tangerine,'" Steve told Lana. "Will you dance?" At three o'clock in the morning—they'd danced the whole night through—Steve proposed while they were dancing to "I Realize Now."

It wasn't too long after Lana and Steve's second elopement that the staff of Bob Dalton's, an attractive steak house, knew all was over. They saw Steve wait hours for Lana to return after she walked out following a quarrel. And she never did come back.

Now, of course, it's Turhan Bey and Lana who dine *a deux*, usually not at the fancy places, however. Since they are a sensational looking pair, easily recognized, they prefer the quiet places where they have a better chance of being left to themselves.

Whenever Lana visits Copacabana, Manager Jack Entratter pretends he won't let her in unless she's wearing a sweater; even keeps one on hand for her.

ANN SHERIDAN'S romance with publicist Steve Hannagan, has flourished largely at the Stork Club. . . .

Bob Hope met his wife Dolores when she sang in a night club. . . .

Judy Garland and Dave Rose spent many hand-holding nights before and after marriage, in late spots. Their favorite tune was "Embraceable You," which Judy still sings at every opportunity. . . .

Gene Tierney and Oleg Cassini did most of their courting at Mocambo where, night after night, they danced cheek-to-cheek. They're still doing it. And no wonder. Oleg dances marvelously. . . .

Press agents sometimes use night clubs as a stage upon which to present "romances." If a press agent wants to build up a starlet he dresses her up smartly, gets her an escort more important than she is, if possible, and sends the two to a night club that has a press agent, a photographer and is a hangout for newspapermen. Press agents also pay kids fifty cents or even a dollar at such times to wait outside and ask the starlet for her autograph. Juveniles, of course, are built up in the same way in reverse.

Stars who are publicity conscious also "date" at night clubs. George Jessel, who arrived at Mocambo one night with a pretty little starlet, tipped the captain five dollars and asked that photographers be sent to their table. "This little girl is going to be a big star in a few months," Georgie confided to everyone. Then Lois Andrews, George's ex-wife for whom he was torching, came in and was shown a table nearby. George promptly asked for his check and vanished. The young starlet who he had insisted was destined for great things has not been heard of since.

Errol Flynn, because of his devotion to fisticuffs, is the subject of some of the best yarns the late spots yield. Favorite among these tells of the night Errol was dining at El Morocco. And very quiet and circumspect he was too until another guest began badgering him. Finally, having had enough and more, Errol challenged, "Come on outside!" They went to the street where Errol, swinging his famous right jab, missed his accuser and caught a deb emerging from El Morocco straight in the eye. She passed out cold.

Errol rushed her into the club kitchen, applied about twenty red points worth of choice sirloin to her eye and hurried off to find a doctor.

When he returned the deb was conscious and the sirloin was gone. He asked what had happened to it. "I ate it," she told him. "I've been mad for raw meat ever since I was a child."

No newspaper published this story because no reporter believed it. It happens, however, to be true. The deb is still a steady patron of El Morocco and an ardent Flynn fan. Would you be, under those circumstances?

No doubt about it . . . Maitre d'hotels, captains, waiters, among others, know the truth about the stars. They see the stars shine at night in night clubs. And sometimes their star-dust comes off!

THE END



Party line-up: Warner Brothers celebrate the return of repeat hit director Mervyn LeRoy—Dr. Griffin and his Irene Dunne, Jack Warner and the guest of honor

Shirley Temple says:

"FOR YOUR Real-Life Romance

A LANE CEDAR HOPE CHEST IS THE Sweetest Valentine of All!"



SHIRLEY TEMPLE
Co-starred with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten in Selznick-International's
"I'LL BE SEEING YOU"

No romance so thrilling as your own real-life romance. No gift for the girl of your heart's choice so eloquent to express your devotion as the perfect love gift itself . . . a Lane Cedar Hope Chest. Sanctuary for her treasured possessions, it is the ever-present symbol of *your* dreams and *hers* . . . the gift that starts the home. Claim your Valentine now with a Lane, the glorious gift with many practical advantages for the girl you love.

LANE is the only chest with all these MOTH PROTECTION features

Built of ¾-inch Aromatic *Red* Cedar in accordance with U. S. Government recommendations, LANE Cedar Hope Chests combine an age-old romantic tradition with nature's own moth destroyer . . . the aroma of *Red* Cedar.

No other wood has that aroma. No other wood possesses the power of *Red* Cedar to destroy moths. LANE Hope Chests are the only pressure-tested, aroma-tight *Red* Cedar chests in the world. That's why Lane moth protection is *sure*. That's why it is guaranteed by a free insurance policy, written by one of the world's largest insurance companies.

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No. 2101. Front panel of 4-piece matched American Stump Walnut with diagonally matched inlays of New Guinea woods at either side. Balance of chest American Walnut. Has Lane Patented Automatic Tray. Rubbed, polished finish.

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Lane Cedar Hope Chests can be had in many styles and woods.

A Million Maidens Yearn for This Romantic Love Gift

Conserve! Save Woolens in a Lane
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No. 1964. 18th Century drawer design in Honduras Mahogany. Simulated front with one drawer in base. Hand-rubbed satin finish.

To Men and Women in the Armed Services—If you don't know the Lane dealer's name in the town where you want a chest sent, write to us. It will be delivered in accordance with your wishes.

THE GIFT THAT STARTS THE HOME



LANE Cedar HOPE CHEST

Give *your* hair this 'Glamour-Bath' like Gorgeous Powers Models



Miss Babs Merrick — one of John Robert Powers' beauties who keeps her hair naturally bright and lustrous with Kreml Shampoo

Reveal Natural Sparkling Beauty That Lies Concealed In *Your* and *Every* Girl's Hair!

Those enchantingly lovely Powers Models—the epitome of beauty and charm—must take exceptional fine care in washing their hair.

And these stunning girls are advised to use *only* Kreml Shampoo!

Beautifying Kreml Shampoo washes hair and scalp *spanking-clean.* It thoroughly washes out dirt and loose dandruff and leaves the hair silken-soft—so much easier to set—sparkling with natural brilliant highlights and glossy lustre that lasts for days.

So take a tip from some of the world's most beautiful girls and give *your* hair a "glamour-bath" with Kreml Shampoo. It takes only 10 minutes—right at home. Excellent for *every* color and *every* type of hair whether oily or dry. All drug and department stores.



No Better Shampoo For Children's Hair

If your child's hair is dull, stringy, lifeless-looking—either oily or dry—"glamour-bathe" it with Kreml Shampoo. Kreml Shampoo positively contains no harsh chemicals or caustics. Instead it has a beneficial oil base which helps keep hair from becoming dry or brittle. Children like its soft, billowy suds. And *you'll* take pride in the way your child's hair looks.

Kreml SHAMPOO

FOR SILKEN-SHEEN HAIR—EASIER TO ARRANGE

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF THE FAMOUS KREML HAIR TONIC

REPLACEMENT OR REFUND OF MONEY ★ Guaranteed by Good Housekeeping IF DEFECTIVE OR NOT AS ADVERTISED THEREIN

P M M

Hey There, Haymes!

(*Continued from page* 37) give Skipper his bottle. She didn't complain. She didn't bother me about the bills, which seemed to make up the bulk of our mail. She must have worried, but she didn't say so. But I think she was a little scared to tell me about the second baby."

Dick still laughs thinking of that scene.

"'Joannie,' I told her, after she broke the news, 'you and Skipper are going home to your mother.'

"She almost burst into tears. She had expected the news to be a new worry—but she didn't think I'd throw her out.

"I had to explain fast.

"'Look, honey,' I told her, 'I think it is wonderful about the baby. You know how much I've wanted a family. But you and Skipper and the new baby deserve a better break than this. I'll tell Tommy tomorrow that I'm quitting, and then I'm going to make good on my own. If I don't,' I added, and I meant it, 'I'll drive a truck.'"

FOR a while it looked as though Dick were going to have to take out that truck driver's license.

He lived alone in an ugly little room in a Hollywood hotel, missing Joanne and Skipper terribly. His cold and "band-nerves" refused to be shaken. He spent every other day in bed, really ill. On alternate days, he knocked on casting office doors—but nobody wanted any leading men, particularly, it seemed, if they could sing, as well.

Then came a long distance telephone call from Bill Burton. Burton is a manager among managers, who takes only a few young hopefuls as clients and then looks after them like a mother hen. Dick had met him through Helen O'Connell, one of Burton's "little family," and Joanne's best friend. He had wanted Burton to manage him, but Burton was sorry. Too busy.

Now, he said, he had time to give Dick the kind of service he deserved.

"Get on a plane and come back to New York and we'll go to work," he said.

"I can't," Dick replied, "because I'm broke. And besides I don't want to come to New York. I want to get into pictures."

"Don't you know," yelled Burton over the wire, "that the only way you can get into pictures is to leave Hollywood? I'm wiring you $175—get on that plane!"

So Dick packed his two suits—his blue suit and his bathing suit—and went to New York. Joanne and Skipper and Bill Burton met him at the airport.

"Burton's face fell," Dick recalls. "I could see that he was looking at the knitted tie I had tied around my pants as a belt."

"Gee, kid," he said, "I didn't know you were *that* hard up."

Dick roared. He happens to like knitted ties for belts.

"I told you I was broke," he said.

"We'll fix that," Bill Burton said, and they did. Within a week Dick was booked into theaters in Newark and Hartford and he enjoyed the sound of the clink of money in his pockets once more. It didn't last long for he bought Joanne a fur coat and Skipper a tricycle.

Then Burton booked him into New York's swanky La Martinique. And Dick immediately bought Joanne a car and Skipper an electric train.

"Stop buying presents," Burton pleaded, "until you get some money in the bank."

Dick explained that Joanne and Skipper hadn't had any presents in a long time.

"All right," moaned Burton, "then we'll just have to get you some more money."

He decided to try Dick's luck at recording. The union ban was on at the time and no orchestra was available, so

Dick recorded with a choral background. His first record, "You'll Never Know," sold 1,600,000 copies. The first four sides he recorded brought Dick, in royalties, $18,000—a hike over the $20 a side he collected during his band-vocalist days.

Radio was the next step. Dick signed to star on a new series, "Here's To Romance." After that the Fox contract was easy. Burton was right. Fox "discovered" Dick in New York, and rushed him to Hollywood to play in "Four Jills And A Jeep."

And Dick bought Joanne a house with a swimming pool and Skipper and Helen Joanna—who arrived last May—a truck load of toys.

The suddenness of the switch from bankruptcy to the fat of the land didn't phase easy-going Dick Haymes at all. You see, his whole life has been like that.

HE was born in Argentina, into a wealthy household. Spanish was the first language he learned—from his father, an Argentinan of Irish descent. His American mother, Marguerite Wilson, then a musical comedy star, taught him English, and a governess taught him French. Dick and his brother Bob spoke three languages fluently before they started to school.

They went to school in Lausanne, Switzerland, later in Normandie, finally in Paris—for their parents had separated, and the boys traveled about with their globe-trotting mother. From his mother, Dick learned how easily money is made—and spent. And how very little, if you're eating, it matters.

He remembers once when he was twelve sailing from New York to Paris with his mother aboard the finest liner afloat. During their stay in France, the dollar dropped on international exchange. They came back on a tanker.

In October, 1929, his mother was worth a million dollars—in contracts with New York stores for gowns designed in her Paris salon.

In November, 1929, the Haymes family was penniless.

It was always like that. Dick always wanted to be an actor. But when no one wanted to buy his services, he found it easy to adapt himself to circumstances. Before he was twenty he had sold the Atlantic Monthly a series of short stories—based on the mysterious life in the sewers of the Paris beggars. That was the end of his career as a writer—he had decided to be a song writer. But if he knew where to lay his hands on those stories, he'd peddle them again. They are particularly timely in the light of recent reports that the French Underground carried on during German occupation by taking to the labyrinthian sewer system under the streets of Paris.

Dick lived for a year on advances for songs he wrote—not one of which ever became a hit. Some of those advances were among the debts he paid off when he canceled that worrisome $9,000 recently.

Dick was rather fond of some of those debts. One was to Harry James, who loaned him the money for his honeymoon.

"Harry was my best man," Dick explains. "And a nice guy. He didn't raise an eyebrow when I told him I had spent all my money for a formal afternoon suit for the wedding and didn't have a cent in my pocket."

The doctor who officiated at Skipper's birth also was surprised with payment in full. So was the hospital where the great event took place.

Dick's greatest kick these days is that now he's the one who can loan money to his down-and-out friends.

"They'll be rich tomorrow," he says.

He thinks it's that easy.

THE END



Titled English Beauty

in Dreamflower "Natural"

The growing vogue for rose-tinted powders finds a lovely sponsor in Lady Stanley of Alderley.

She chooses the soft, soft rose of Dreamflower "Natural" to give her fragile blonde complexion the clear, fresh translucent look so perfect for her coloring. "It's the softest, most flattering 'natural' I've found—exquisite shell-pink, with just a touch of cream," she says. "And Dreamflower *texture* is so fine and clinging!"

If your skin is blonde, try Lady Stanley's delicate, rose-tinted favorite—Pond's Dreamflower "Natural." You'll love the soft appeal it gives to your complexion!

New Pond's "LIPS" shade!

Now—*six* breath-taking shades. Try bright new *BEAU BAIT*—rich, round crimson-red!

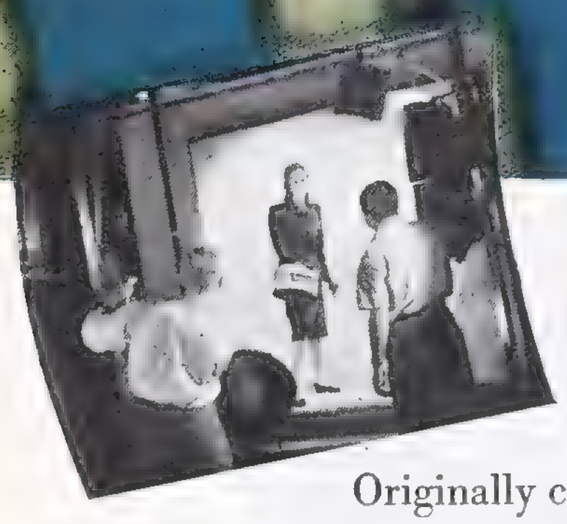
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Pond's Dreamflower Powder

NATURAL—soft shell-pink
RACHEL—creamy ivory
ROSE CREAM—delicate peach
BRUNETTE—rosy beige
DARK RACHEL—rich, golden
DUSK ROSE—warm, glowing

49¢, 25¢, 10¢ (plus tax)



The Models' Make-Up..... For You

Originally created for New York's super-critical fashion models, Models' Special Make-up now brings your complexion the picture quality you've envied in the fashion pages . . . the quality that dramatizes the model's simplest clothes. Betty Ribble, famous for her modeling of sleek, sophisticated fashions, wears Models' Special Make-up in the picture above. She says, "Not even brilliant costume colors fade a Models' Special complexion." In five perfect skin-tone shades . . . Creme, Natural, Natural Rose, Rose Tan, Tan — $1.50 plus tax. Bree Cosmetics, New York, Los Angeles, 165 West Wacker Drive, Chicago 1.





Carole Landis — enchanting star

of RKO's "Having Wonderful Crime"— chooses for its Edwardian elegance this afternoon-to-after-midnight cut-away suit. A black sheath of a dress, done in rayon crepe . . . topped with a short, jet-collared jacket in champagne rayon bengaline. A Rose Barrack design at B. Altman, New York; Bullock's Wilshire, Los Angeles

PHOTOPLAY'S "FIRST-RUN" FASHIONS



Magnetic as a heady perfume . . .

for important after-dark hours, Miss Landis wears this worldly, guileful print, created by Rose Barrack. Startling in its black-on-white effect, its slim, sleek lines are deceptively simple. At Bergdorf Goodman, New York; Neiman Marcus, Dallas

CREATED IN RIO A FINE RAYON CREPE BY RIORDAN



A crisp bow . . . tucks by the row, sounds simple doesn't it? But look at the suit and skirt magic it works . . . lending an oh-so-ever feminine Beau Brummel touch to everything it teams with. Inimitably tailored by Betty Barnes with underscoring on extra fine workmanship. White, blue, pink, maize, and lime. Sizes 32-38. About $5. Betty Barnes Blouses, 1375 Broadway, New York City.

CHATELAINE

FLIRTATION'S THE FASHION....



IF CHIVALRY'S YOUR GOAL, be a lady fair in this Turrets and Tournaments print, created by Merley. (The whole design was lifted straight from an old English wood cut and should bowl your beau over). In rayon jersey. Chamois, aqua, pink, limelight or white with black. 9-15. About $15 at Joseph Magnin, San Francisco; F. & R. Lazarus, Columbus, Ohio

Let yourself go gorgeously feminine. Now is the time to deck yourself in old-world prints, to flaunt a graceful fan. Romance is back and woman's place is to look her prettiest possible, please. Photoplay presents a group of heart-winning, head-turning fashions . . . priced thoughtfully for your budget . . . but guaranteed to make you look adorable. (And better yet everything shown will be as smart and sweet in June as it is now in January)







BE CHARMING . . . DISARMING

(Top) Sweet enough to eat, this confection by Sandra Sage. It's a two-piecer with a black rayon alpaca skirt, and for contrast, an irrepressibly crisp spun-sugar-y jacket of eyelet embroidered cotton in white, pink or blue. 9-15. About $15 at James McCreery, New York

(Middle) Be protectable, irresistible in this heart's-ease print. Doris Dodson put lure a-plenty in the peek-a-boo neck, capped the climax with tiny cap sleeves. In pastel pink, blue, gray or gold printed rayon alpaca. 9-15. About $13 at Emery, Bird, Thayer, Kansas City

(Bottom) Maybe you take to feminine tailoring. Your dish, this J.L.F. Original two-tone triumph with its slightly dirndled skirt. In rayon crepe. Powder blue, chartreuse or pink with navy or black. Brown with aqua. 9-15. About $23 at Saks Fifth Avenue, New York

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Cobert

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CAREFREE
CLOTHES BY
COBERT

Whenever you buy play or sun 'n' swim suits, shorts and halters, look for the Cobert label. It assures you of young, carefree styling and careful workmanship. This glistening white rayon pigskin playsuit with separate skirt and Mexicana-merry fringed embroidery, about $6.95.

COBERT SPORTSWEAR, 43 WEST 36TH ST., NEW YORK



THE OLD-FASHIONED LOOK

is the new fashion look. And nothing's more downright disarming than this Evelyn Alden print with its riot of roses and great big beautiful velvet bow. In Joyce's rayon jersey. 9-15. About $15 at William Hengerer, Buffalo; Powers Dry Goods, Minneapolis



for precision tailoring

For you perfectionists who adore fine tailoring and clean lines. In CROSSTOWN— a Rosewood rayon gabardine with the Unidure permanent crease-resistant finish. Dramatized in Banana, Charm Pink, Maize, Bahama Blue, White. *Sizes 12-20.* *About* $15

If you can't find this dress in your favorite shop, write to:

eve arlington, 134 WEST 37 STREET, NEW YORK 18, N.Y.

Peggy Paige

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

ONE OF THE MOST FAMOUS NAMES IN FASHION



GOOD NEWS FOR JUNIORS! Two Peggy Paige fashions that are harbingers of Spring . . . *Left:* No. 8033 Button-down front dress with flattering ruffled neckline . . . styled in HESS GOLDSMITH rayon print crepe . . . stripes of navy, fuchsia, gray, green on white. *Right:* No. 8034 Two-piece dress with tucked bodice, pleated peplum and ornamental shoulder flower . . . styled in HESS GOLDSMITH printed rayon crepe . . . white floral print on coral, lime gold, aqua, gray. Both styles in sizes 9 to 15 . . . both at the surprisingly little price of $6. At these and other leading stores throughout the country.

Akron, Ohio.....M. O'Neil Co.
Birmingham, Ala.
Loveman Joseph & Loeb
Boston, Mass.....Jordan Marsh
Buffalo, N. Y.....J. N. Adam & Co.
Camden, N. J.....W. L. Hurley Co.
Canton, Ohio.....Stark D. G. Co.
Chicago, Ill.....The Fair
Cincinnati, Ohio....Mabley & Carew
Cleveland, Ohio.....Higbee Co.
Dallas, Tex.....W. A. Green Co.
Davenport, Iowa
Peterson Harned & Von Maur
Denver, Colo.....May Co.
Detroit, Mich.....Crowley Milner
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Emery Bird Thayer D. G. Co.
Little Rock, Ark...Pfeifer Bros., Inc.
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Newark, N. J....Kresge Dept. Stores
New Orleans, La.....Maison Blanche
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Write us for the name of the store in your city. PEGGY PAIGE, 224 West 35th St., New York 1



BE A BUTTERFLY

and dress the part in this script-line print by McKettrick. Picture-pretty with its peplum look, it's practical because it's suds-able. In Crown Shan rayon, a Soap 'n' Water fabric in ice-cream pastels. 12-20. $9.00 at Bloomingdale's, New York; Filene's, Boston

SEE PAGE 108

for a representative list of stores where you can buy these Photoplay First-Run fashions.

Powers Model SLIPS



Endorsed by John Robert Powers

in fine rayons about $1.79 at better stores

Write for free booklet — "A Word About Modeling" by John Robert Powers

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Spanking crisp, clean-tailored, this sharkskin dickey hits a high V or a way-down-low V with a finger-flick. Good company with suits, dresses or sweaters, it can't be matched for quick-change-ability. Only 39¢



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The Bewildering Bogarts

(*Continued from page* 29) ordinary run of movie queens.

Even though Bogie has a yen for the Bacall girl, he didn't wear his heart on his sleeve and take her out publicly. For when "To Have And Have Not" was finally in the can, Bogie had another of his famous fights with Jack Warner and he and Mayo retired to his thirty-foot boat, "Sluggy," there to remain incommunicado. He refused to make "God Is My Co-Pilot," saying he was tired and needed a rest. Weeks went by and neither Jack Warner nor his star relented an inch. The wire from Bogie to Jack saying that he was ready to return to work remained unanswered and it wasn't until Howard Hawks came through with the murder mystery, "The Big Sleep," which the unpredictable Bogart liked, that he pocketed his pride and returned to his studio.

However, no sooner had Bogie and Mayo come off the boat and returned to their life on land than the fireworks cut loose. Just what brought about the sudden plan of the Bogarts to separate a second time is known to only a few people. I am one of them. I don't intend to reveal the secret Bogie told me, but I think I can say without breaking his confidence that he admitted it was hard to break up his marriage of six years, but that Mayo hadn't been herself for the past year; that she was emotionally unstable and upset and jealous of every move he made.

"I wouldn't do a thing to hurt her," he told me. "She can have a generous financial settlement. All I want is my freedom."

Surprisingly enough, Mayo says she doesn't want money—she wants Bogie.

The first parting of the ways followed on the heels of Bogie's remark to one of the studio executives that he didn't think she'd throw any more glasses; that he believed their fighting days were over.

The day after he made that statement he took her to see "To Have And Have Not," and the next day they announced their separation. I wouldn't want to say it was seeing him in the arms of the attractive young model that brought about the separation. That wouldn't be fair to either of the Bogarts, but Mayo had not been happy over the new leading lady for a long time—and we girls do get jealous sometimes, with or without cause.

MANY are the fantastic stories told about the battling Bogarts. One of them is, whenever Bogie is in New York and celebrates, he goes straight to the apartment of his first wife, Helen Menken, like a homing pigeon, and Helen, who is happily married to a doctor, can't persuade him to leave. I have often wondered whether this is not a fable although it has been widely circulated and repeated. He only lived with Helen one month after their marriage and she must have moved in the fifteen years since they were man and wife. I am too liberal-minded to believe it, yet the story has a Bogart flavor.

His second marriage to Mary Philips lasted longer. They were together nine years. Bogie has a great regard for talent and all three of his wives, Menken, Philips and Methot are real troupers.

Mayo gave up her career when she married Bogie six years ago and made it her business to look after him. These two have had as much fun together as anybody in the world. Their tastes were simple. They cared nothing for society nor for big parties. I don't suppose, in all the years I have lived in Hollywood, I have seen them at more than two parties. George Frazier has quoted Mayo as saying, "In five years we're going to retire and become beachcombers. That is, if Pa can keep his hair and teeth that long."

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Nestle HAIRLAC

"Our husband belongs to us again!"



Julie: Can it be true? Jack has fallen in love with me again! He's *mine*—just like in the beginning!

Her Other Self: Of course it's true, darling—except you mean he's OURS. It's US he's in love with, this time! I'm your smarter self . . . remember? *I'm* the one who told you to go see Dr. B. when *you* wanted to go home to mother after that big quarrel.

Julie: Yes, that was wise—seeing the doctor.

H.O.S.: Wise! That's a prize understatement! Dr. B. turned out to be a one-man rescue party for your . . . *our* marriage when he explained about the "one neglect".

Julie: But I never even *dreamed* that a wife can lose her husband's love by being careless about feminine hygiene.

H.O.S.: Well, Dr. B. set you straight on *that*—and he told you what to do about it, too.

Julie: Yes. He told me to use Lysol disinfectant for my feminine hygiene care. "An effective germ-killer that cleanses thoroughly and deodorizes" —that's what he said.

H.O.S.: Correct! And it doesn't harm sensitive vaginal tissues, either. All you have to do is follow the simple directions for douching.

Julie: How right he was! I've found Lysol so easy to use—so quick and economical.

H.O.S.: And . . .

Julie: And it works wonderfully!

H.O.S.: AND . . .

Julie: All right, Mrs. Smartie—since you love hearing it. I'll say it: *Our husband belongs to us again!*

Check these facts with your Doctor

Douche *thoroughly* with *correct* Lysol solution. Its low "surface tension" means greater spreading power which reaches more deeply into folds and crevices to search out germs. **Non-caustic**—Lysol is gentle in proper dilution. **Powerful**—Lysol is an efficient *germicide*. **Economical**—small bottle makes almost 4 gallons of solution. **Cleanly odor**—disappears after use. *Deodorizes effectively*. **Lasting**—keeps full strength even when uncorked.



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★ BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

Copr., 1944, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Now, where does Bogart come from? The man who, out of thirty-four pictures was in prison in nine, put to death in eight and a gangster in practically all. His mother was Maud Humphrey Bogart, magazine illustrator, and his father was Belmont Bogart, a prosperous surgeon. Humphrey was born on Christmas Day, 1894, and the drawing his mother made of him as a baby was famous. Almost as famous as his own hard-boiled mug is today. Though he got his start in pictures in 1930 it was not until 1936 that Leslie Howard took him to Warners to play *Duke Mantee* in "The Petrified Forest." But it took "The Maltese Falcon" and "Casablanca" to bring him recognition as one of Hollywood's top actors.

Bogie's never done anything to promote his stock. He has never been particularly eager to have interviews. I happen to be a personal friend of his and I have always been fond of him, but Bogie doesn't care about courting favors with anyone.

One thing he has is a great sense of humor. When he returned from overseas, he told me with great glee the story of the private who was in the plane with them when they flew over Pompeii. "I was really awed at the spectacle and remarked, 'Look at those ruins.'"

"The private piped up and said, 'Hey, bo, you ain't seen nothing. Wait till you see what we've done to Bizerte.'"

He didn't boast about going to Italy and entertaining the boys, but he liked to talk about it and he told me he wanted to go again. For a little while he seemed more serious, but Bogie has never taken anything in his life seriously. Life to him has always been a good time. When he returned from Italy he stopped in New York, and just to make the people in the big town know he was there, he raised some cain at "21" and had quite a set-to.

One story told about him is that the manager of a certain night spot in Hollywood had been asked to keep him out. One night, when he was with a party, it was decided to go to that spot for scrambled eggs and coffee very early in the morning.



Celebrities at La Rue: Bogie and Mayo during the period of their reconciliation

ogie said, "I can't go. I know they won't me in."
Oh, there's nothing a five-dollar bill n't do," said one of the men with him. When they tried to bribe the doorman, refused to be bribed.
inally, after much persuasion and prom- of good behavior, the manager agreed take one more chance and admit the ant Mr. Bogart. The rest of the party lked ahead and before Bogie was seated, started in on the doorman who had used to let him in. And yet, for all his utation, I have found him to be one of most lovable people I know.
Ie is always easy to get on the telephone l even at the time he was on the boat, en I called to ask how things were ng, he was completely honest and would me, giving me a round-by-round ac- nt of his fight with Jack Warner.
This wasn't the first argument he and big boss had over his pictures in the rs he has been at Warners. He always faces his remarks when he is on sus- nsion with, "I like Jack Warner a lot, l he likes me, but I will be darned if let that so and so work me to death. k understands that and that's why I am ng to take my time about going back."
He has great admiration for Howard wks, and both he and Howard tele- oned me one day to tell me about a ok they had bought which they wanted make together. It never occurred to gie that Warners might object if he made independently. They finally hit a com- omise by doing it for Warners. But mpromises don't come readily to Bogie. has never been easy for him to under- nd why he can't express himself freely all times, work when he wishes and lay when he doesn't feel like working.
While there is a great deal of the play y, a sort of devil-may-care about Bogie, has a serious side, too. He is very in- ligent. I have talked with him about litics, literature and the theater. I knew m when he was in the play, "Cradle atchers," a young juvenile just starting t. I have always felt his cynicism is a se, for underneath the sneer that comes his face at the mention of people he esn't like is an extremely lovable, warm art. He will hate me for saying it, but have known him to go out and really rk hard for someone who needed it.
Yet no one can be more caustic than gie about certain people. He denied atedly that he and Eddie Robinson had er had words, but he related with great ee the fight that Robinson had with eorge Raft when they were making Manhunt," laughing uproariously at the ea of the two men holding up production.
Whether or not Mayo is the right wife r him, I don't know. But I do know, cording to her lights, she gave him a evotion that may have been selfish, may ave been possessive, but was sincere.
Maybe if Bogie hadn't had such dizzy ccess and made so much money so fast e might have settled down with less lligerency. But you cannot fight alone nd Mayo has been at fault in stirring im up when he needed to be calmed.
In his own words to me Bogie expressed is need to abandon the battle of six ears. Obviously he wants to settle down o something more dignified and quiet.
I would like to see both of them happy. Whether parting from Mayo will solve the roblem is a question. On the one hand, sympathize with Bogie's desire to change he fighting pattern of his life. On the ther, my heart goes out to Mayo. For I uppose there can be no more crushing words to a woman in love than to have her han say, "I want my freedom."
Let's hope it works out for the good f both.

THE END

Mrs. Pierpont Morgan Hamilton

Beautiful Mrs. Hamilton, one of New York's most dynamic society leaders, is admired for her fine work as executive vice-chairman of the famous Lewisohn Stadium Concerts . . . for her delightful entertaining at home . . . and for her perfect style sense and faultless grooming. "Three or four times a week I give myself a 1-Minute Mask of Pond's Vanishing Cream," she says. "It's the ideal quick beauty pick-up . . . so easy and so effective!"



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Slick on a *very* light film of Pond's Vanishing Cream—and *leave it on.* Smoothing . . . protective . . . non-greasy. Takes make-up beautifully!



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"I used to think baby powders were all alike, but look at these differences . . .

- **Most baby specialists** all over the country say that Mennen is the best baby powder* . . .
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*According to surveys

"Mom, buy me the best... Mennen!"





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Also . . . 4 times as many doctors prefer MENNEN ANTISEPTIC BABY OIL as any other baby oil or lotion.*

A Rather Remarkable Man

(*Continued from page* 43) riper, mellower vintage none will deny, for these young men with a future are all the more interesting because they have a past.

Take Knox, for instance. He was born in Ontario, Canada, thirty-odd years ago. His father (like Wilson's) was a Presbyterian minister, and his mother (also like Wilson's mother) came from a long line of Presbyterian ministers. Maybe the original John Knox was one of them. That Scottish reformer would make a dour ancestor for anyone, though distant and eminent enough to be proud of.

Alexander went to grammar school and high school in London, Ontario, eventually enrolling as a medical student at Western Ontario University.

But he soon found he preferred writing, elocution, acting, newspaper work, debating, politics and what not. He was ambitious, self-confident, sure of himself—and if you are not sure of yourself before you are twenty, what chance have you later on? He played Hamlet in a university production, then joined the Boston Repertory Theatre before his college career was finished. The year in which this happened was 1929—just about the hardest to be ambitious in, even for a youth. So presently he went to the other London. That milder, less hectic atmosphere proved congenial, so that within a short time Knox found himself playing the part of a young American in an Edgar Wallace play in a West End theater. He was also writing his first novel, as well as his first reviews of other people's novels.

FOR several years after that he crossed the Atlantic back and forth, "commuting," as he says, between England, New York and Canada. 1937 saw him putting in a season at London's celebrated Old Vic. Then he appeared in a Bernard Shaw play called "Geneva"—which, with prophetic appropriateness so far as Knox was concerned, dealt with the League of Nations. In between whiles he even wrote a play himself and acted in it; then he took a writing assignment with the Canadian Broadcasting Corporation.

If one thing had become almost inevitable by this time it was that Hollywood would go after him, even if he didn't choose to go after Hollywood. He didn't, particularly, but Hollywood did—characteristically and capriciously, so that presently, with a touch of the divinity that shapes people's ends, "Wilson" began to appear on his own and Hollywood's horizon.

A matter of general as well as technical interest is that he never took the usual kind of screen test for "Wilson." He made a voice-recording of the entire part, and it was the voice, one gathers, that clinched the matter. (This, I suppose, gives him something—if anything—in common with Frank Sinatra.)

Of course Knox and I talked a good deal about Wilson—not only the picture, but the man in the picture, and also the man in history. Knox is the sort of person who would naturally read all the books about Wilson he could get hold of, for sheer interest in the subject—in contradistinction, let us say, to Madame Sarah Bernhardt, whose acting ability and silver-tongued utterance were both superb, but whose intellectual concern with what she was up to was sometimes so slight that she was said not to read a play completely, but merely to know her own cues in it. (It is only fair to add that some of the plays she appeared in fully justified this economy of effort.)

Anyhow, it did not really surprise me to find that Knox was something of an authority on Wilson, since intellectual as well

as artistic understanding was everywhere evident in his screen portrayal. All of which doubtless led us to a discussion of Hollywood's rapidly expanding mental level, and its consequent assortment of new ideas and hangovers of old ones.

There are still ad writers in show business who think that the public can only be lured to see a picture like "Wilson" by being assured that it is the love story of a president. (So it is, too—the story of a president's love for humanity, but that sort of love doesn't count at the box office, so the old-timers tell you . . . and the absurd part about that argument is that "Wilson" has done good business, thereby proving how far the new-generation public is ahead of old-generation publicity.)

Knox, I found, has some forthright ideas about Hollywood. Like all modern-thinking people he realizes the power of motion pictures in the world, and like most people who have approached Hollywood with some sophisticated experience of other entertainment fields, he finds plenty in it to praise as well as criticize. He thinks Hollywood has not been given enough credit—especially by highbrow film reviewers, some of whom write stuff that goes as far overboard in one direction as the puffery of the ad writer does in another. Because the movies are a mass-art, like radio; and however good a film is, it fails in its prime function if it appeals only to the small minority. The great achievement of a production like "Wilson" is that it can enthrall the mass-audience. And so Knox realizes that the uplift of Hollywood's brow, however desirable, is only worth while so long as both feet are kept on the ground, the ground being the heart and understanding of the people.

So we talked and talked and presently it was time for me to leave, and only when he asked if I had enough material for an interview did I remember it was supposed to be one and not just a visit.

Our final remarks, I think, were about Bernard Shaw. We had both met him, admired him, read him and possessed letters from him in that familiar long-looped Shavian handwriting. And Shaw was a world-famous man before either of us was born, and long before Hollywood was born. That is a sobering and yet also an exciting thought, when one sees a picture like "Wilson." Pictures are so new in the world and yet they have already gone so far.

That the new generation of actors like Knox will see and take them much further is one of the sure things one can prophesy.

THE END

The March winds bring—

Shirley Temple

as she is today on Photoplay's March cover with a delightful story

by Elsie Janis . . .

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LESLIE BROOKS—
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YOU: *I'd love to have such smooth, soft hands.*

LESLIE BROOKS: Then why not use Jergens Lotion?

YOU: *Do you use Jergens Lotion yourself, Miss Brooks?*

LESLIE BROOKS: Indeed I do use Jergens.

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Here is thrilling new hope for millions who want their dry, lusterless, unruly brittle and breaking-off hair more lovely . . . **longer.** The Juelene **SYSTEM** has helped men and women all over the nation to find new happiness and confidence in more beautiful, healthy appearing hair. Yes, **hair may get longer** when scalp and hair conditions are normal and the dry, brittle breaking-off hair can be retarded. This wonderful Juelene SYSTEM helps relieve hair dryness that is caused by lack of natural oils. See if Juelene's tendency to soften harsh, difficult-to-manage hair can during application help yours to become softer, silkier, more lustrous than it has been before—**in just one short week.**

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Yes, I want easy-to-manage, longer hair. I will try the JUELENE SYSTEM for 7 days. If my mirror doesn't show satisfactory results, I will ask for my money back.

☐ I am enclosing $1.00 plus Excise Tax
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What Should I Do?

(*Continued from page* 61) or even a month. Do you think one o'clock is too late for a sixteen-year-old girl to get in? The rest of the gang that I run around with make fun of me when I go right home. We are young just once, you know.

My mother remarried after my father died and my stepfather doesn't like it when I go out. I let this pass because Mom loves him and I want her to be happy. I would like to know what to do. I want to have my fun now while I'm still young and alive.

Malvina K.

Dear Miss K:

In answer to the first direct question in your letter, "Do you think one o'clock is too late for a sixteen-year-old girl to get in?" I can answer with utmost candor that I certainly do think it is too late.

This problem of hours to be kept by girls in high school comes up so often that I am answering it again this month. While I am working, my curfew is nine o'clock every night except Saturday and even then I certainly try to be at home before one A.M.

So many girls write to me about having bad skins, dull and lifeless hair and a general feeling of being "out of things" that I find myself connecting late hours with each of these problems. There is no single beauty remedy ever devised that will do as much for a girl as nine hours of sleep a night. That is the first thing we in Hollywood learn when we have to face a camera all day every day.

If I ever have a daughter, I shall impose this rule: School nights she must be in her room by nine o'clock unless there is some special school function that I have given her express permission to attend; on Friday and Saturday nights, provided I know where she is and with whom, she may remain out until midnight.

I know that it is only natural to, as you put it, have fun while you are "young and alive," but you will be young much longer and alive to a greater age if you get your sleep during your adolescent years.

Your Dutch Aunt,
Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

Well, here is a letter from a troubled soldier. My wife and I were married in 1938. We were married just fifteen months when she left, saying she was sick of married life, and went back to her mother, taking our baby with her. Our second baby was born after we had been separated six months. Before I was inducted, I went to see her regularly, took her presents and did everything I could think of to get her to come back to me, but she said she didn't care for me.

When I went into the Army, I saw that she got my allotment, but she never even wrote and thanked me for that. I've been in the Army a year and I've never had the scratch of a pen from her.

Well, the usual thing happened. I met a really nice girl and got to care for her. I told her all about me from the very first—no false pretenses between us—and she said it was all right with her because we would be just good friends. Which was nice except that I fell in love with her. I saw her every week end (if I could get a pass), and when I couldn't get away she would write me two or three letters.

I made up my mind what to do. I went home on furlough and put it up to my wife that I wanted a divorce. She said she had changed her mind and was in love with me again and that when I got out of the Army we could talk about making a home again.

I don't believe her because she could have at least dropped me a line now and

then if she was in love. After what she's done to me I can't love her although my kids are sweet and I'm willing to support them. Is there any way I can get a divorce before I'm shipped over?

Jerry B.

Dear Mr. B:

Your query as to whether you can get a divorce before you are shipped overseas involves legal advice, which I cannot give you. However, if you will discuss this problem with your chaplain, or if you will write to an attorney whom you knew in your home town before you went into service, he will be able to help you.

I know that if you can get a divorce and if you are very much in love with this new girl in your life, you will not be inclined to give much attention to one thing that I would like to say: Why don't you wait until the war is over to remarry? Time and distance are two of the world's greatest workers for change. Marrying quickly, you would probably have only a few short months with this new wife, then you would be separated for an indefinite length of time. Your reunion might reveal great personality changes to one another.

Although your present wife would seem to be a selfish, self-centered, irresponsible child, it may be that she needs time to grow up. Because there are two children involved in your decision and because you are obviously fond of them, I think it would be wise for you to take no drastic step at the present.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am just twenty and have had every advantage a girl of my age can have. I've attended the best schools wherever we've lived: China, Japan, the Philippines, Hawaii. I can ride, sail, dance, play golf. I'm now attending college after having worked for a year and a half in an aircraft factory. That should really be enough for a girl of twenty, shouldn't it?

It isn't though. I'm not doing well in college because I haven't any interest in it. I flit from one thing to another, get absorbed for a week, then I'm through.

I think my main trouble lies in the fact that I don't seem to have the knack of acquiring boy friends. I've had lots of chances and I've dated some swell fellows —Navy, Army, Marine and civilian, but one date seems to be the limit. My grandmother once said, "You are as intelligent and poised as a woman in every respect except one: You are very young in emotional matters." I'm completely Irish right to my toes and when I am depressed I go down to the black pit of infinity, but when I'm happy I'm like a lark.

Right now, however, I'm one big nagging torment of restlessness inside. If you can help stop it, I shall be most grateful.

Marsali A.

Dear Miss A:

To judge from your letter—which, in your case, I would consider an exceptionally well-tooled key to your personality —you approach everything you do with too much violence.

When you are "in the black pit of infinity" I daresay that everyone within a radius of four miles knows it; and when you are "like a lark" perhaps your singing disturbs the air for a like distance.

I don't wish to sound pedantic or oracular, but from everything that I have observed about men, I would say that nothing in the world will frighten them away in droves as quickly as the sight of a girl holding high dramatics without benefit of footlights. Most men are casual beings and you will find that the most popular girls are those whose general attitude is

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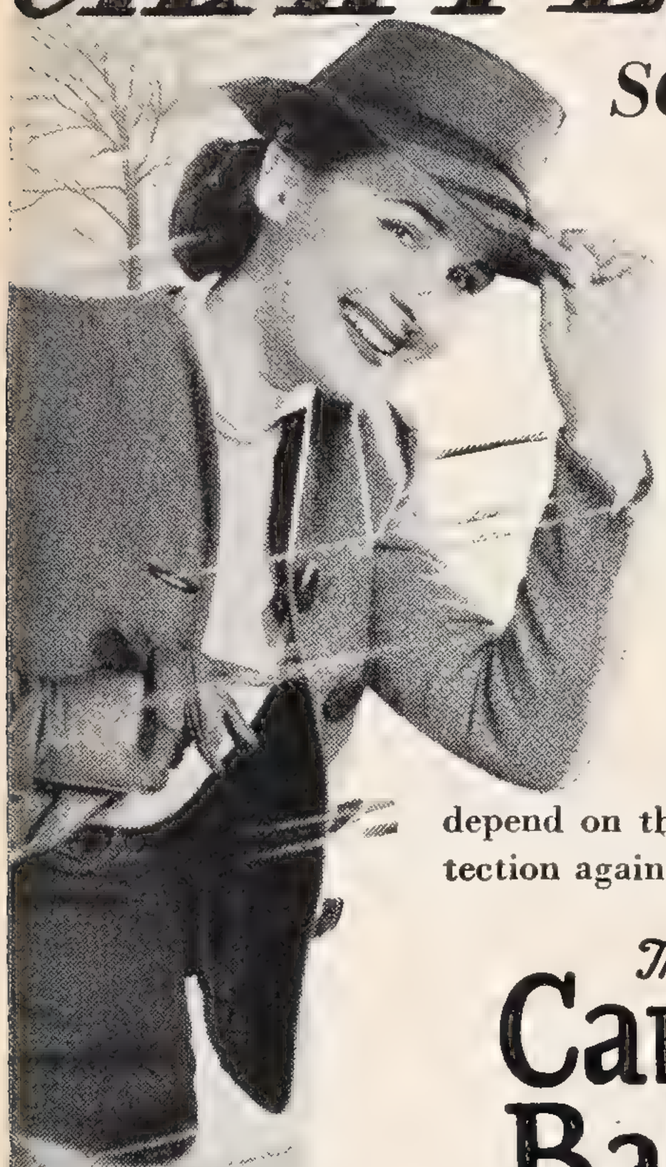
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calm, slightly kidding and without show-offishness of any kind.

Just settle down; forget that you are Irish or anything else right to your toes; take an interest in the man instead of expecting him to be an audience for your attitudes and you will be all right.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a soldier somewhere overseas. When I was home on a furlough I met two of the sweetest girls in the world and for the past year I have been receiving letters from them regularly. An odd thing has happened. One girl writes like this: "Darling, I'll be waiting for you always. Don't let anyone else take my place." The other girl will say, "My love, when you come home we will be together forever."

The two girls don't know each other so they aren't doing it as a gag. It sounds like a joke, but it's no joke to me.

When I answer them, I write only about scenery and weather. I'm not serious and I don't have any intention of getting married for a long time yet, but I don't want to be a goon and hurt anyone's feelings.

What's wrong with girls nowadays? What's all this love stuff pouring out for? What should a calm, friendly guy like me do?

Pfc Aiden Y.

Dear Mr. Y:

In this case I am going to stick up for the girls. I'm going to ask you what you said to the girls when you were with them. Sometimes the furlough moon inspires an ordinarily speechless man to flowery phrases. Perhaps, in your eagerness for a good-night kiss you made speeches that you didn't really mean. If you didn't, you are unique, judging from the stories I have heard of the behavior of military men on furlough.

However, if this situation is really annoying you, the only thing to do is to explain to both girls that you find their ardent statements a little disconcerting. If you want them to continue to write to you, tell them that—as you are deeply interested in the scenery and the weather —you would like to have those subjects

"It's Murder"



". . . regrets to inform you . . . killed in action . . ." That's what the telegram Jeanne Bates (appearing in the OWI short, *"It's Murder"*) reads while her puzzled son (George Nokes) looks on. Somebody talked. It might have been you! Remember—the enemy has ears!

discussed in their letters in preference to the state of their emotions.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I have read your column in Photoplay quite often and have enjoyed it so thoroughly that it occurred to me that you might be able to help us.

There are quite a few of us in this little town who are interested in the theater and radio. We have quite a bit of talent and ambition with no way to use it. We would like to form a little theater guild or something of that sort.

The manager of our radio station has gladly consented to give us time on the air, but the big cloud on the horizon is the fact that we have no material. Can you tell us how to go about starting such an organization and obtaining the necessary material? We'd be so grateful.

E. Marguerite M.

Dear Mrs. M:

May I say that I admire your energy in assembling a group of this kind? So many people write to me, complaining about the lack of such an organization in their communities, but you are the first to tell me of constructive steps that have been taken.

Probably the first thing for you to do would be to write to Samuel French, New York City, New York, and request a catalogue describing the published plays available for purchase. This catalogue will supply you with information about the number of scenes necessary, about the extent of the cast, the type of story and the amount of royalty required for amateur production. The Samuel French organization will also be able to give you information pertaining to the radio production of such works.

However, it would seem to me that while you are gaining experience with standard plays, you should be developing a battery of playwrights within your own group. If there is no one enrolled with you at present who has writing ambitions, why don't you advertise in your local paper? You might check with the local high school for talented seniors or recent graduates who are still available. If you have the acting talent sufficient for forming a stock company, I'm sure you will be able to develop the writing talent to supply it with material.

I shall be eager to hear from you as to the development of your project.

Claudette Colbert

Dear Miss Colbert:

I am a man of twenty-four and I have been in the Army for two years. At present I am overseas, but before I came over here I got into a couple of things that are now giving me some serious thought.

I was sent from the West Coast, where I grew up, to the south for my training and there I met a girl of seventeen and fell in love with her. Every week end, while on pass, I would go to see her. This went on for over three months, then I was transferred to another camp, but this girl and I correspond regularly. Then I received a letter from this girl stating that we shouldn't write to one another any more, that she thought I really didn't love her. Where she got that idea is beyond me, because I loved her dearly and still do.

After that I wrote two or three letters but received no reply. Well, to make a long story short, I was pretty disgusted during this period and one night after a few beers, I married a girl I had picked up in a park. We were only together one day before I came overseas. That day I asked for a divorce, but she just laughed at me.

Well, when I came over here I received a letter from the first girl, asking me to forgive her and to take her back. Of course she doesn't know that I am now married. I've written her quite often since then, but haven't mentioned my marriage because I'm afraid I'll lose her. Still, I don't think it's right not to tell her the truth.

Well, how can I keep her for my girl until I can get back and get straightened out?

Sergeant Grode J.

Dear Mr. J:

In reading over the many, many letters that contributors to this department send me, I experience one sensation again and again—astonishment that people will choose an involved and turbulent course in preference to a simple and direct manner of dealing with one another.

In literally hundreds of pathetic cases, if one person in the controversy had summoned the courage to be frank, endless misery and misunderstanding could have been avoided. I must say that the deception that brings on so much unhappiness is usually inspired, not by malice or cunning, but by a solicitous attempt to spare the feelings of someone.

However, I am convinced that the only possible action for you is to sit down some evening when you have several hours' free time and write this girl a complete history of your actions. The other girl is your wife and, no matter how impulsive your marriage, must be considered. I'd keep on writing her too, telling her how you feel about the marriage. Maybe she'll give you a divorce.

Claudette Colbert



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All for Allbritton

(*Continued from page* 50) and natural course, she enrolled in the Pasadena Playhouse, where she took the usual two-year regimen and spent another twelve months in post-graduate work. Last spring the head men of Pasadena proved how highly they thought of her by naming her the outstanding alumna of the institution and awarding her the plaque which goes with the kudos. This, incidentally, is the first time the august body has deigned thus to honor a woman.

When she was an undergraduate at the school, however, she worked like a dog. And Hollywood was not exactly idle. Hollywood made overtures, begged and pleaded for Allbritton to test, at least. But she would have none of it. She was learning her trade—and father was conveniently sending a check the first of every month.

Finally, though, she decided the time had come. She charged across the bridge from Pasadena, found herself an agent and began to make the rounds. It was then that her height, which had previously not bothered her, became a question of some interest. She was five-seven. Her agent was five-four. When they entered an office, it was as if she were bringing her baby brother to see about a part.

The difficulty was solved by Louise's wearing flat heels and looking delicate and the ten-percenter acquiring a pair of built-up brogues. A role in a B picture immediately came about, followed by a contract at Universal. There she at first managed to hold her own opposite Abbott and Costello and, in an unprecedented move by the studio script writers, won John Wayne from Marlene Dietrich in "Pittsburgh." After this triumph—true to Hollywood tradition—the Universalites threw her into two also-rans "Fired Wife" and "Her Primitive Man" with Robert Paige. Much to everyone's surprise, however, Miss A. and Mr. P. did such a pleasant job of footage-rescuing that the public was enchanted and the coffers rang gaily. It was this happy condition which caused the front office to take another look and toss Louise into the aforementioned "San Diego, I Love You" and the Lillian Russell part in "Bowery To Broadway." And they do say that in the latter she makes Russell herself look like a piker.

LOUISE has what is known in the trade as "flair." What she does she does dramatically, whether an audience is present or not. At one point in her career, for example, she decided that she had not the proper attitude towards her art. She should starve a little, learn what the garret was like, feel the pangs. Therefore, she conscientiously spent every sou when it arrived from home, so that she, too, could know the delicious sensation of being broke.

Off-screen, she is either the essence of patrician dignity or the Texas tornado she was in her childhood. Then, her delight in whooping it up with a bunch of the boys resulted in having her nose broken three times. The first of these abrasions occurred when she was tackled going around right end and landed against a fire hydrant. The second happened when she did all the approved things on a jackknife but failed to notice that the diving board was also sticking its neck out. The third took place when she achieved such power on a high dive that she ploughed up the bottom of the pool. As an adult, she stopped breaking things but she's still the left half of the neighborhood team.

In her home-on-the-range mood she wears dungarees that would shock Crosby. She has a temper which flares like thermite for five minutes, accompanied by a voice

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reaching the last row in the balcony with ease. She has a childlike impatience and hates to wait for men, women or small children. She can ride a horse as only a Texan can and swim as if there had been a lake in her own back yard.

Due to her upbringing, she has very little idea of the value of money. She will see a hat she likes, buy it and discover that she has nothing to wear it with. This results in her investing in a new outfit. It also results in such pangs of conscience that she buys War Bonds like crazy to soothe it.

When she is being patrician, there isn't a more striking woman in town. Then Allbritton's fly-away hair goes into smooth rolls and pomps. Her clothes become perfectly fitting suits and fantastic, wonderful hats. She wears superb jewelry. She glides into restaurants and the wolf pack howls. Whatever she does—she does with "flair."

With this more mature attitude, she realizes that all she needs to be a great star is one role which will bring to the public attention that she has both ability and training.

Then, too, she exhibits the qualities which make her one of the most likable people on the screen. She refuses to let a friend who works late in a broadcasting studio come home alone in the rain. She drives up and waits outside until the gal is through. She takes time out to coach a girl who is auditioning for a part. Any present she receives must be shared with her group of intimate friends.

OF greatest importance to her right now is the plight of our soldiers overseas. For Louise, last spring, took a tour of the Mediterranean theater of war. She saw things there which both thrilled and revolted her. Among the latter was the evidence that many American women are not holding up their end of the fight, keeping their promises to men in uniform and waiting loyally for their return.

Louise heard innumerable stories of broken engagements and marriages and so on while at the fighting fronts; she encountered even more of them when she sat at a phone in New York, calling personal messages from the boys to their women at home.

Having seen with her own eyes what the men themselves were doing at Cassino, for instance (she was closer to the actual hand-to-hand fighting there than any of the other entertainers), Louise was definitely worried.

The tour as a whole had the unforeseen effect of sobering her immensely. She saw soldiers die while she was holding their hands. She watched their faces light up when she appeared—as if she were a vision of what they had left behind. She saw the tremendous respect the men in uniform had for a little guy named Ernie Pyle, met him herself and was honored by being mentioned in one of his newspaper dispatches.

She lived with the courage and humor and valiant spirit of America overseas for months and she returned with some of her own laughter quieted. She knows the soldiers want to laugh; that's one of the reasons why she's playing comedies at this point.

But, she knows, too, that what they are doing is no laughing matter and she wants desperately to go abroad again, to do what little she can to make their lot more livable.

Most Texas tornadoes have a way of getting where they want to go. Don't place any bets that this one with the initials L. A. written in the clouds won't do likewise, be it in the Hollywood heavens or over a lonely jungle swamp.

THE END

They don't call her "FATSO" any more!



Marilyn Corwin, of Minneapolis, takes off 44 pounds, startles her friends by the change.

Fellow students called her "Fatso," teased her about her weight. She didn't mind—*much*. Fat since childhood, she had just supposed nothing could be done about it. But in art school at 18, she started sketching ideal figures—and they made her conscious of her own heavy hips, her swayback, slouched shoulders. She considered taking the DuBarry Success Course—put it off until her weight got up to 178. Then she made the decision.

"It was the most wonderful thing that ever happened to me," says Marilyn now. She found the change in food habits surprisingly enjoyable, the exercises really fun. Unsightly pads of fat disappeared from her hips, her posture improved amazingly. That wasn't all. "My skin is now smooth and clear and fine-textured," continues Miss Corwin, "and I have learned many of those make-up tricks the experts use so cleverly.

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Marilyn is just 21, with a brilliant career and a happy life ahead of her. What a wonderful thing to discover that you can get rid of excess weight, have a figure you're proud of, be a beauty while you're young!

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Her Heart Is Gay

(*Continued from page* 45) I first heard about her. The first day at lunch in the commissary the head waitress came over to take my order. Before I had time to preen myself on this special attention, she spoke.

"I came over, Miss Kimbrough, to tell you how pleased we all are at Dolly's getting the part of Emily in your picture."

I answered that I was delighted, too, but that I had not met her.

"Well," the queen of the dining room continued, "when you do you'll be as crazy about her as everyone here. I don't think there's anyone on the lot who has more friends than Dolly."

"I'm terribly afraid," I told her, "that there's been a mistake. I understand that the girl who is to play Emily is named *Diana,* Diana Lynn."

The queen of the dining room laughed.

"We've all known her so long," she explained, "that we forget her new name. She's Dolly to us, Dolly Loehr. They only changed her name recently to Diana Lynn, but to us she's always Dolly. We all root for our favorites here, you know, but I don't think there's anybody who's had as many people wanting her to get that part as Diana."

Later that afternoon I went over to the gymnasium to see my old friend Jim Davies. He had worked over Cornelia and me during the winter before when we were trying to offset the ravages of delicious California food. Jim wasted very little time on renewing our acquaintance. He wanted, he said, to tell me how tickled they all were that Dolly was going to play the part of Emily.

"She's a great kid," he assured me. "Deserves everything they give her. I bet there isn't a person on this lot who doesn't know her. She's shy, but she likes everybody."

That same day I saw Preston Sturges. He waved to me from across the garden which the Paramount buildings surround.

"I hear you've got my child Diana," he called. "Everybody will tell you what a nice kid she is, and what a good trouper. Let me tell you, she's an *actress.* You're in luck to have her."

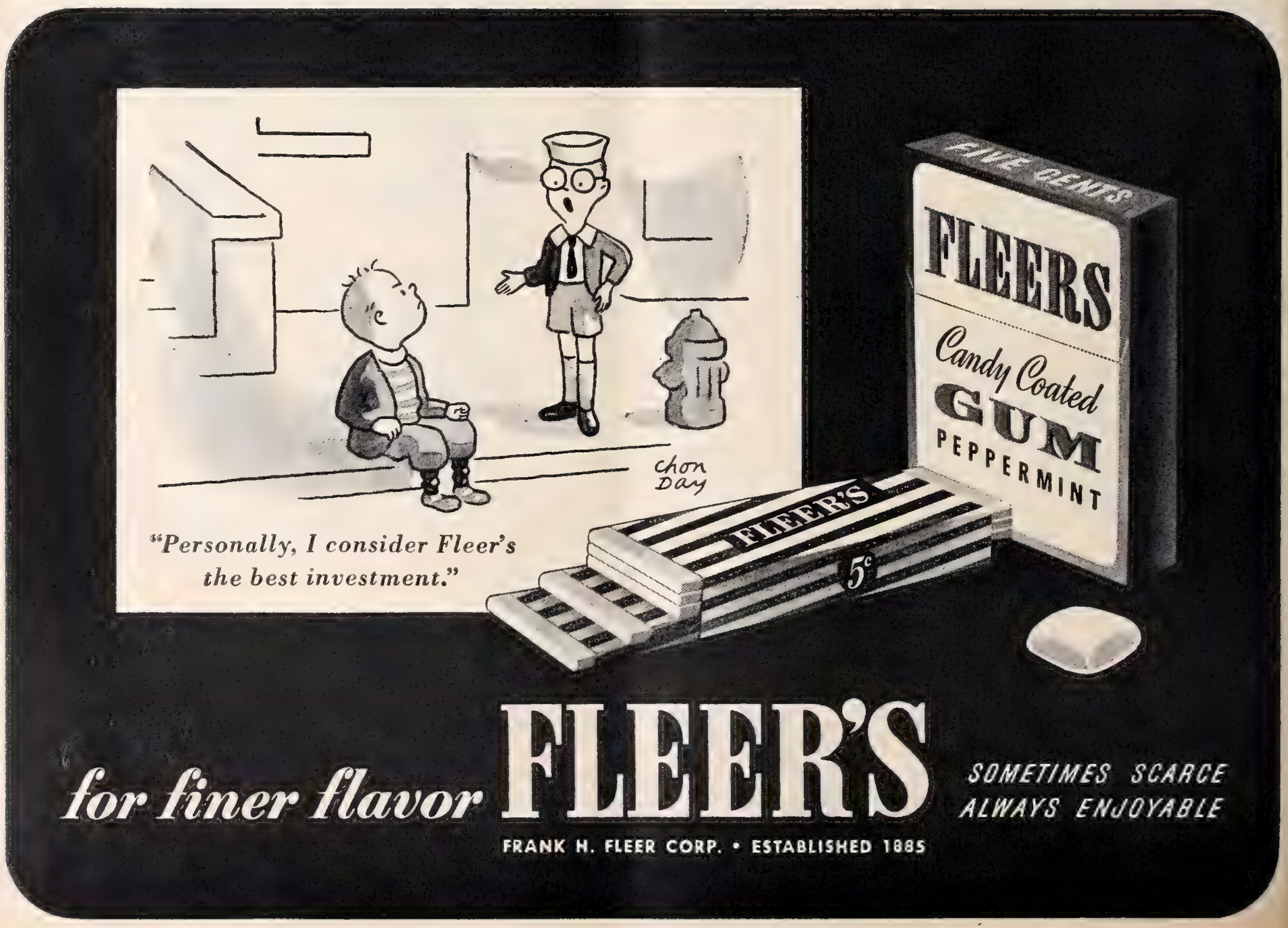
This went on for nearly two weeks. Diana was away on a holiday. By the time she got back I had heard the refrain so often that I was apt, when someone approached me, to say immediately, "I think we're lucky to have her, too." Even when it turned out to be an invitation to me to go out to dinner.

SOMETIMES I think that when another human being is so highly and so constantly praised, the result is apt to be a slight antipathy set up in the mind of the hearer—or perhaps I am just that contrary. At any rate, I began to have a slight feeling of uneasiness. It wasn't possible, I brooded darkly, that people who were as much liked as that could turn out to have much character.

Edith Head, who is the czarina of the Paramount costume department, telephoned me one morning.

"Diana is here," she said, "for her first fitting. Could you come over?"

I went of course, but as I reached the door of Edith Head's office I almost turned around and went away. I realized suddenly that I cared terribly about the girl who was going to play Emily. Not out of conceit, but out of a sort of homesickness for that other Emily, a kind of yearning to see her once more just as, for all her absurdities, she was. I opened the



door, walked in and stood very still.

Diana was standing before the long mirror in the fitting room beyond Edith's office.

Edith said, "Here is Miss Kimbrough, Diana."

She turned around quickly, and came toward me. My first gasp was at her enchanting looks. It is not, I daresay, unusual to find that a young Hollywood star is pretty, but I had been thinking of her in terms of Emily, therefore I *was* surprised. And then in succeeding gasps came the realization of how young she was, really young, and how intelligent. You couldn't have that broad forehead, those clear wide-apart eyes, very grave, a little anxious, without intelligence behind them. And what lovely manners—charm, too. We shook hands. There was no archness, no fluttering, no coyness, no gushing—just a very clear-eyed, straightforward, sober look.

And she said, "I want very much to do this part well, Miss Kimbrough. I'm working hard at it. Could we, do you think, talk it over from time to time when you're not busy?"

When *I* was not busy—I whose days were spent drawing pictures of candy tongs and nail buffers for the property department! This was a star whose days were crammed with rehearsals, coaching, dress fittings, dancing lessons, photographs, publicity and interviews. But this star was a well-mannered, well-bred, charming young girl who asked an Emily who was twenty years older to give a little of her time to young Emily.

We did talk together frequently. A few days after this meeting, we were photographed together. As the camera was turned our way, the shy young girl Diana became the experienced, wise Hollywood expert.

"Don't actually look at me, Miss Kimbrough," she instructed me privately, "when they tell you to. Look just beyond, like this." And she demonstrated. "It comes out much better."

She gave me a few other instructions, which I tried stumblingly to follow. She was the expert. When the photographer had finished, she was a shy, earnest, young girl again.

I teased her about the *duenna* who was always at her heels—an elderly woman always a little out of breath and always with the look of one harassed almost to the snapping point.

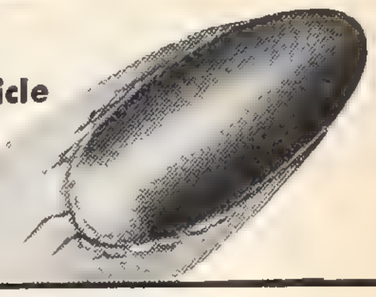
"She's my teacher," Diana explained, "poor dear. I think she does get worn out, having to go everywhere I go."

I found out that under the rules of child labor or the Motion Picture Guild—both, perhaps—anyone under the age of eighteen appearing in pictures must be accompanied at all times by a teacher or chaperone and must have so many hours of lessons a day.

I wish my children and their friends could have seen Diana and her *duenna* doing Latin, History, French while the hairdresser worked on a new hair-do for a trial photograph, or in the interval in a fitting, when a fitter went back to the workroom to sew a seam; while workmen altered a set, or electricians changed lights between "takes" of a scene. They might, seeing these schoolrooms, derive some inkling of what concentration can mean. Diana herself was troubled about her French. The *duenna* was not French. Therefore Diana was not sure she was acquiring the proper accent, though she felt that the groundwork was sound. She was going to engage a French woman to supplement the required work with actual conversation.

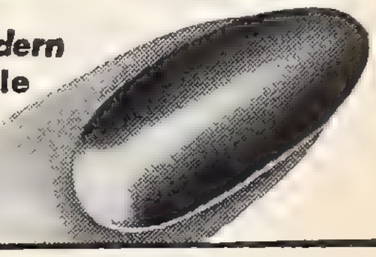
"I'd like," she told me, "to be good at

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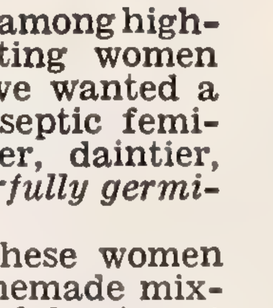
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languages. I've always wanted to be."

She was good enough at this time in music to have played with the Los Angeles Junior Symphony and for Stokowski. She had come, I learned, to Paramount by way of a piano, rounded up with some other child musicians for a picture, "There's Magic In Music." It is to Paramount's credit, though undoubtedly a loss to the music world, that the studio snatched her from the piano stool and turned her in the direction of becoming an actress. And yet the young Lynn has had something to say for herself in the matter. Music was too deep a part of her life for her to cut it off so easily. There was no reason, she decided, why a career of a pianist should be entirely sacrificed for that of an actress. She was on her way to the concert stage. Therefore, she would consider each career only a temporary interruption to the other. In a pause between pictures this last winter she worked up a program and gave a recital, placing the highly commendatory reviews of that in juxtaposition to those of her acting triumphs.

IT TAKES something more than talent to achieve either of those careers. It takes ambition and a greater than average capacity for work. Diana has both these, plus remarkable talent. I have a great respect, myself, for people who can and do work. I have, in consequence, a very deep respect for Diana Lynn. I have seen her stand in front of those mirrors in Edith Head's dressing room and sway, unable to hold her balance, because she was so tired; but I have never seen her willing to admit it, nor forego any job to be done because of fatigue. I have seen other actresses blow up and go home because they were too tired to carry on. I had the greatest sympathy for them and wondered that they had been able to carry on as long as they had. I have never seen Diana give up and go home.

That rigidity of standard might make a solemn, heavy and rather dull individual—what we used to call a greasy grind, back in those school days of "Our Hearts Were Young And Gay." But you cannot estimate Diana if you forget her dimples nor would you be, on the other hand, aware of them were she not a gay, bubbling child. Her eyes actually do dance with laughter behind them.

When Joe Lefort, assistant director of the picture, went with me to the dance studio, it was for the purpose of showing the young members of the cast how to dance the Castle Walk, the Boston, the Hesitation, and the Maxixe. We enjoyed it enormously, Joe and I, swooping down in a long curve for the Boston, rising to what we considered a very pretty tip-toe for the Hesitation—rather fancying ourselves on the whole as something sophisticated and chic for these youngsters to see. That is, I fancied ourselves until the day when on a particularly swooping curve, I passed the eyes of Diana Lynn. The rest of her face was discreetly hidden behind the script of the play. She could not hide her eyes, because she had been instructed to watch us dance. No more could she hide the dancing taking place in them—a positive gavotte of merriment. I had no doubt then of her irrepressible sense of humor; I only wished that their inspiration might have been something other than me. I never again felt myself quite the replica of Adele Astaire.

The day I showed her how the crown of my hat blew up, and how Cornelia's and my money belts bulged on our figures, or swung, she didn't laugh. She was to make the scene in which those articles occurred hilariously funny. She was,

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FOR LOVELY EYES

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New 11-Minute Shampoo Washes Hair Shades Lighter Safely

This special shampoo helps keep light hair from darkening—brightens faded blonde hair. Called Blondex, its rich cleansing lather instantly removes the dingy film that makes hair dark, old-looking. Takes only 11 minutes at home. Gives hair lustrous highlights. Safe for children. Get Blondex at 10c, drug and dept. stores.

That is because she is an excellent actress, a comedienne of the first order, and she would as soon have thought of doubling up over a Bach fugue as of allowing herself to laugh over the preparation of a scene in a picture—however funny that scene was intended to be.

On the day when the scene concerning the swinging of the money belts was taken, men rocked the set rhythmically and constantly. They did this by means of superimposing the scenery on large rockers, and then by attaching ropes on either side. At a given signal the crew on one side hauled on the ropes and then the crew on the other. The result was a motion unmistakable to any of us who have gone as much as a hundred yards to sea. The result to both the girls was unmistakable, too. You could see it from the pale green cast that came over their make-up, and from the somewhat glassy look in Diana's eyes. No one will ever make Diana believe that any part of that scene was funny.

But she was such a good sport about it. Over and over she let them rock her, tottering back after nature had shown her what happened to seasick people, and trying the scene again. She will try anything again and again, if it's part of her job. She may be dropping from fatigue, or seasickness, but she will not give up until the director says "cut." Then she will be back on her job at seven the following day—and gay.

Her manners are those of a beautifully brought-up child. Her capacity for work and her ability to make it count are the qualities of a very intelligent and well-oriented adult.

It was quite an experience to meet that Emily Kimbrough. But, as the old woman said in the Mother Goose rhyme, "Lawk o'mercy, this is none of I."

THE END

On Your Head?



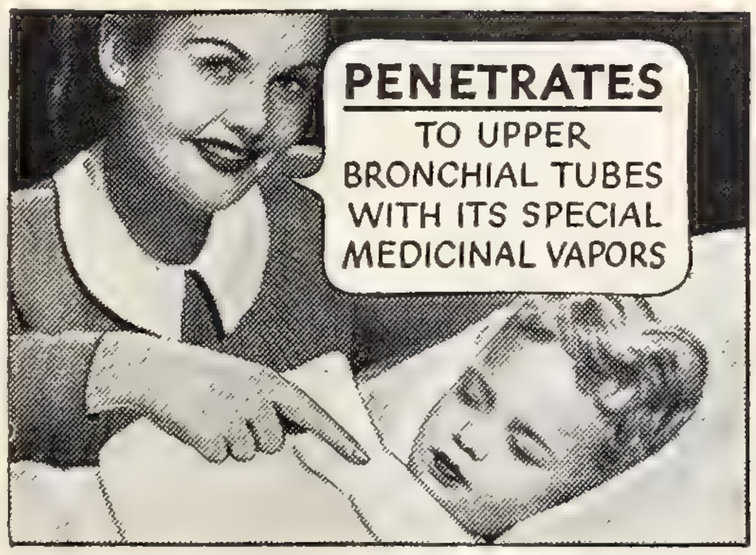
Whatever goes up comes down—on your head or on the ground.

If prices go up—and you can bet they will—way, way up, if you buy too much—it's going to hurt when they come down on your head.

Make sure now—that your shopping sprees are for essentials or for War Bonds!

Every Young Mother Should Know This About Colds

HOW MODERN WAY WORKS FAST TO RELIEVE MISERIES





Acts Promptly to Help Relieve Congestion in Upper Breathing Passages, Coughing Spasms, Sore Throat, Muscular Soreness.

Every young mother here should know about this modern way of relieving distress of children's colds. You just rub Vicks VapoRub on chest, throat and back at bedtime. (No internal dosing to upset child's stomach.)

Right away VapoRub's wonderful penetrating-stimulating action (pictured above) starts to work and keeps on working for hours to bring grand relief. It invites restful sleep. Often by morning most of the misery of the cold is gone! Remember this, Mother . . .

ONLY VAPORUB Gives You this special double action. It is time-tested, home-proved . . . the best-known home remedy for relieving miseries of children's colds.

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Tru-fit **Rayon Hosiery**

In Individual Fit Patterns

Earn up to $22.00 in a Week in SPARE TIME

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Please RUSH my complete hosiery outfit. I understand this outfit is ABSOLUTELY FREE to me, and that I am not obligated in any way.

Name

Address Age

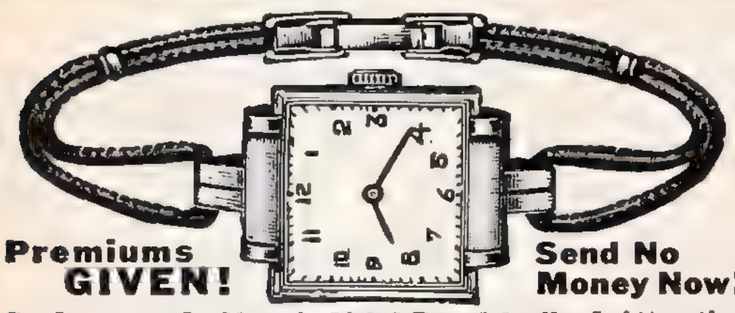
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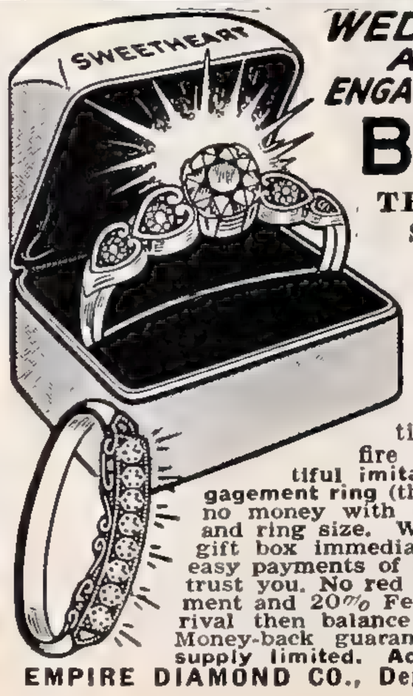
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Introductory offer: With every order for smart, new, Sterling Silver Solitaire engagement ring we will include without extra charge exquisite wedding ring set with eight imitation diamonds matching in fire and brilliance the beautiful **imitation Diamond solitaire engagement ring** (the perfect bridal pair). Send no money with order. Just name, address and ring size. We ship both rings in lovely gift box immediately and you make just 2 easy payments of $2 each, total only $4. We trust you. No red tape as you make first payment and 20% Federal tax to postman on arrival then balance any time within 30 days. Money-back guarantee. **War conditions make supply limited. Act NOW.**

EMPIRE DIAMOND CO., Dept. ST-306, Jefferson, Iowa

Speak for Yourself

(*Continued from page 20*)

$1.00 PRIZE
Lauding "Laura"

I WENT to the movies expecting to see a second-rate detective picture. I hereby confess I came out of that theater in a daze. I was wrong and for once I am very glad to admit it. You see, the picture was "Laura," the surprise hit of the year.

Something has happened to Gene Tierney. Not only has she matured into a beautiful woman, but she has learned to act. Dana Andrews gave the most convincing performance of a detective that I have ever seen. He really went about it, not as if he were reading a script, but in a way that a true-life detective would. I'm now an Andrews fan for life. There was someone else too—Clifton Webb. He very definitely "stole the show" making the picture shine with his Monty Woolley-like disposition. The way he slung the sarcasm around was side-splitting. I hope we'll be seeing a lot more of this Webb in the future. Twentieth has turned out one of this season's best hits.

Peggy McShane,
New York, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Note to Roy Rogers

YESTERDAY I saw "San Fernando Valley" and although I liked it very much, I was disappointed when Dale Evans kissed Roy Rogers instead of Roy kissing her. I always thought that the man was supposed to do that first—not the girl.

I know that there has been a lot of questions on whether or not he should kiss the girl, but Republic Studios should remember that there are many teen-age girls who are fans of Mr. Rogers and we don't consider love scenes "mushy" as the younger kids do. Teen-age girls usually like romantic pictures and at least one good love scene. Next time, how about having Roy Rogers kiss the girl and in that way make his pictures better than ever?

Marion Bishop,
Washington, D. C.

$1.00 PRIZE
Bars for Stars

THEY play in wet foxholes,
In tropical heat;
They freeze in the North
And wade in the sleet;
They sing to the G.I's
And dance for the joes,
They give out with cheer,
Never bog down in woes;
For them, my hosannas,
Hallelujahs—hurrahs!
They may not wear medals
But they deserve "bars."

Edith Serenson,
West Farms, N. Y.

$1.00 PRIZE
Hide the Rings, Please

THEY did it again. It was done by Cary Grant in "Mr. Lucky" and now by Fred MacMurray in "Double Indemnity." Imagine! Cary making love to Laraine Day with a gold band on that third finger, left hand. Well, he dood it and so did Fred make love to Barbara Stanwyck with a wedding band on that left hand. I should think that those technicians would take care of things like that. If the guy's too superstitious to take the ring off then why not cover it with something so we, the movie public who are supposed to be caught in the spell of the moment, can just imagine that the fellow on the screen

is just the least bit sincere in his actions. How can we with a gold wedding band being flashed at us from the screen?

Irma Savin,
Newark, N. J.

$1.00 PRIZE
Rivals for G. B.

FOR nine years George Brent has been my favorite and no one else has come near the spot he holds in my heart. But I have just seen two dire threats to Mr. Brent's exalted position in said heart. One of them is John Hodiak, the guy who is going to take Gable's place. Gable fans, please calm down, for Mr. Gable is past forty and can no longer play boyish roles convincingly and I'm sure he doesn't want to. Hodiak has everything, including talent. When an actor can play such entirely different roles as those in "Lifeboat" and "Song Of Russia" and be convincing in both of them, he is talented indeed.

My other discovery is the fine actor who stole the picture "The Impostor" from Jean Gabin, a fine actor himself. His name is Richard Whorf and he has a supporting role in "Christmas Holiday." It seems a shame to waste star material in such roles.

If Mr. G. B. will return to the screen in a good picture, I'll forget all about these new charmers.

Viola Haywood,
Fort Worth, Tex.

HONORABLE MENTION

I HAVE just returned from the beautiful Technicolor picture, "Greenwich Village." I was terribly disappointed when Don Ameche didn't even sing one complete song. I've been an Ameche fan for a long time now and I've never forgotten the musicals he made with the marvelous Alice Faye. I was happy because he sang, and that's what his fans really want.

There is no doubt in my mind that he is also a great actor. This is not only my opinion but that of my part of Brooklyn.

Martha Brookoff,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

WE HAVE a fan club in Havana and we are ardent admirers of the Hollywood stars and readers of your magazine.

The purpose of our letter is to ask you to publish one photograph of Kevin O'Shea who was so good in "The Purple Heart." We know he's going to be a fine thing on the American screen and we wish to know about his life. So please "please us" and let's see his photograph in your magazine.

We love the U. S. and the movie people.

Marion Moreno,
Havana, Cuba.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Photoplay sends its greetings to the Havana fan club and promises to do what it can in the near future on their favorite actor.*

THIS is another fan whose voice is raised in cheering for Errol Flynn. While Errol Flynn speaks you hold your breath in suspense and his smile is so contagious you find yourself smiling with him.

This teen-age hep kitten, for one, says, "Mr. Flynn, you're on the buttered side!"

Mary Lou White,
Columbus, O.

HAVE the picture of Jeanne Crain from your December issue tacked to the ceiling right over my bunk. Being top man in a double-decker, I'm only four feet from the ceiling—and Jeanne's smiling face is the last thing I see every night.

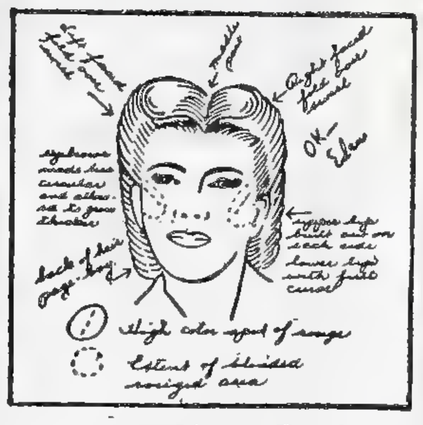
I'm really "nuts" about the picture because Jeanne looks just like any cute girl from my home town.

Pvt. Bill Putch,
Tyndall Field, Fla.

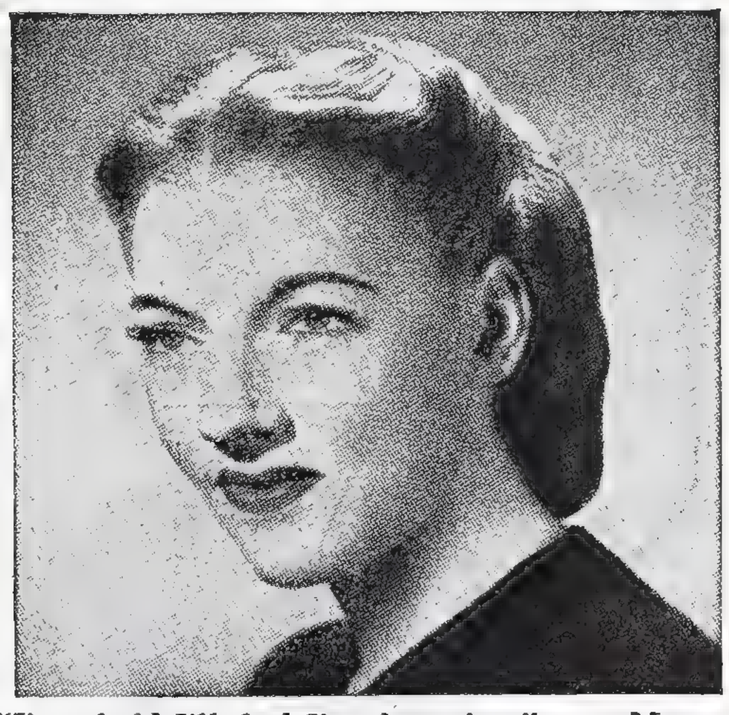
"I was—SELF-CONSCIOUS! Now I'm—SELF-CONFIDENT!"



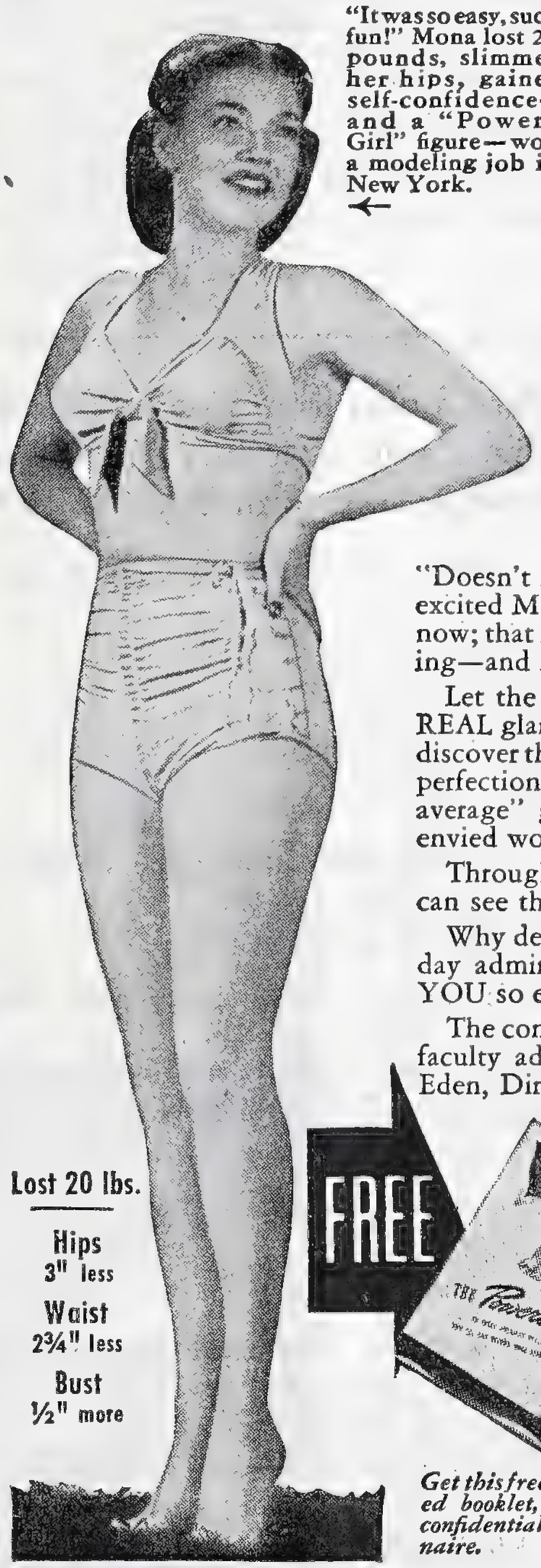
"I was too shy to ever get ahead," says Mona Desmond, of Santa Monica, Cal. "I was so *fat*—with *most* of it on my hips."



Mona's "Photo-Revise". See how it *showed* Mona which features to play up—which ones to play down.



"I'm afraid I'll find I'm dreaming," says Mona. "When I *started* my Course I was an awkward defense worker on the coast. Shortly after, I was thrilled to get a modeling job. What wonderful things this Powers Course can lead to!"



"It was so easy, such fun!" Mona lost 20 pounds, slimmed her hips, gained self-confidence—and a "Powers Girl" figure—won a modeling job in New York. ←

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Let the Powers Home Course help you, too, reveal your REAL glamorous self. In the privacy of your own home, you discover the personalized beauty secrets that have given figure-perfection, style, grace and loveliness to thousands of "just average" girls . . . made them "Powers Girls", the world's envied women!

Through the Powers Home Course, in as little as 7 days, you can see the REAL YOU begin to emerge from your mirror.

Why deny yourself the happiness, the beauty, the day-after-day admiration this famous Powers' Training can win for YOU so easily, so inexpensively?

The complete course costs less than a good party dress. The faculty advice, plus close attention from sympathetic Grace Eden, Director of the Home Course, has helped thousands of women find their hidden beauty.

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Get this free, illustrated booklet, and your confidential questionnaire.

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Occupation_____ Age_____

P
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So change to Fibs. You owe it to yourself to try the kind of tampon that's so easy to use!

*T. M. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



P
M
M

THERE have been juveniles discovered, uncovered, re-discovered, etc., for years and years—but when they ran upon the Lynn lovely, they really made a discovery! She is not only a wonderful little actress, but also very attractive and talented in more than just drama. I am an amateur musician myself, but I pride myself on knowing when a composition is being played well or butchered. My reaction to Diana's piano playing was that I suddenly found myself wishing that all the other stars would float off into oblivion leaving only the piano and Diana.

Patricia W. Howell,
Atlanta, Ga.

MY pal Leo and I had just gotten out of school and were walking down Main Street. Two girls in front of us yelled, "Look, there's Linda Darnell." Thinking they were kidding, we yelled, "Sure, what's so good about that?" Just then I took a closer look and lo and behold, it really was Linda Darnell. We went over to her car. Leo got the autographs while I just stood and drooled. If Linda is a sample, Hollywood certainly turns out beautiful women.

Tom Beckham,
Bakersfield, Calif.

More Stores from Coast-to-Coast where you can buy *Photoplay's First-Run Fashions* on Pages 86 to 90

Turrets and Tournaments print by Merley

Cincinnati, Ohio—John Shillito Co.
Dallas, Tex.—A. Harris & Co.
Miami, Fla—Burdine's, Inc.
Richmond, Va.—Thalhimer Bros.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Strawbridge & Clothier
Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co., Inc.
Atlanta, Ga.—Davison, Paxon Co.
Seattle, Wash.—Frederick & Nelson, Inc.

Sandra Sage two-piece dress

Atlanta, Ga.—J. P. Allen & Co.
Brooklyn, N. Y.—Frederick Loeser & Co.
Detroit, Mich.—Russeks

Doris Dodson pastel pansy print dress

Louisville, Ky—Byck Bros. Co.
Los Angeles, Cal.—J. W. Robinson Co.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—Kaufmann Dept. Stores, Inc.
San Antonio, Tex.—Frost Bros.
Toledo, Ohio—Lamson Brothers Co.

J. L. F. Original

Atlanta, Ga.—Davidson, Paxon Co.
Chicago, Ill.—Marshall Field & Co.
Hartford, Conn.—Sage, Allen & Co.
Portland, Ore.—Meier & Frank Co.
Washington, D. C.—Lansburg & Bro.

Evelyn Alden rose print peplum dress

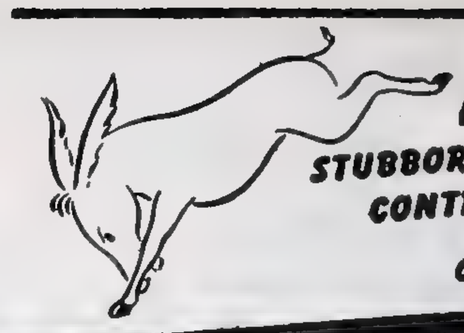
Chicago, Ill.—Carson, Pirie Scott & Co.
Cleveland, Ohio—Higbee Co.
Dayton, Ohio—Elder & Johnston Co.
New York, N. Y.—Oppenheim, Collins & Co.
Rochester, N. Y.—E. W. Edwards & Son
New York, N. Y.—Russek's

McKettrick Classic butterfly print

Indianapolis, Ind.—L. S. Ayres & Co., Inc.
Newark, N. J.—L. Bamberger & Co.
Rochester, N. Y.—Sibley, Lindsay & Curr Co.
St. Louis, Mo.—Stix, Baer & Fuller Co.

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SO KONJOLA CONTAINS Nature's herbs which help open constipated bowels and release gas. Many peop write their thanks and gratitude to KONJOLA for the sat factory results it produces. So when you feel bloated a mean . . . when you swell way out with gas held in t intestines by sluggish bowel action . . . try KONJOLA.

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE KONJOLA medici which is sold at all Drug Stores under a strict guarantee the Konjola Company to refund the purchase price of yo first bottle if you are not completely satisfied. Caution: U only as directed. If your Druggist is temporarily out Konjola when you call, ask him to order it for you

Konjola "A MEDICINE OF PROVEN MERIT FOR THE MAN WHO KNOW THE VALUE OF NATURE'S HERBS

Don't Be a Junior Mess

(Continued from page 53) to look at them. Even more momentous was the fact that it would be her first unchaperoned date.

"Coming from the comparatively small city of Houston, Texas, I naturally was terribly impressed with Beverly Hills," Joyce related. "Naturally, too, I figured all the kids in high school must be terribly sophisticated and all, what with famous movie stars for neighbors or even parents. So the one thing I didn't want to look like was a country hick when I went to the dance with that dream man. I was determined to look and act as worldly as the best of them."

There wasn't much she could do about her dress; the only party frocks she had were simple little bouffant numbers, one in pale peach and the other in a delicate blue. There wasn't much she could do about her hair or make-up either at the time; her mother had definite ideas about the coiffure and lipstick suitable for sweet sixteen.

"What Mother didn't know, when I left the house with her blessing, was that my bag was loaded with ammunition against the coming battle," she grinned. "Neither did my escort, judging from his later reaction! Anyway, as soon as we arrived at the dance I excused myself and made a bee-line for the ladies' room where I started donning my sophistication. Up went my hair into one of those sleek do's like you see in the fashion magazines. Out came the mascara and dark red lipstick I was forbidden to wear. On went some fancy earrings I had 'borrowed' from Mother's jewel box and about eight gaudy costume bracelets I had collected from friends. Thus fortified, adequately I hoped, I strolled out in a languid, so-bored-with-it-all manner to meet Ted."

Ted, it seems, did a double take and said flatly, "Are you *kidding?*"

"R-a-ally, Ted, whatever do you mean?" drawled Miss Reynolds in the best Hepburn fashion. "Shall we dance?"

"Not in that get-up, chum," Ted answered firmly and then noting a quiver on the Reynolds lips, he softened. "Look, honey," he went on, "I don't know what your idea was, but if I wanted to go with a girl who looks like you're trying to look, I would have asked her in the first place. Now be a sweet and go wash your face, take your hair down and for heaven's sake get rid of that junk on your arm! In other words, my pet, be your age!"

It was advice she never has forgotten, Joyce said: *Be your age* and you'll never be a junior mess. Or a senior mess, for that matter. The idea applies to all women, young or old, who try to kid themselves and others about the number of their years.

"Now that I am older I wonder why in the world I was trying to rush things three years ago," she said. "Golly, already I've found out that you get there soon enough!"

The "thou shalt nots" by which to avoid being a junior mess are as easy to practice as they are obvious, according to Joyce. The basis of all of them is simplicity of dress and behavior.

"That means no strapless or sleek evening gowns, no skin-tight little black numbers for afternoon, or fuddy-duddy silks and ruffles for school," she detailed. "It means no skyscraper heels, lace-mesh hose, or hats with birds and stuff and miles of trailing veils. It rules out high pompadours and overdoing things with flowers, snoods and ribbons in the hair in favor of a soft do with big loose curls or waves. It limits jewelry to a simple bracelet, one ring with a small stone and perhaps an inexpensive clip or shoulder pin. It demands a minimum of make-up—no eye shadow or mascara, no heavy lipstick in dark reds and purples and no claw-like fingernails dripping in exotic polishes. And it means no slinky perfumes or furs like mink or silver fox; they always give the impression you snitched 'em from your mother when she wasn't looking."

It also means not going to the other extreme, Joyce averred, of affecting a shiny nose and colorless lips, and slopping around in an exaggerated sloppy joe sweater, unpressed skirt and boys' moccasin-type shoes. A get-up like that brands you a dumb goon, or a poseur.

"Let's put it this way," she said. "Wear clothes that are comfortable, attractive and unobtrusive. Then relax and forget about them."

AS for the dictates of proper junior-miss behavior, Joyce decided the simplest way of defining them was to describe the actions of the perfect junior mess by contrast.

"The perfect junior mess always tries to act the sophisticate, as if she knew everything about everything," she said. "To hear her tell it, there is no experience she hasn't had and she gives the impression she has solved more problems in her few years than her parents have in their entire lives. She also has the sweet little habit of picking up views she has heard adults express and parroting them as if they were her own ideas. Frequently she toadies the favor of adults (who rarely are fooled by it!) by putting on an icky act of being too, too perfect a little lady.

"She talks louder and laughs louder than anyone else in the crowd to attract attention to herself, little realizing that it embarrasses young people of her own age and



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makes older people think she either is an obnoxious brat or younger than she is. She gets argumentative if everything doesn't go exactly her own way and whatever happens to her is more important or more terrible or more exciting than ever has happened to anyone else.

"She has the habit of reading a double entendre into the most innocent remarks of others and talks constantly about sex, thinking it gives her an air of worldliness and experience. She constantly sees evil in everything and her mind runs to the gutter. Or, she overdoes the prude act and behaves as if she had built a beautiful white wall around herself to keep out the 'ugly' things of everyday living.

"She loftily will claim to prefer Tchaikowsky—when she really loves boogie-woogie—because she fancies it gives her 'culture.' If she has been to some smart place once, she talks as if she had been there dozens of times; any celebrity whom she has met once is an intimate friend, and if she is lucky enough to be wealthy, she always manages to flash a well-filled wallet.

"She is a teaser, both by word and act, ostensibly offering something she is not prepared to give; and then flies into an 'injured innocence' rage when anyone makes a tentative pass. Or goes home and tells her mother, thus getting the boy into a jam for which he was not responsible. She prattles incessantly about her hordes of boy friends and how crazy they are about her and never misses a chance to brag about how many invitations she has. Or she openly chases the boys, flattering them with a heavy line and broadcasting to the world the identity of her latest 'pash.' When she is on a date, she is utterly selfish, usually maneuvering the boy into spending more than he can afford.

"She makes a habit of criticizing boys behind their backs and panning other girls who may be popular. She lies to get out of jams, misquotes others with complete indifference and deliberately makes trouble by carrying tales.

"Finally, she acts as if she were afraid to be young and have wholesome fun. For instance, she may adore riding the roller coaster but when the gang suggests it, she invariably puts the damper on things by snooting, "The roller coaster? How adolescent! You must be out of your minds!'

"The perfect junior mess does have one honest enthusiasm: Herself. She may be a barf to the rest of the world but what matter? In her own eyes she's wonderful and obviously that's all that counts. Not until she's older and the ready-made companionship of schoolmates has ceased to exist, does she discover the ultimate cost of that enthusiasm in real friends. By then, usually, the boat has sailed."

Joyce grew thoughtful.

"You know, one thing baffles me," she said. "I wonder why, when it's so easy to be a junior miss, anyone goes to all the bother of being a junior mess? It's lots more work."

THE END

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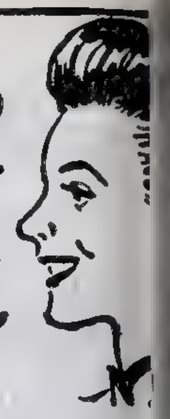
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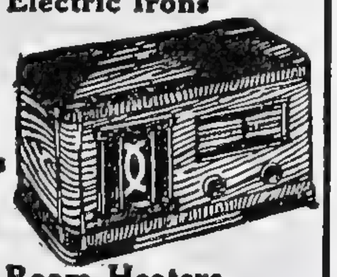
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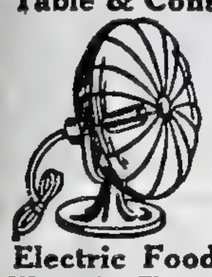
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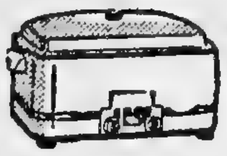
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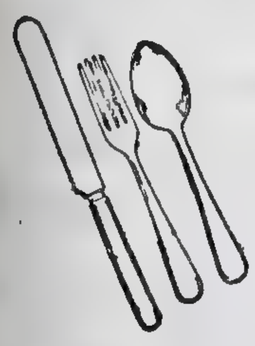




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My Life

(*Continued from page* 34) what I wanted, actually; something shadowy, dreamy and dramatic. Plus, immediately, I wanted some spending money. I learned early that there was only one way to get it—go out and earn it. How I was going to get at those big ambitions, I didn't know.

I looked for a job. I couldn't get one singing. I couldn't get one dancing. I finally got one frying—frying clams in a little roadside place catering to the summer people and called The Barnacle. Salary, $15 a week and all the clams you could eat—and may I never see another one!

Here was wealth! Fifteen bucks all my own, every week, plus clams. I wanted more of life, but I felt I couldn't expect more. After all, this was luxury. But there was more. For there was Lois—and the excitement, the courage and the happiness she brought me.

The first morning I reported for work at The Barnacle, I looked up and saw this red-headed beauty smiling at me. She started to introduce herself, but that wasn't necessary. I knew who she was. I'd known her all my life, by way of the society columns of the local paper. Oh, Lois was a "native" even as I, but what a glamorous native. Her mother ran and owned the Newport weekly newspaper (to which I still subscribe).

She was the sort of daughter whose parents took her on trips to Europe. She was the kind of girl who had orchestras to play for her parties, who got her clothes in New York, who had a brand new Ford with white side-wall tires to run around in, and who dated sophs and even seniors, from Harvard, Yale and Princeton. Along with all that and her beauty, she had brains and courage. Distinctly a very super girl.

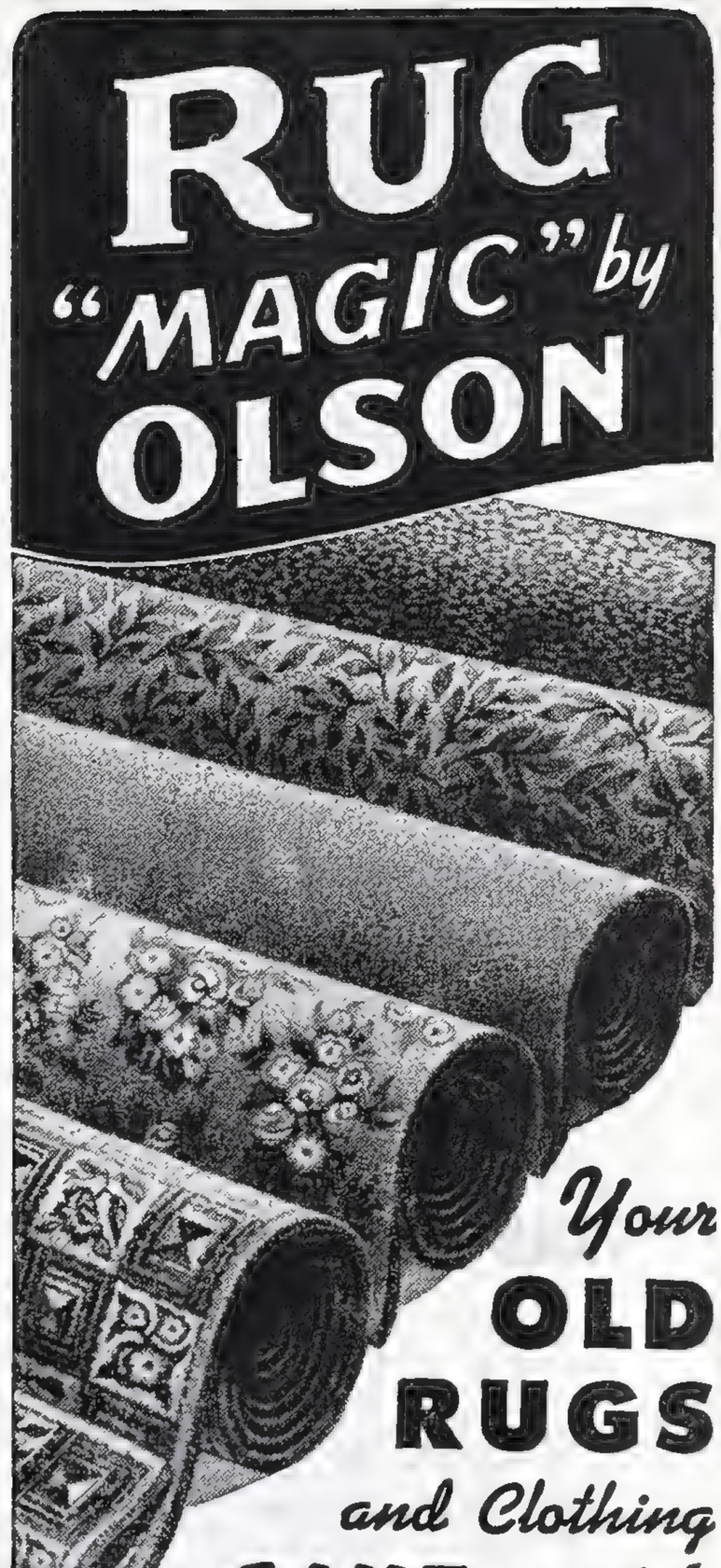
So I nearly fell flat on my face when she told me she was going to manage The Barnacle, while I did the frying. For she was that kind of a girl, too. She felt like working and she didn't want to work at one of those accepted "ladylike" jobs where work is all you get out of it. She was so much the lady she could have run a poolroom without losing caste. As a restaurant manager, she was a whiz.

DON'T ask me, with a girl like that around, how many days June had, or July, or August. Don't ask me how many thousand clams I fried, or how high the temperature got the hottest day, or on what date the fall winds started blowing. I only recall our driving around, when our evening's work was done, in that brand-new dazzling luxurious Ford of hers. I remember my daring at taking Lois into such de luxe places as the Skoal Room at the Viking, so top-drawer I'd never had the nerve to venture there before. Once we drove all the way to Boston and dined at the lordly Copley and there were scores and scores of evenings we drove down to the beach places to dance.

Lois's hair shone in any light. Lois's mouth curved in a smile of liveliest humor. I saw the most charming qualities in her and I saw many things through her eyes. It was at her house overlooking Naragansett Bay that for the first time I saw a formal dinner table set, and later ate at same.

And we talked about me. I talked about me, and Lois, bless her, talked about me and the subject never bored us. It was Lois who discovered that "As Thousands Cheer" was going to play Boston and who made me go up there to see if I couldn't break into it. (I was naive enough to go, too, go around to the stage door, carrying my dancing shoes, just in case they wanted me to go right on the stage that night. They didn't, but they sure laughed hard when

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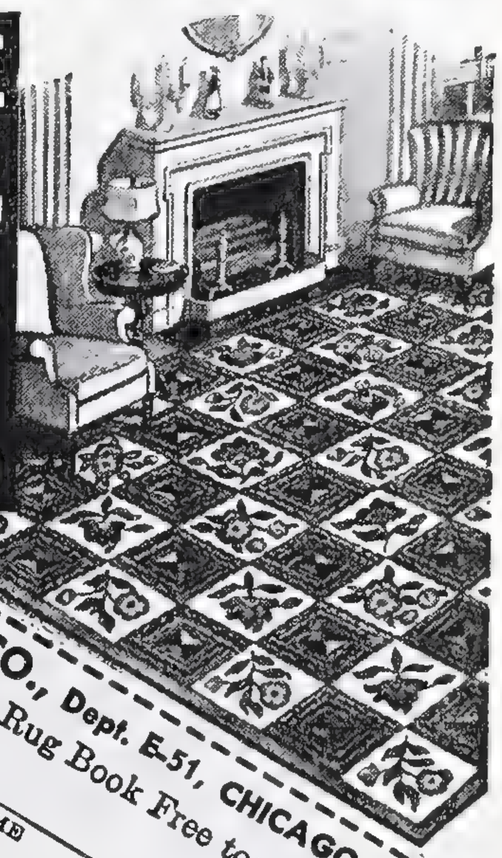
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I suggested it.) It was Lois who said, over and over and over, "You've got to go to New York, Van. Newport is wonderful, but not for somebody who wants to break into show business. You must go to Broadway, Van."

There she was, a girl like that, a beautiful girl, with brains, beauty and breeding, a girl who knew so much more than I, and had seen so much more than I, and she believed in me! It gave me a faith in myself I never could have attained otherwise. I couldn't make the high-school dramatic society, but if a girl like this had faith in me, then she must be right and they must be wrong!

THE fall winds were beginning to blow in across the Bay. The summer people began leaving. The Barnacle was due to close for the winter. I went to Dad and told him I wasn't going to Brown. Dad was opposed to my going on the stage, but agreed to let me try. If I could support myself, I could live my own life. If I failed, I knew there was, at least, home to come back to.

Lois and I didn't say good-by. We knew this was only au revoir. Life, glowing, glorious, rich with promise, lay ahead of us. I got a straw suitcase and packed my two changes of underwear, my four pairs of socks, my four ties and the brown pants that matched the brown coat I was going to wear with my white flannels, when I invaded the Big Town. I wore my straw hat, too. That was my big snappy outfit. When I wanted to be conservative, I wore the brown coat and pants together. Made two outfits, you understand.

I landed in New York. No other fellow was wearing a straw kelly. I saw only felts. I saw no other straw suitcases being carried, but only leather ones, very elegant.

It was mid-September, the end of summer, a sad time always. The fall was closing in. There were no wet leaves on the pavements of New York, but the rain was there, coming down in cold, slanting discomfort. There was the loneliness and chill in the air and I didn't know a soul.

I dug down in the pocket of my brown coat for my mother's address. She lived in Sheepshead Bay and she had written me I could stay with her till I got started. I didn't know where Sheepshead Bay was but, regardless, it meant affection and a roof over my head.

So who was afraid of New York on that September night? Not me (it says here)! I squared my shoulders and headed for the subway.

After all, it wasn't as if I were broke. I had five dollars and Lois believed in me and as soon as I got a big role on Broadway I could ask her to become my bride.

I didn't know then that there was to be a girl called Clarice, and Lois didn't know there was to be a guy called Frank.

He had his dreams—and his courage. Watch for the conclusion of Van Johnson's own story—next month.

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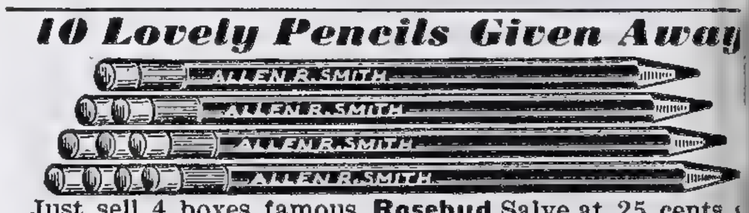
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(*Continued from page* 19)

✓✓ Winged Victory (20th Century-Fox)

A STUPENDOUSLY detailed and almost documentary film stressing the personal angle of our own tremendous Air Force is this vitally important film, "Winged Victory." But oddly enough its informative value surpasses its initial aim—that of entertainment—and yet it still remains a fascinating film, which is accomplishment for all concerned.

Its one drawback is its length—two hours and fifteen minutes of details that rise only occasionally to a crescendo of emotion—maintaining an even but never dull pace of events.

Every male member of the cast is a member of the Air Corps wearing the uniforms of Uncle Sam's air men, all recruited from their various camps by Moss Hart for his "Winged Victory" stage show that now finds its realistic way to the screen.

The story begins with three boys, Lon McCallister, Don Taylor and Mark Daniels,



Cpl. Don Taylor, Pvt. Lon McCallister and Cpl. Mark Daniels in "Winged Victory"

from the same town receiving answers to their applications to the Air Corps. At camp they become buddies with Edmond O'Brien of Brooklyn and Barry Nelson, a farmer, and together they go through the gruelling tests and grinds that precede actual training. One of the lads is washed out and one killed in his first night solo flight—but the others carry on to combat duty in the South Pacific.

There are too many splendid performances to list—too many touching moments to recount, but it's all here, epitomized in the indomitable spirit of our boys that are winging their share of the way to final Victory.

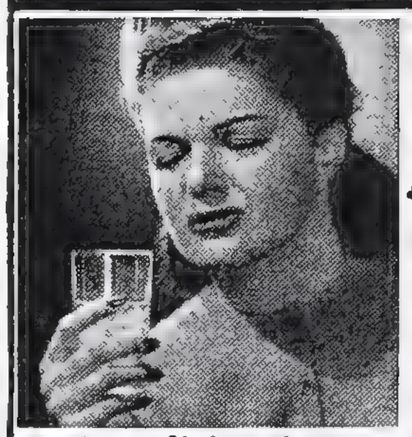
Perhaps the most outstanding or memorable performance is that delivered by Sgt. Edmond O'Brien with his inarticulate love of wife and kid and home and freedom. What a performance!

Wives of the boys are played by Jeanne Crain, Jane Ball, Jo-Carroll Dennison and Judy Holliday. And their part in the Great Campaign is not overlooked.

You shouldn't miss this picture if for nothing else than the understanding, the oneness it gives, of and with our Air Corps boys, for long after the ordinary film of mystery, comedy or romance is forgotten, this one—the greatest romance story of them all—a man's love for his country—will remain in your memory.

Your Reviewer Says: An American triumph.

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✓✓ Dark Waters (Bogeaus-United Artists)

WHOOO, are you going to be scared—unless, of course, you've read the story and had a bit of the edge taken from the suspense. But even so it's a top-notch psychological mystery, peopled with interesting characters and alive with thrilling possibilities—some developed, some not. Then, too, there is a lack of polish in certain quarters, but those are minor faults and on the whole we pronounce it a thrilling and goose-pimply experience.

Merle Oberon is the girl whose parents were lost in a torpedoed ship at sea. Rescued, Merle is brought to New Orleans to recuperate in a hospital and in due time gets in touch with her uncle and aunt who live among the bayous of Louisiana. From there you're on your own and don't look to us for help.

Franchot Tone is the young doctor, Thomas Mitchell a visitor in the house of the aunt, Fay Bainter, and uncle, John Qualen. Elisha Cook Jr. is the overseer and Rex Ingram the handyman. All are good and so, by the way, is the direction of Andre De Toth.

Your Reviewer Says: Guess who and be scared to death at the same time.

✓✓ The Town Went Wild (PRC)

GOODIE, an independent company, PRC, comes through with a crackerjack story full of surprises and cozy laughter. In one or two places, it borders slightly on the here-here-what-goes-on school which keeps one wavering prudishly between laughter and concern.

Eddie Horton and Tom Tully as bickering neighbors are up to their jobs in every department with their respective wives, Ruth Lee and Minna Gombell, completely filling their assignments. They're nice

Best Pictures of the Month

Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo
Together Again
Meet Me in St. Louis
Winged Victory
Dark Waters

Best Performances

Van Johnson in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"
Phyllis Thaxter in "Thirty Seconds Over Tokyo"
Charles Boyer in "Together Again"
Irene Dunne in "Together Again"
Jerome Courtland in "Together Again"
Judy Garland in "Meet Me In St. Louis"
The Air Corps Cast in "Winged Victory"
Merle Oberon in "Dark Waters"

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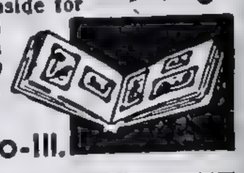
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comfortable people in an average town who don't get along too well, and they play it that way. But the story really gets going when it appears Horton's son Freddie Bartholomew and Tully's son James Lydon may have gotten switched at their births and each boy is living with the wrong parents. To complicate (which is a mild word for the situation) matters, Freddie has already taken out a marriage license to marry Tully's daughter, who may now turn out to be his sister. So there you are in a mess up to your eyebrows and you'll love it.

Jill Browning is cute as Freddie's girl friend. *Très* cute, indeed. Freddie and Jimmy are good too.

Your Reviewer Says: No wonder they went wild.

✓ Enter Arsene Lupin (Universal)

GIRLS, quick—never mind the story but get a look at who's here—Charles Korvin by name who is *très* oo-la-la. What a lad! Where has Universal been keeping him, we wonder—before they unveiled him in this jewel-thief story of the crook who takes great pleasure in outcrooking other crooks (this is an awfully crooked story, isn't it?) but is so darned charming about it all?

In the old Jack Barrymore role of *Arsene Lupin*, Charles—pardon—Mr. Korvin—finds himself all entangled with a precious gem, a beautiful girl, Ella Raines, and a comical French detective, J. Carrol Naish.

It's more or less a mystery thing so we won't spoil it by revealing the plot, but it's a pretty good little show—at least a fair little handicap in which our hero wins, places and shows.

Miss Raines is an alluring sort of person and George Dolenz a light-fingered rascal if ever we saw one. Gale Sondergaard and Miles Mander are the rascals of the tale.

Your Reviewer Says: The check is for the players, not the story.

Swing Hostess (PRC)

MARTHA TILTON, for so long heard on the radio, makes her debut as an actress-singer and proves the adage, seeing is believing, for we believe now Miss Tilton may win her way to a niche of her own in movies. She puts over her songs, especially "Let's Capture This Moment" in fine style.

The story you can skip over lightly. It has to do with a juke-box operator whose voice leads to another girl getting a singing job through an error, and of course it takes at least forty minutes of everyone's time to get it all straightened out.

Iris Adrian, Charles Collins, Cliff (double talk) Nazarro and Betty Brodel (mean? yeah man) seem happy to be in it.

Your Reviewer Says: We wouldn't want to see it twice, you understand.

Lights Of Old Santa Fe (Republic)

DALE EVANS has a rodeo managed by Gabby Hayes. Roy Rogers and Richard Powers are two likely lads who are interested in both Dale and her rodeo, fast going on the rocks. So what happens? Singing, dancing, trick riding, fancy prancing by the fancy panty boys and everything but worry over the problem at hand.

Trigger is the prettiest one in it. Smartest, too.

Your Reviewer Says: Rootin', shootin', tunin'.

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The Thin Man Goes Home (M-G-M)

NOW here's a pity. We had ourselves all set up pretty to enjoy the return of Myrna Loy to the *Thin Man* pictures with all that gay old camaraderie and banter between Miss Loy and William Powell, and what happens? The story is third rate, the direction second and the performances of the cast disappointing—and that includes Miss Loy's.

Mr. Powell, who has grown into a big bouncing boy, had nothing to work with. In fact, there were times when darned if we didn't think Asta the dog was a bit on the ham side, so it must have been the direction or story or the wrong fire hydrants or something.

The cast boasted, besides the three above-named principals, Lucille Watson and Harry Davenport as Powell's parents, Gloria De Haven, Helen Vinson, Leon Ames and Donald Meek as suspects, and Anne Revere as *Crazy Mary.* At least she admitted her condition right out in print. Edward Brophy was the man in the bushes and why did he bother to come out?

Your Reviewer Says: The mystery is—what happened to this picture?

✓Three Is A Family (Lesser-United Artists)

BABIES, babies, babies, everybody has babies and what's more they have them right in the apartment of Charles Ruggles and Fay Bainter, with boys and diapers and formulas and labor pains all mixed up in a melee of fun and nonsense that everyone will enjoy.

It's one of those wartime problem jobs that, thank heavens, we can all laugh at and do, especially when John Philliber as the decrepit old doctor who doesn't like any part of this maternity business, comes trotting (well, no, not trotting exactly) into the picture. He well nigh killed us.

Helen Broderick, as the maiden aunt, is a poker-faced panic, and Hattie McDaniel the Scotch-happy maid (wonder where she got it), a joy. Marjorie Reynolds is the mother of twins and all three, Marjie and the babies, cute as pie. Arthur Lake, Clarence Kolb, Jeff Donnell, Walter Catlett, William Terry and Cheryl Walker keep the plot whizzing.

Your Reviewer Says: Fun in the nursery.

Murder In The Blue Room (Universal)

PEOPLE disappear right before our eyes, pianos play with no one at the keyboard (no, smartie, it isn't an electric player piano either), while three hoofers, Grace McDonald, Betty Kean and June Preisser, sing and dance right through the midst of it (to us this is the greatest mystery of all) and finally, we discover who did it all but we never could figure out why—or are we stupider than most?

Anyway, it all happens when Anne Gwynne, her mother Nella Walker and stepfather John Litel reopen a haunted mansion with a party at which Bill Williams, a guest, disappears for good (he would sleep in that blue room!) followed by Donald Cook who finally manages to get into the picture several reels later with the mystery solved.

Present are Regis Toomey, Andrew Tombes and Ian Wolfe.

Your Reviewer Says: Keep out of blue rooms.



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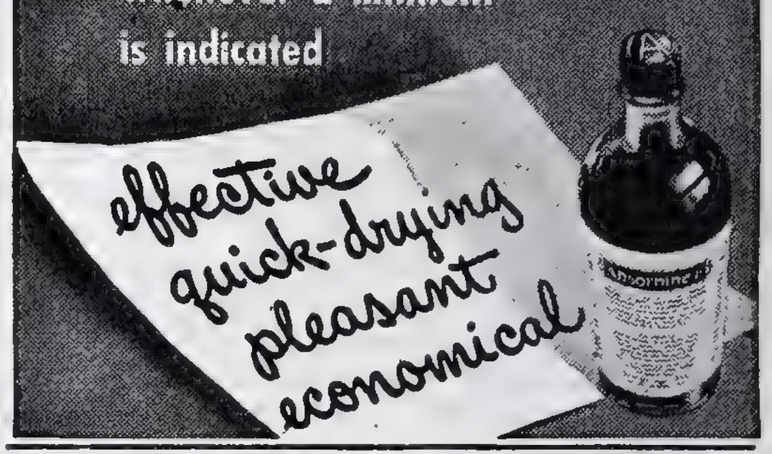
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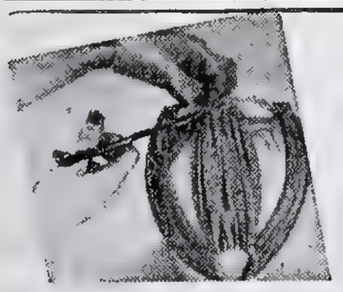


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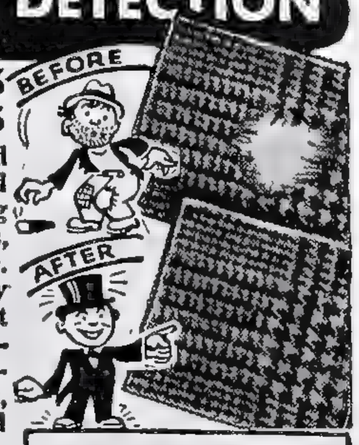
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✓ Belle Of The Yukon (International)

IF you love the chilly north, this may do something for you. But despite the cast —and you'll admit Randy Scott, Gypsy Rose Lee, Dinah Shore, Bob Burns, William Marshall, Robert Armstrong and "Big Boy" Williams are some hunk of talent—it's still a disappointing show and we only proffer our one-check approval because of these people who try so hard with the indifferent material provided.

Gypsy Rose Lee, who plays a dance hall gal in love with Scott, doesn't have a chance to repeat the swell surprise she was in "Stage Door Canteen."

Scott is one of those hero rascals that bore us stiff. Is you is or is you ain't a villain is what we'd like to know, and none of this nonsense.

The plot, all about dance hall romances, stolen gold that isn't stolen after all and such like, is too complicated for our time and dough.

Dinah Shore, however, sings several numbers with her usual appeal.

Your Reviewer Says: Could have been a bell-ringer.

✓ Something For The Boys (20th Century-Fox)

TYPICAL Twentieth Century-Fox Technicolor musical, a little corny, a little vulgar, a little musical, a little funny and there you are—a little amused for a little money—we hope.

Instead of Grable and her legs we have Vivian Blaine and her prettiness, who also sings, smiles, dances and reads lines. We have Carmen Miranda too, and her indistinguishable lyrics sung to the same old South American tune (or so it seemed to us) and Phil Silvers and his glad-to-see-you brand of comedy.

The three, Phil, Vivian and Carmen, are relations who inherit a rundown southern plantation which is taken over under direction of Sgt. Michael O'Shea, for army wives who cavort as no army wives we've ever seen.

Miranda garnishes a few laughs as a walking radio set (you heard me) and the tunes are purty. Silvers is funny in spots but on the whole it's just an average fair-to-middling movie. Perry Como sings and Glenn Langan as an officer is très good looking and they all dash merrily and nonsensically about.

Your Reviewer Says: We hope the boys appreciate this something.

My Gal Loves Music (Universal)

IT'S Bob Crosby, folks, in a little not-so-hot number all about a crooner-band leader who sponsors the idea of putting on a local kid contest over the national hook-up as sort of child prodigy selection. So who poses as a "toot wittle tid" but Gracie McDonald. What's more she wins, and eventually falls in love with Crosby only to meet a block buster in Freddie Mercer, a real boy singer.

Walter Catlett and Alan Mowbray mug at each other, while Betty Kean warbles away for dear life. That Mercer boy has a voice not to be sneered at, either, as you'll find out.

Your Reviewer Says: Oh well, the weather's bad all over.



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Blonde Fever (M-G-M)

WE had more fun on the set of this picture, during its making, with its happy camaraderie among Richard Whorf (actor turned director for this one), the cast and visitors, than we did in its final form which, we fear, is more swayback than curvaceous.

The fault is the story, light as Aunt Em's popovers, all about Philip Dorn, proprietor of a swanky cafe outside Reno, who flirts outrageously with a young blonde employee, all of which is taken with the proverbial grain of salt by Dorn's wife, Mary Astor, until hubby wins a sweepstake of $40,000 and the blonde moves in as Mary moves out, and hubby goes round and round the mulberry bush.

The blonde is the news of the picture. Her name is Gloria Grahame and she couldn't be more promising—in fact, she promises nearly everybody but ends up with Marshall Thompson, the local yokel who has always loved her.

Felix Bressart, Curt Bois, Elisabeth Risdon and Arthur Walsh complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: This fever is subnormal.

The Falcon in Hollywood (RKO)

GUESS where the *Falcon* (Tom Conway as usual) finds his murder mystery this time? In Hollywood of all places. It seems a leading man turns into a corpse (we know a lot of dead ones) and the *Falcon*, on a vacation in movietown, is edged into the case by Veda Ann Borg, a woman taxi driver. Well, you know how it is, one corpse leads to another and one mystery to another until the case is finally solved.

Barbara Hale, who wants to be in movies, Frank Jenks as a copper, John Abbott as a producer, all sock over their roles.

Your Reviewer Says: Any similarity between these characters and real ones is purely coincidental.

Main Street After Dark (M-G-M)

A SHORT punchy film that serves as a warning to service men against women and men crooks who haunt cheap beer and dance halls. A family of such criminals, headed by Selena Royle, finally brings police lieutenant Edward Arnold cracking down on the gang and issuing a final warning to all men in uniform against this type.

Tom Trout and Audrey Trotter, newcomers to films, are members of this Faginish group of crooks. Dan Duryea, Hume Cronyn and Dorothy Ruth Morris complete the cast.

Your Reviewer Says: Pay attention, lads.

Nothing But Trouble (M-G-M)

SO they got into political intrigue, attempted assassinations, kidnapping charges and Mary Boland's kitchen. Who? None but Laurel and Hardy, still going strong after een-steenth years. What's more, they have very good company in their boy-monarch foolery in the persons of Henry O'Neill, Philip Merivale and John Warburton. David Leland is the royal kid and personally we'd like to crown him.

Your Reviewer Says: How much longer is this going on?



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Brief Reviews

(*Continued from page 25*)

THAT'S MY BABY—Republic: Richard Arlen is the best thing about this picture, which could have been funnier. The screen's crowded with actors, specialists and all kinds of music. Ellen Drew is mixed up in it, as are Leonid Kinskey and Minor Watson, and you can hardly find the poor little plot. (Dec.)

✓*TILL WE MEET AGAIN*—Paramount: Suspense and tender appeal are woven into the time-worn tale about an American aviator, Ray Milland, who's forced down in France and eventually reaches the coast through the help of Barbara Britton, a novice in a convent, but the story should have been better constructed. Constantin Shayne is the German major. (Nov.)

✓✓*TO HAVE AND HAVE NOT*—Warners: The news of this picture is a newcomer named Lauren Bacall whose performance is so intriguing it has Humphrey Bogart fighting like mad to stay in the running. Despite the repetitious theme of Bogart in Mart n.que, with Vichy France slugging it out with its enemies, you'll never lose interest. Hoagy Carmichael as the piano player is very good. (Jan.)

✓*VERY THOUGHT OF YOU, THE*—Warners: Dennis Morgan and Dane Clark are soldiers on furlough who plunge headlong into romance, Dennis with Eleanor Parker, although her family tries to oppose the match; and Dane with Faye Emerson. Andrea King plays Eleanor's sister married to a sailor whom she hasn't seen for two years, and Georgia Lee Settle the kid of the family. It's a delightful little story. (Jan.)

WHEN STRANGERS MARRY—Monogram: A whodunit that sends Kim Hunter off with the husband she's met only a few times on a chase from the police. Seems as how husband Dean Jagger is suspected of murder. Neil Hamilton is excellent. (Nov.)

WHEN THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN—PRC: A post-war story of pre-war vintage, with Jimmy Lydon as a Marine back from the South Pacific who suffers amnesia in a traffic accident. Regis Toomey is good. Grant Mitchell and Dorothy Peterson are the parents. (Dec.)

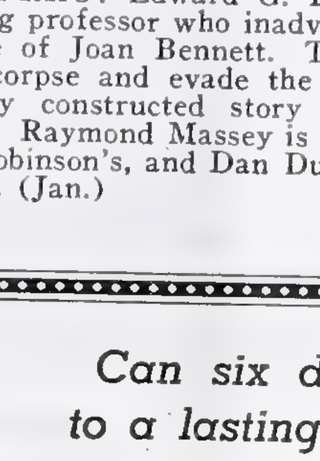
✓*WOMAN IN THE WINDOW, THE*—International-RKO: Edward G. Robinson is a mild, home-loving professor who inadvertently kills a man in the home of Joan Bennett. Their efforts to get rid of the corpse and evade the law is the theme of this neatly constructed story in which suspense runs high. Raymond Massey is the district attorney friend of Robinson's, and Dan Duryea the blackmailer after Joan. (Jan.)

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Like June Duprez of "Brighton Strangler" drink the juice of half a lemon squeezed into hot water when you get up in the morning. Have your orange juice too. But play fast and loose with the hours of sleep you need, turn your back on fruit juices, raw vegetables, milk, lots of water, fresh-air exercise, and it won't be you who's a charmer. You'll have to be Spartan about it, but then, beauty comes from will power and work, not wishing.

Troubled Skin . . . Heartbreak problem for many a girl is an oily skin accompanied by "bumps" and blackheads. Extreme cases need a doctor's attention. But ordinarily, your cue "all's clear" is a stricter attention to diet, more fresh air, exercise, more frequent soap-and-water cleansings. Concentrate with complexion brush or rough face cloth on troubled areas, nose, chin, forehead, where oil glands are most active. Rinse with lots of warm water, then splash on the cold. Small pads of cotton moistened with a good astringent and slapped on your face help stimulate and tone the skin. And don't pile on make-up to cover defects, says a prominent Hollywood skin specialist. It only aggravates your problem. And never, never slip into bed unless you've cleansed your skin as clean as a cherub's.

Untroubled Skin . . . For girls with normal skin, proper care involves soap and water cleansing, stimulation and lubrication. You'll soon discover whether use of creams should precede or follow your soap and water sessions. Unless you're a rare individual indeed, use of a rich cream or lotion last thing at night will help ward off dryness that comes on a-pace with each succeeding birthday. At bedtime, Evelyn Keyes of Columbia's forthcoming "A Thousand And One Nights" stretches stomach-down across her bed, head hanging over the side. "Five minutes of this funny-looking routine," says Evelyn, "help keep skin free of surface blemishes because it rouses circulation." And there are other good ways to wake your skin and keep it working for beauty. Gene Tierney throws icy cold water all over her face and throat when she gets up in the morning. Jinx Falkenburg loves long walks with the rain beating on her face. "It eases out tension lines in my face," she says, "and helps keep the skin smooth and stimulated."

Glamour Gremlins . . . Hands off your face between cleansings! Don't pick at it, push it all over the lot by leaning on your hand. Watch your facial mannerisms too. An alive, animated face is interesting but no contortions, please. Young actresses are taught to use their faces prettily—for poise and charm.

And remember, there's more to skin care than cleansing the oval that's your face. You have ears, a swan-like throat and a nape to your neck that need attention, too!

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Casts of Current Pictures

BELLE OF THE YUKON—International: *Belle DeValle,* Gypsy Rose Lee; *John Calhoun,* Randolph Scott; *Lettie Candless,* Dinah Shore; *"Pop" Candless,* Charles Winninger; *Sam Slade,* Bob Burns; *Steve Atterbury,* William Marshall; *Mervyn,* "Big Boy" Williams, *George,* Robert Armstrong; *Viola,* Florence Bates; *C. V. Atterbury,* Edward Fielding; *Cherie Atterbury,* Wanda McKay; *Professor,* Victor Kilian; *The Chief,* Chief Soldani.

BLONDE FEVER—M-G-M: *Peter Donay,* Philip Dorn; *Delilah Donay,* Mary Astor; *Johnny,* Felix Bressart; *Sally Murfin,* Gloria Grahame; *Freddie Bilson,* Marshall Thompson; *Brillon,* Curt Bois; *Mrs. Tolford,* Elisabeth Risdon; *Willie,* Arthur Walsh.

DARK WATERS—UA.—Bogeaus: *Leslie Calvin,* Merle Oberon; *Dr. George Grover,* Franchot Tone; *Mr. Sidney,* Thomas Mitchell; *Aunt Emily,* Fay Bainter; *Uncle Norbert,* John Qualen; *Cleeve,* Elisha Cook, Jr.; *Pearson Jackson,* Rex Ingram; *Mama Bourdreaux,* Odette Myrtil; *Papa Bourdreaux,* Eugene Borden; *Florella,* Nina May McKinney; *The Doctor,* Alan Napier.

ENTER ARSENE LUPIN—Universal: *Ralph d'Andrezy and Arsene Lupin,* George Korvin; *Anastasia Kenares,* Ella Raines; *Dubosc,* George Dolenz; *Ganemard,* J. Carroll Naish; *Uncle Charles,* Miles Mander; *Aunt Bessie,* Gale Sondergaard; *Wheeler,* Lillian Bronson.

FALCON IN HOLLYWOOD, THE—RKO: *The Falcon,* Tom Conway; *Peggy Callahan,* Barbara Hale; *Lili D'Allio,* Rita Corday; *Roxanna,* Jean Brooks; *Billie,* Vida Ann Borg; *Alec Hoffman,* Constantin Shayne; *Martin Dwyer,* John Abbott; *Inspector McBride,* Emory Parnell; *Lt. Higgins,* Frank Jenks; *Louie,* Sheldon Leonard; *Perc Saunders,* Tom Burton; *Ed Johnson,* Walter Soderling.

LIGHTS OF OLD SANTA FE—Republic: *Roy,* Roy Rogers; *Trigger,* Himself; *'Gabby',* George Hayes; *Marjorie Brooks,* Dale Evans; *Marty Maizely,* Lloyd Corrigan; *Frank Madden,* Richard Powers; *Rosie McGerk,* Claire DuBrey; *Ken Ferguson,* Roy Barcroft; *Bill Wetherbee,* Arthur Loft; *The Judge,* Lucien Littlefield; *The Sheriff,* Alan Bridge; *Prod. Peabody,* Reginald Sheffield, and Bob Nolan and the Sons of the Pioneers.

MAIN STREET AFTER DARK—M-G-M: *Lt. Lorrigan,* Edward Arnold; *Ma Dibson,* Selena Royle; *Lefty,* Tom Trout; *Jessie Belle,* Audrey Totter; *Posey,* Dan Duryea; *Keller,* Hume Cronyn; *Rosalie,* Dorothy Ruth Morris.

MEET ME IN ST. LOUIS—M-G-M: *Esther Smith,* Judy Garland; *"Tootie" Smith,* Margaret O'Brien; *Mrs. Anna Smith,* Mary Astor; *Rose Smith,* Lucille Bremer; *Mr. Alonzo Smith,* Leon Ames; *John Truett,* Tom Drake; *Katie (Maid),* Marjorie Main; *Grandpa,* Harry Davenport; *Lucille Ballard,* June Lockhart; *Lon Smith Jr.,* Henry H. Daniels Jr.; *Agnes Smith,* Joan Carroll; *Colonel Darly,* Hugh Marlowe; *Warren Sheffield,* Robert Sully; *Mr. Neely,* Chill Wills.

MURDER IN THE BLUE ROOM—Universal: *Nan Kirkland,* Anne Gwynne; *Peggy,* Grace McDonald; *Betty,* Betty Kean; *Jerry,* June Preisser; *Steve Randall,* Donald Cook; *Larry Dearden,* Bill Williams; *Frank Baldrich,* John Litel; *Linda Baldrich,* Nella Walker; *Dr. Carroll,* Andrew Tombes, Edwards, Ian Wolfe; *Inspector McDonald,* Regis Toomey; *Hannagan,* Emmett Vogan; *Curtin,* Frankie Marlowe.

MY GAL LOVES MUSIC—Universal: *Mel Murray,* Bob Crosby; *Rodney Spooner,* Alan Mowbray; *Judy Mason,* Grace McDonald; *Peggy Quinn,* Betty Kean; *Dr. Bilbo,* Walter Catlett; *Clarence,* Freddie Mercer; *Child Pianist,* Paulina Carter; *Montague Underdunk,* Tom Daly; *Announcer,* Gayne Whitman.

NOTHING BUT TROUBLE—M-G-M: *Dan,* Stan Laurel; *Oliver,* Oliver Hardy; *Mrs. Hawkley,* Mary Boland; *Prince Saul,* Philip Merivale; *Mr. Hawkley,* Henry O'Neill; *King Christopher,* David Leland; *Ronetz,* John Warburton; *Prince Prentiloff,* Matthew Boulton; *Mrs. Flannagan,* Connie Gilchrist.

SOMETHING FOR THE BOYS—20th Century-Fox: *Chiquita Hart,* Carmen Miranda; *S/Sgt. Rocky Fulton,* Michael O'Shea; *Blossom Hart,* Vivian Blaine; *Harry Hart,* Phil Silvers; *Melanie Walker,* Sheila Ryan; *Sgt. Laddie Green,* Perry Como; *Lt. Ashley Crothers,* Glenn Langan; *Lieutenant,* Roger Clark; *Secretary,* Cora Williams; *Col. Jefferson L. Calhoun,* Thurston Hall; *Col. Grubbs,* Clarence Kolb.

SWING HOSTESS—PRC: *Judy,* Martha Tilton; *Marge,* Iris Adrian; *Benny,* Charles Collins; *Bobo,* Cliff Nazarro; *Fralick,* Harry Holman; *Blodgett,* Emmett Lynn; *Phoebe,* Betty Brodel; *Fralick's Sec'y,* Claire Rochelle; *Soumoni,* Paul Porcasi; *Hank,* Terry Frost; *Merlini,* Phil Van Zandt; *Joe,* Earle Bruce.

THIN MAN GOES HOME THE—M-G-M: *Nick Charles,* William Powell; *Nora Charles,* Myrna Loy; *Mrs. Charles,* Lucile Watson; *Laura Ronson,* Gloria De Haven; *Crazy Mary,* Anne Revere; *Helena Draque,* Helen Vinson; *Dr. Bertram Charles,* Harry Davenport; *Willie Crump,* Donald Meek; *Edgar Draque,* Leon Ames; *Brogan,* Edward Brophy; *Dr. Bruce Clayworth,* Lloyd Corrigan; *Hilda,* Anita Bolster; *Peter Berton,* Ralph Brooke; *Police Chief MacGregor,* Donald MacBride; *Willoughby,* Morris Ankrum; *Miss Peavy,* Nora Cecil; *Sam Ronson,* Minor Watson; *Tom,* Irving Bacon; *Tom's Wife,* Virginia Sale.

THIRTY SECONDS OVER TOKYO—M-G-M: *Lieut. Col. James Doolittle,* Spencer Tracy; *Lieut. Ted Lawson,* Van Johnson; *Ellen Lawson,* Phyllis Thaxter; *Cpl. David Thatcher,* Robert Walker; *Lieut. Tom Bentley,* Don DeFore; *Lieut. Bob Clever,* Gordon McDonald; *Lieut. Dean Davenport,* Tim Murdock; *Capt. Ski York,* Paul Langton; *Lieut. "Doc" Benson,* Horace McNally.

THREE IS A FAMILY—UA-Lesser: *Kitty Mitchell,* Marjorie Reynolds; *Sam Whitaker,* Charles Ruggles; *Frances Whitaker,* Fay Bainter; *Irma Dalrymple,* Helen Broderick; *Archie Whitaker,* Arthur Lake; *Maid,* Hattie McDaniel, *Hazel Whitaker,* Jeff Donnell; *Doctor Bartell,* John Philliber; *Barney Meeker,* Walter Catlett; *Mr. Steele,* Clarence Kolb, *Adelaide,* Else Janssen; *Genevieve,* Renie Riano; *Coolie,* Warren Hymer; *Mr. Spencer,* Clyde Fillmore; *Bellboy,* Christian Rub; *Susan and Patty,* Donna and Ellisa Lambertson.

TOGETHER AGAIN—Columbia: *Anne Crandall,* Irene Dunne; *George Corday,* Charles Boyer; *Jonathan Crandall Sr.,* Charles Coburn; *Diana Crandall,* Mona Freeman; *Gilbert Parker,* Jerome Courtland; *Jessie,* Elizabeth Patterson; *Morton Buchanan,* Charles Dingle; *Witherspoon,* Walter Baldwin; *Lillian,* Fern Emmett; *Leonardo,* Frank Puglia.

TOWN WENT WILD, THE—PRC: *David Conway,* Freddie Bartholomew; *Bob Harrison,* James Lydon, *Everett Conway,* Edward Everett Horton; *Henry Harrison,* Tom Tully; *Carol Harrison,* Jill Browning; *Marian Harrison,* Minna Gombell; *Lucille Conway,* Ruth Lee; *Millie Walker,* Roberta Smith; *Judge Bingle,* Maude Eburne; *Mr. Tweedle,* Charles Halton; *Mr. Walker,* Ferris Taylor; *Justice of Peace,* Jimmy Conlin; *Defense Atty.,* Monte Collins; *Policeman,* Olin Howlin; *Prosecuting Att.,* Charles Middleton; *Watchman,* Emmett Lynn; *Nurse,* Dorothy Vaughan.

WINGED VICTORY—20th Century-Fox: *Frankie Davis,* Pvt. Lon McCallister; *Helen,* Jeanne Crain; *Irving Miller,* Sgt. Edmond O'Brien; *Jane Preston,* Jane Ball; *Alan Ross,* Sgt. Mark Daniels; *Dorothy Ross,* Jo-Carroll Dennison; *Danny "Pinky" Scariano,* Cpl. Don Taylor; *Ruth Miller,* Judy Holliday; *Doctor,* Cpl. Lee J. Cobb; *O'Brian,* T/Sgt. Peter Lind Hayes; *Major Halper,* Cpl. Alan Baxter; *Mrs. Ross,* Geraldine Wall; *Whitey,* Cpl. Red Buttons; *Bobby Grills,* Cpl. Barry Nelson; *Dave Anderson,* Sgt. Rune Hultman; *Capt. McIntyre,* Cpl. Garry Merrill; *Lieut. Thompson,* Sgt. George Reeves; *Barker,* Pfc. George Petrie; *Milhauser,* Pfc. Alfred Ryder; *Adams,* Cpl. Karl Malden; *Gleason,* Pfc. Martin Ritt; *Cadet Peter Clark,* Cpl. Harry Lewis; *Flight Surgeon,* Cpl. Henry Rowland; *Carmen Miranda,* S/Sgt. Sascha Brastoff; *Master of Ceremonies,* Cpl. Archie Robbins; *Andrews Sisters,* Cpl. Jack Slate, Cpl. Red Buttons and Pfc. Henry Slate.



Marine Corps Lt. Tyrone Power while visiting 2nd Ferrying Group Div., Air Transport Command base in Delaware

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